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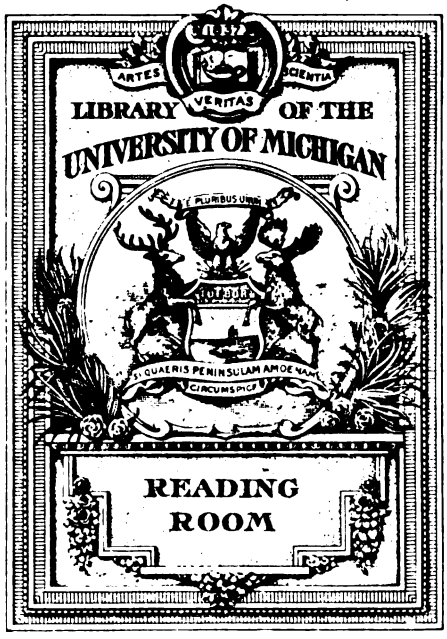
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WHISTLER

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LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT OF JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN.
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Mau

U of M

LAWRENCE
LADY LEICESTER AND HER SON
BLAKESLEE GALLERIES, NEW YORK

NOM

U of M

LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT OF LADY BLESSINGTON
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

Main

U of M

LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT OF LADY ELIZABETH BELGRAVE
OWNED BY THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, STAFFORD HOUSE, LONDON

Mail

UofM

LAWRENCE
COUNTESS GOWER AND HER CHILD
OWNED BY THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, STAFFORD HOUSE, LONDON

Non Mau

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LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE
[17]

LAWRENCE
A CHILD WITH A KID
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Main

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
FROM AN ENGRAVING
[19]

LAWRENCE
NATURE
OWNED BY MRS. C. P. HUNTINGTON, NEW YOR

Main

U of M

LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS VII
WATERLOO GALLERY, WINDSOR CASTLE

PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE BY HIMSELF
ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON

Sir Thomas Lawrence was an exceedingly handsome man, possessed of marked powers of fascination. Not above medium height, his figure was graceful and his presence striking. His features were regular, his eyes speaking, his voice low and musical in tone, and his manners polished and courtly. The portrait here reproduced is from an unfinished painting by himself in the Royal Academy, Burlington House, London.

Sir Thomas Lawrence

BORN 1769: DIED 1830
ENGLISH SCHOOL

COSMO MONKHOUSE 'DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY'

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in Bristol, England, on May 4, 1769, and was the youngest of sixteen children, most of whom died in infancy. His father was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and had been well educated, and articled to a solicitor; but when his articles had expired he preferred idleness and verse-making to the pursuit of his profession. During a varied career he was at different periods an actor and a supervisor of excise, and made a runaway match with Lucy, daughter of William Read, vicar of Tenbury and rector of Rocheford. He had sunk to be the landlord of the White Lion, in Broad Street, Bristol, when his son Thomas was born. This venture not prospering, he removed in 1772 to the Black Bear Inn at Devizes, at that time a favorite resting-place of the gentry on their way to Bath. Here the precocious talents of his youngest son soon formed a notable feature of the entertainment provided for his guests. The father taught him to recite passages from Pope, Collins, and Milton, standing on a table before his customers. Thomas, moreover, developed early an astonishing talent for drawing, so that when he was but five years old his father usually introduced him to his visitors with "Gentlemen, here 's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?" Apart from these accomplishments, he appears to have been a boy of spirit, fond of athletic games, with a passion for pugilism.

The earliest portraits of which there is a distinct record are those of Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Lord and Lady) Kenyon, which were drawn in 1775, the lady in profile, because, the child said, "her face was not straight." About this time Thomas was sent to his only school, at "The Fort," near Bristol, which was kept by a Mr. Jones. With the exception of a few lessons in French and Latin from a dissenting minister in Devizes, this was the only regular education he received; but it would appear from an anecdote related of him in mature life that he had some acquaintance with Greek.

Notwithstanding the gentlemanly manners of the father, who was always fashionably dressed, and the astonishing talents of his beautiful boy, with his bright eyes and long chestnut hair, the Blaek Bear did not succeed much

better than the White Lion, and when Lawrence was ten years old, or a little more, the family left Devizes. . . . Before this he had been taken to Lord Pembroke's at Wilton, and to Corsham House, the seat of the Methuens, where he was permitted to study some copies of "old masters," of which he made imitations at home, apparently from memory. He was also taken to London when about ten years old and introduced at several houses where he displayed his talents.

From the time they left Devizes young Lawrence's pencil seems to have been the main support of the family. After successful visits to Oxford, where he took the likenesses of the most eminent persons of the university, and to Weymouth, the Lawrences settled at Bath, to their great benefit. There Thomas soon became recognized, not only as a prodigy, but as an artist of taste and elegance, and his price was soon raised from a guinea to a guinea and a half. His portraits were mostly half life-size and oval, and executed in crayons. One in pencil of Mrs. Siddons as Zara, and another of Admiral Barrington, were engraved, and the same honor was paid later to another drawing, of Mrs. Siddons as Aspasia.

To his attractions as an artist and a reciter were added those of personal beauty and agreeable manners. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire patronized him, Sir H. Harpur wished to adopt him as a son, and William Hoare, R. A., proposed to paint him as a Christ. His studio, before he was twelve years old, was the favorite resort of the beauty and fashion of Bath. He had, nevertheless, an inclination for the stage, as a readier means of assisting his family; but this his more prudent father adroitly contrived to divert.

At the house of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, Lawrence copied (in crayons on glass) some copies of 'The Transfiguration' of Raphael, 'The Aurora' of Guido Reni, and 'The Descent from the Cross' of Daniele da Volterra, and in 1784 he obtained a premium of five guineas and a silver palette for the first of these from the Society of Arts in London.

In his seventeenth year Lawrence began to paint in oils. One of his early efforts in oil-colors was a 'Christ bearing the Cross,' some eight feet high, and another was a portrait of himself, which was more successful. So satisfied was he with these first attempts that he wrote to his mother that "excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head I would risk my reputation with any painter in London." This letter is dated 1786, and appears to have been written from London; but the following year is that given by his chroniclers for his migration from Bath to the metropolis, where he took handsome apartments in Leicester Square.

Lawrence's father now purchased, with a legacy left to his daughter Anne, a small collection of stuffed birds and curiosities, then being exhibited in the Strand, and added thereto some of his son's works. But this, like his father's other ventures, proved a failure, not even paying its expenses. . . .

Soon the apartments in Leicester Square were given up, and a house taken in Duke Street, where the whole family were reunited. Lawrence removed his studio to 41 Jermyn Street, and in September, 1787, entered the schools of the Royal Academy. His drawings of 'The Fighting Gladiator' and 'The

Apollo Belvedere' distanced all competitors, but he did not contend for the medal. He obtained an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and took with him his portrait of himself in oils before mentioned. Reynolds examined it carefully, and, recommending him to study nature rather than the old masters, gave him a general invitation to visit him, of which Lawrence availed himself.

Among other artists with whom he associated at this time were Joseph Farington, Robert Smirke, and Henry Fuseli; while his beauty, manners, and talent for reciting poetry soon gained him a welcome in high society. His professional position steadily progressed. Among the list of his portraits given by his biographer, Williams, as executed prior to or immediately after coming to London, are found the names of such patrons of the arts as Lord Mulgrave and Mr. Locke of Norbury, and a long list of the nobility, including the Duchess of Buccleugh, the children of Lord Melbourne, and Lord Abercorn. The names of the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence are also there, and the Royal Academy catalogue of 1789 shows that he had at that time obtained court patronage. . . .

Lawrence now moved his studio from Jermyn Street to 24 Old Bond Street, and in 1791 his portraits were varied by 'Homer reciting the Iliad,' and in 1792 a portrait of George III. marked his progress in royal favor. The presence in the same exhibition of a portrait by Hoppner of the Prince of Wales showed the rival positions which the two artists were henceforth to occupy till the death of Hoppner, in 1810.

Lawrence so pleased George III. that he endeavored to procure his election as an associate in 1790, when the artist was only twenty-one years old, or three years under the age required by a rule which had been sanctioned by the king himself. Lawrence was elected, on November 10, 1791, a supplemental associate—an irregular honor which no artist has since enjoyed.

The royal favor was still more strongly employed in the following year, when, on the death of Reynolds, Lawrence was appointed principal portrait-painter in ordinary to the king. The appointment was immediately followed, if it was not preceded, by a commission for portraits of the king and queen, to be presented to the Emperor of China by Lord Macartney. Lawrence was now also elected painter of the Dilettanti Society, which, in order to grant him membership, abrogated its rule that all members must have passed the Alps. . .

In February, 1794, he was elected a Royal Academician, an honor which was immediately followed by an increase of influential patronage and another change of address, this time to Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park. Not satisfied with a reputation as a portrait-painter, he now nerved himself for a great effort in the poetical line, and chose 'Satan calling his Legions' for his subject. But the 'Satan,' now in the possession of the Royal Academy, showed clearly that the "grand style" was beyond the reach of the artist. . . . In this same year Lawrence achieved a less doubtful success by a portrait of Mrs. Siddons. It was in this year also that he lost both his parents, to whom he was greatly attached.

After the 'Satan' Lawrence did not attempt another picture of pure imagination, but contented himself with portraiture, with now and then a picture

which he called "half history," representing John Kemble in different characters. The first of these was 'Coriolanus at the Hearth of Aufidius,' which was followed by 'Rolla,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Cato.' . . .

By the death of Hoppner, in 1810, Lawrence was left without a rival. He moved from Greek Street, where he had lived since 1798, and took a house in Russell Square, where he remained till his death. His prices were now raised, — the smallest size canvas from eighty to a hundred guineas, and full lengths from two hundred to four hundred guineas apiece.

In 1814, if not before, the favor of the prince regent began to descend upon him. Lawrence had taken advantage of the peace to proceed with other English artists to Paris to see the pictures which Napoleon had brought together in the Louvre from every quarter of Europe, but he was recalled by the prince to paint the portraits of some of the allied sovereigns, their ministers and generals, then assembled in England. Their stay was too short for Lawrence to complete his task, but the next year's Academy showed that he had not been idle, for it contained his portraits of Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Blücher, and Platoff.

On April 22, 1815, Lawrence was knighted by the prince regent, who assured him that he was proud in conferring a mark of his favor on one who had raised the character of British art in the estimation of all Europe. . . .

In 1817 Lawrence (now Sir Thomas Lawrence) was sent by the prince regent to Aix-la-Chapelle—where the powers of Europe were assembled in congress—in order to complete the series of portraits which now hang in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. He was allowed a thousand pounds a year for contingent expenses and paid his usual price for the portraits. A portable wooden house with a large painting-room was also specially made for him. It was to be sent out and erected in the gardens of the British ambassador, Lord Castlereagh. It arrived too late, but its place was well supplied by part of the large gallery of the Hôtel de Ville, which was fitted up for his painting-room by the magistrates of the city. At Aix-la-Chapelle he painted the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Prince Hardenburg, Count Nesselrode, the Duc de Richelieu, and other distinguished persons. He then proceeded to Vienna, where he painted the Emperor of Austria again, Prince Schwarzenberg, Count Capo d'Istria, etc. Here a still more magnificent chamber was allotted to him for a painting-room, and he records with much satisfaction the friendly reception given him by the leaders of Viennese society.

At Rome apartments in the Quirinal were allotted him, with servants, a table, and a carriage. Here he painted two of his finest portraits, Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi, and repainted his portrait of Canova, which he presented to the pope. Great admiration was excited in Rome at these and his other works, and he was looked upon as another Raphael. . . .

When Lawrence again arrived in England it was to receive fresh honors. During his absence George III. had died, and also Benjamin West, the president of the Royal Academy. George IV. continued his appointment as principal portrait-painter in ordinary to his Majesty, and on the evening of his re-

turn the Royal Academy elected him president. The king, in giving his sanction to the election, presented him with a gold chain and a medal of himself, inscribed "From His Majesty George IV. to the President of the Royal Academy." In the catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1820 he was able to add to his honors "Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, and of the Fine Arts at New York."

Lawrence had now reached the summit of his profession, and attained a fame which increased rather than diminished during the next and last ten years of his life—a period marked also by equal activity and skill. The favor of the king continued with him to the end. In 1825 he was sent by George IV. to Paris to paint the portraits of Charles X. and the dauphin, and his Majesty subsequently allowed him to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, which was conferred on him by the French king. Other minor honors in the shape of diplomas from the academies of Bologna, Venice, Vienna, Turin, and Copenhagen fell upon him. He was also created a D. C. L. of Oxford, and was a trustee of the British Museum. Nothing could apparently exceed his prosperity. He lived in a fine house, which was a perfect museum of art treasures, and included the finest collection of drawings by the old masters ever made by a private person; he held every distinction which could fall to one of his profession, and was courted by the highest society scarcely less as a man than as an artist. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he was never free from anxiety or the necessity for continual labor. As a boy he hampered himself by allowing his father £300 a year, and signing a bond on his behalf; but since the death of his parents he had made large sums of money, yet he had managed his affairs so ill that at sixty years of age he was still continually harassed by his pecuniary obligations.

On January 7, 1830, after a few days' illness, he died, of ossification of the heart, and was buried with many honors in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

When Sir Thomas Lawrence's estate was realized it was found to be no more than sufficient to meet the demands upon it, but £3,000 was produced by an exhibition of his works at the British Institution, and this sum was devoted to the benefit of his nieces.

Lawrence no doubt spent much money on his collection of drawings, but he lived simply and entertained little, and he may be believed when he says: "I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of money. Neither gaming, horses, carriages, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness have swept it from me." But he began early in life to anticipate his income, and when he had money in hand would lend it or give it away with lavish or thoughtless generosity. But if Lawrence was a bad hand at keeping money, he was very accomplished in the art which, when combined with professional skill, chiefly enables a portrait-painter to make a fortune—the art of a courtier. The desire of pleasing was bred if not born in him, and from the time he penciled his father's guests in the Black Bear at Devizes till his death he never lost a sitter by an unflattering likeness. Nor did he fail to make use of any of the advantages with which nature had endowed him. Though not tall (he was under five feet nine), his beautiful face, active figure,

agreeable manners, and fine voice were not thrown away upon either lords or ladies, emperors or kings. . . .

Though shining in society, Sir Thomas Lawrence was not a sociable man. Among his many male friends he had few if any who could be called intimate. To John Julius Angerstein, "his very first friend," as he calls him, who had early in life helped him with a very large loan, to Joseph Farington, R. A., to Lysons, the antiquarian, to Fuseli, and the Smirkes, to Hamilton, West, Westall, Thomson, Howard, Flaxman, and other artists, he was no doubt attached, but he reserved his confidence for the ladies. The bulk of his published correspondence is addressed to ladies—to his sister Anne, to Mrs. Boucherette, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Angerstein, to Miss Harriet Lee, the author of 'The Canterbury Tales,' etc., to Miss Crofts, and to Mrs. Wolff, the wife of a Danish consul. . . .

Lawrence was a flirt throughout his life, always fancying that he was in love and was causing many flutterings in female hearts. "He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a *billet-doux;* the very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper and with that tone of deference and interest which are so unusual and so calculated to please."

But all his flirtations were innocuous, with one exception. Even his friends could not defend his conduct towards the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons. To them and them only he proposed marriage, transferring his affections from one to the other. They were both delicate and died shortly afterwards, and Mrs. Siddons, who had been one of the best of his friends since his childhood, refused to see him again. This sad story is confirmed by Fanny Kemble, the cousin of the Misses Siddons, who was herself one of the latest objects of his adoration, and owns to having felt something of the "dangerous fascination" of the old flirt.

Lawrence must be acquitted of any intentions dishonorable or unkind. If his character was of no great depth, he was always kind-hearted and generous to his family, his friends, and his servants. Though solicitous for his own advancement in the world, he never disparaged his rivals, young or old, and to young students he was ever ready with advice and commissions.

The Art of Lawrence

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER 'SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'

FOLLOWING closely upon the three English masters of the eighteenth century—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney—Lawrence at once stepped into the position of the foremost portrait-painter in England, a position he maintained until the day of his death. Like the greatest artists that the world has ever seen, he expressed the spirit of his age in his portraits; and if that age was somewhat lacking in picturesqueness, Lawrence's talent receives an added luster from the fact that he has given us the loveliest women and the

most important men of his time with a fidelity, a consummate art, and an acute perception of character that the mere vagaries of fashion can neither conceal nor trammel. . . .

That his fame underwent a marked decline during the half-century after his death in England cannot be doubted; but within the last few years a reaction has set in, which is tending to place him again in the forefront of our greatest portrait-painters. This is the case in France—more so, apparently, than in England. . . .

Both as a man and as an artist Lawrence was impressionable, and in his work was entirely influenced by the spirit of his period, a period of affectation that frequently bordered upon vulgarity. If his art in portraiture had been genius instead of talent of the highest order, he would have created a public taste instead of slavishly following that set by the court and society of his day. As it was, his work was the ultimate expression of the "curtain and column" school of portraiture, and his success set a fashion that was followed for years afterwards by innumerable portrait-painters. These, in imitating the style, missed the spirit and perception by which Lawrence, trammeled as he was by the absurdities of dress and conventionality of attitude and surroundings, was enabled to place upon his canvases some suggestion of the actual identity of his sitters. And it was not until the advent of George Frederick Watts and Sir John Everett Millais that the effects of the imitation of the obvious points of Lawrence's style finally disappeared from English portraiture.

Lawrence's chief defect was that he turned his art too much into a trade; he would have attained a far higher position had he contented himself with painting half the people he did, and his name would have stood on a higher pinnacle in the Temple of Fame. During the last twenty years of his life he painted but little more, as a rule, than the face of his sitter, the rest of the picture being completed by his pupils, or rather his assistants. Another of his defects was his ruling passion to be the leading portrait-painter of his day; and in order to maintain that place he sacrificed care, finish, and quality, to quantity. It is owing to these defects that we find so many unsatisfactory portraits from his too prolific brush.

These are grave failings; but on the other side his great merits are incontestable, and weigh the scale in his favor. Where, except among the very greatest of those whose fame chiefly rests on their excellence in the art of portrait-painting—such giants as Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez and Van Dyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough—can finer work be shown than in such astonishing likenesses as those of Lawrence when at his best? And the master must be judged by his master-works. His style, when once he had adopted it, had the great merit of being a style of its own, of much refinement and excellence in drawing, although his work was perhaps too smooth in technique and somewhat affected in feeling. His paintings have lasted, whereas those of many of his contemporaries are mere wrecks and shadows of their former selves; for he attempted no experiments in glazings and pigments, as was Sir Joshua's wont, and his pictures are, as a rule, as fresh as when they were painted a century ago.

T. DE WYZEWA 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1892

LAWRENCE'S portraits show that he gave too much thought to fashion—a dangerous habit. But if they seem to a superficial observer to be now somewhat out of style, there is in his work, beneath the surface, a fundamental quality which will never pass out of fashion, but will always be appreciated by those who love painting. For although his portraits show us people dressed in a way that to-day strikes us as absurd, although the settings of his figures, to say nothing of their attitudes and expressions, often seem to us ridiculous, they are nevertheless the work of a *painter*. We feel that they embody the vision of a painter's eye; that in their drawing and their color they reveal a painter's hand, and that in their faces there is a vitality which none but a painter's soul could have conceived and rendered.

No other English portraitist has possessed in so great a degree nor so innately as did Lawrence the essential gifts of a painter—that combination of qualities purely pictorial which go to make up the painter's craft. Reynolds had infinitely more knowledge and taste; Gainsborough was far more of an artist and a poet; even Romney had a more delicate perception of elegance, and Hoppner a greater depth of expression. But Lawrence was more truly a *painter* than all of these put together; he had a truer feeling for the living qualities of flesh, for the intrinsic harmony of lines and colors. He was, strictly speaking, more of a painter than any since the days of Rubens.

This is why all lovers of painting have cared for his work. Eugène Delacroix, to cite but a single instance, regarded Lawrence with an admiration akin to that which he felt for the greatest masters. He recognized in him "a true painter," a man for whom a beautiful red had a value peculiar to itself, and that was sufficient in his eyes to pardon his lack of imagination, the sameness of his compositions, and the too often conventional character of his expressions.—FROM THE FRENCH

EUGÈNE DELACROIX 'REVUE DE PARIS' 1829

BY reason of the vast number of his works Lawrence reminds one of those astonishingly prolific old painters whom we are accustomed to think of as living apart in their studios, exempt from all the cares and complications of the outside world, their fame resting solely upon their artistic achievement. But although Lawrence's talents are great enough to justify his withdrawal from the world, he is, as a matter of fact, quite as much a finished courtier as he is a great painter. It is no doubt owing to this fact that his personages have that noble air, that distinguished bearing, that he knows so well how to impart to them. His art is influenced by habits of refinement and by intercourse with the aristocracy. It is most surprising that he should have accomplished so much, for, notwithstanding the apparent ease of his style of painting, nothing could be more conscientious than is his work. His pictures, which look as if they had been painted off-hand, so alive and animated is their style, are studied with scrupulous care in order that certain characteristic traits may be accurately reproduced; and therein is where Lawrence excels, where he is assuredly without an equal.

The old masters were afraid to put life into their portraits by the representation of fleeting passions, and in this reticence they showed their wisdom. They painted only serious faces, simple and tranquil attitudes, and never portrayed those objectionable inspired expressions, nor those smiles which haunt one in some ridiculous portraits whose venerable originals have been for centuries lying in their tombs. . . .

With exceptionally happy skill Lawrence avoids the rigidity of certain masters without falling into the lackadaisical graces of a more recent day. His personages really live; they look as if they could walk and move about. He catches the most delicate shades of sadness or of gaiety in a face; and yet this is but a part of his gift, for a most picturesque setting lends admirable relief to these lifelike heads.

Lawrence may be reproached with sometimes carrying to the point of affectation a search for piquant and surprising contrasts; but in the midst of his most surprising flights of fancy he captivates us, and we find ourselves irresistibly drawn to his work. A picture by him is like a diamond which shines by its own brilliancy no matter where it may be, eclipsing all about it. Granted that his effect is gained by exaggerated methods; granted that he is capricious in the choice of his colors; all the same, his picture catches the eye, it charms the fancy, and not at the expense of the delicacy and accuracy of its drawing, which in his heads is beyond compare.—FROM THE FRENCH

R. AND S. REDGRAVE 'A CENTURY OF PAINTERS'

HAYDON said that "Lawrence was suited to the age, and the age to Lawrence. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weakness, and met its meretricious tastes. His men were all gentlemen with an air of fashion, and the dandyism of high life—his women were delicate but not modest—beautiful but not natural, they appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy." Opie had made a similar remark, but far more tersely. "Lawrence," said he, "made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence." It must be allowed that many of his faults arose from his courteous weakness to his sitters; they lived and moved in the atmosphere of fashionable life, then far more exclusive than at present, and he submitted to their dictation. Something also must be attributed to his overtaxed powers, which obliged him to give over much of the making-up of his pictures to his assistants; backgrounds and even hands were intrusted to them, and the numerous repetitions of public portraits which were called for were necessarily the almost entire work of the Simpsons, father and son, Pegler, and others, who were in Lawrence's constant employment. . . .

Wilkie, in his remarks on portrait-painting, gives us an insight into Lawrence's practice of the art. He says: "He wished to seize the expression rather than copy the features. His attainment of likeness was most laborious. One distinguished person, who favored him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he had ever sat to, and he had sat to many. He would draw the portrait in chalk, the size of life, on paper; this occupied but one sitting, but that sitting lasted nearly one whole day. He next trans-

ferred this outline from the paper to the canvas; his picture and his sitter were placed at a distance from the point of view where, to see both at a time, he had to traverse all across the room before the conception which the view of his sitter suggested could be proceeded with. In this incessant transit his feet had worn a path through the carpet to the floor, exercising freedom both of body and mind; each traverse allowing time for invention, while it required an effort of memory between the touch on the canvas and the observation from which it grew."

Thus we see that the happy facility with which, as a boy, he had been able to seize the likeness of individuals had left him; or his knowledge of the difficulties and sense of the perfection of art had induced in him patient effort and continuous repetition. This practice, in important pictures, was carried even into the accessories and subordinate parts. It used to be told that for the legs alone of the small portrait of George IV. seated on a sofa, the king gave Lawrence nearly twenty sittings; but then his Majesty is said to have had very fine legs, and the painter, in his Majesty's opinion, did not do them justice.

Nevertheless, Lawrence had many facile methods of giving the appearance of labor where the work was really slight; thus the texture of his furs was rendered by a dexterous handling of the scrubby hog tool, which often produced the sense of imitation more exactly than the most labored execution. He was once reproached that he resorted to tricks in painting, and this habit of splitting up his brush given as an instance; but he retorted with justice that if his method gave as true an imitative appearance of fur as could be obtained by the laborious process of painting it hair by hair, it was equally satisfactory and far more painter-like. It is probable that had Lawrence trusted in his own powers as he did in early days, before he had name and fame to lose, he would have been more successful as a painter. He was fettered latterly by his very fastidiousness and desire of surface-finish, as well as by his endeavor to give the most polished aspect of his sitter. . . .

But if Lawrence cannot be placed in the first rank as a portrait-painter, he has this merit at least: that, immediately succeeding Sir Joshua, he yet adopted a distinct and characteristic style of his own. Others of his contemporaries were content to be mere followers of Reynolds, repeating his arrangements and copying his manner, even in those faulty executive processes for which he, at least, had the excuse that they arose from his continued search after something higher and better than he had yet attained, while their aim was merely to be like him.

Lawrence, on the contrary, after his first start, while the glory of Reynolds filled as it were the atmosphere of art, and the young painter made some slight attempts at imitating him, soon adopted and ever continued to maintain a manner of his own; it had this good influence on the school, that it encouraged more careful drawing, and the study of the head by this means, before commencing painting. It also contributed to restrain awhile the use of bad vehicles and fugitive pigments, and hence also the faulty execution which had arisen from the pranks of Reynolds. . . . We would conclude by saying that while we are obliged to allow that Lawrence ranks below his immediate predecessors of

the English school, it was hardly possible, at his death, to point to a successor likely to stand beside him in the opinion of posterity.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER · 'TEMPLE BAR' 1862

IN order to take pleasure in Lawrence's portraits, it is not necessary to have known the persons whom he represents. They possess a value as specimens of the races, fashions, and characters of an age, and at the same time they reveal the ideal of that age by their finish. Lawrence's originality lies in his having introduced fashion into art; he founded the school of high life—that is to say, the school devoted to the aristocratic representation of the nobility in all their real or conventional elegance. . . .

Lawrence, and this is his glory, was an absolutely modern painter; in him there is no reminiscence of the antique marbles, and no imitation of the great masters of Italy and Flanders. He sought his ideal in the high world, and found it; he admired the queens of fashion, who, when they appeared at the theater or the ball, excited a flattering murmuring, and became the object upon which all glasses were bracketed. He contrived to transfer to the canvas their beauty, their grace, their elegance, and all their fragile splendors. They were not dressed Venuses, but really ladies—peeresses and duchesses—and are not the less lovely on that account. Every one knows how difficult it is to make art and the world agree. A great, fashionable artist! These are words which seem to contradict each other; and yet Lawrence was such a one.—FROM THE FRENCH BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

JOHN C. VAN DYKE · 'OLD ENGLISH MASTERS'

THE infant prodigy, so frequently met with in the annals of English art, crops out once more in Lawrence—the last of the older portrait-painters. As a child he was dandled on the public knee because of his precocity in reciting poetry; at five he was "taking likenesses" for a moneyed consideration; and at twelve he is said to have been the main support of his family. Raphael, with genius at his back, did not come to maturity so quickly, nor did Rubens, triumphant at Antwerp, hold popular applause so long; for Lawrence kept his admiring public to the last, and was something of a marvel both as man and boy. His whole career was brilliant, yet not through intrinsic force; his art was very successful without being great; he was honored and praised down to his grave, and yet he possessed not genius. There are men who achieve popular success without genius. Lawrence was one of them. . . .

A mind that bothers itself largely with conventionalities rarely discloses great originality, and a painter without conviction never plows deep in art. Lawrence seldom got beneath the surface. Portraiture was to him largely a matter of some nobleman wishing a "smart" likeness of himself in pomatumed hair, Osbaldistone tie, colored waistcoat, and Hessian boots; or it meant her ladyship in white, with blue ribbons, short waist, and puffed sleeves, posed as an innocent young thing just out of school. Both of them had clean faces, new clothes, and engaging smiles, which led Campbell the poet to say that Lawrence's sitters "seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of

the blessed, and to be looking at themselves in the mirrors." Everybody had to have an air of tailoring and good breeding about him, as though born to circumstances and position. Sir Thomas was too polite to paint people otherwise than at their best, and what he thought "best" we to-day might translate "prettiest."

For, besides the exactness of costume and pose, he could somehow rub a quality of sentiment into his sitter's faces that showed the inside of their heads was quite as "pretty" as the outside. This appears noticeably in the portraits of children. . . . Gainsborough's children are much more honest, and the children of Reynolds more naïve. The best picture of this type that Lawrence ever painted was that of the two Calmady children, engraved under the name of 'Nature.' In that picture Lawrence not only drew a graceful group, but he really got the children (and himself) "off guard," as it were. . . .

His ladies of quality have necks as long as Parmigiano's Madonnas, and eyes as languishing as Perugino's saints. One of the best of them, the 'Countess Gower and Daughter,' is just a little of this type, for all its clever painting. The turn of the head is sentimental, and the mock-childishness of the child with one shoe off and one still on is just the straw's weight in the balance that makes for affectation. The 'Countess of Derby' (Miss Farren) is an early picture, and has escaped affectation. It has been criticized for the anachronism of the "John" coat and the furs in a summer landscape, but the criticism is hardly worth quoting. Reynolds and Gainsborough painted people in evening costume wandering through classical woodlands, but no one ever found fault with them on that account. Such matters are of no consequence in art. Lawrence was painting a picture, and this time he painted an excellent one. Indeed, one may recall many examples of Lawrence's portraiture, such as the 'Lady Dover,' or the sad-faced 'Mrs. Siddons,' that seem excellent in every respect; and yet, in spite of these, the general statement holds true that he painted the artificial and the pretentious much oftener than the frank and the natural. . . .

The contradictions of Lawrence are bewildering. If judged by his best work, he must be ranked high; if by his general average, then he must be placed below Reynolds, Gainsborough, and perhaps Romney. No one of his times swung to quite such extremes of excellence and mediocrity, success and failure. He had more skill, perhaps, than mental grasp, and could execute better than he could plan. He had no comprehensive, far-reaching mind, but his hand was very cunning and frequently produced portraiture of no mean order. . . .

Indeed Lawrence, technically, was rather a fascinating workman. He was a very good draftsman. His brothers of the craft praised his drawing of eyes and hands, and the portrait of the Cardinal Consalvi, or that of the Duke of Wellington, shows that he knew how to model a face with firmness. His early habit of drawing in crayons was doubtless of service to him, and after he took up oils he still continued to draw the model in crayon, adding the color last of all. Perhaps this method of securing drawing allowed him the greater freedom in his brush-work. Certainly he was the most facile of all the English portrait-painters, running on at times into a superficial and ineffectual glibness and producing textures porcelain-like in their smoothness. . . .

Lawrence started portrait-painting in the manner of Reynolds, whom he greatly admired, and many of his best works were done before he was twenty-five. After he became popular he was hurried. During his life he sent over three hundred and eleven pictures to exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and this represented but a small part of his labors. Naturally, under such stress he grew somewhat careless. His method became a formulated facility and his style stiffened into a manner. Toward the last his cream-whites changed to cold whites, his modeling outgrew its solidity, his textures became velvety, and his handling slippery.

He came at a pretentious period, and had a pretentious monarch to dictate taste; and perhaps the wonder is, or should be, that he did so well. The best period of English portraiture had passed with Reynolds, and Lawrence was the "singer of an empty day," somewhat like Tiepolo after Paolo Veronese. But Tiepolo has, not without reason, many admirers, and Lawrence, too, can claim a following even to the present time. His immediate pupils, like Etty and Harlowe, rather exaggerated his shortcomings, but in more recent times many portrait-painters have taken large hints from Lawrence and paid him the compliment of imitation. Even the Frenchmen, with Carolus Duran in the lead, have not studied his work in vain, and a number of prominent American painters of the present day might be mentioned as gathering inspiration, at least, from the same quarter. Sir Thomas was not without his virtues, but he was so cumbered with inequalities and inconsistencies that any attempt at an appreciation ends in something like contradiction. It may, however, be said in a general way that his conceptions were not lofty nor very original, that his sentiment was sentimentality, his method somewhat flashy, his execution animated, vivacious, and quite worthy of applause. And to every one of these statements an exception may be taken.

The Works of Lawrence

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF MISS FARREN' — PLATE I

LAWRENCE'S portrait of Miss Eliza Farren, the beautiful English actress who afterwards became the Countess of Derby, was painted in 1790, when he was but twenty-one years of age. It is said to have placed him at once in the first rank of portrait-painters and given the impetus to his marvelously successful career.

"As an example of coloring and technique," writes Mr. Timothy Cole, "this portrait ranks among the finest by the artist. Its tone is so pure, deep, and fresh! It owes this peculiar quality in great measure to its spontaneity of handling—its dexterity. The tone of its deep blue sky, which plays so important a feature in the composition, is magnificent—not alone in its warm, soft, and lustrous quality, reminding one of the Venetians, but in its atmos-

pheric feeling, its aërial depth and subtlety of modeling, and its gentle gradation to the horizon as it becomes flushed with orange and rosy hues. This is in perfect harmony with the quietude of the landscape. The trees are painted with fullness and breadth; they are grayish-green in color, warm, liquid, and they soften mysteriously into the sky and the dusky shades that are stealing over the earth. Against the masterful and subdued treatment of the background, its quietness and aërial suppleness, the figure stands out with pleasing and vivacious effect. . . . Notice the variety of its contour, its innumerable subtle blendings and delicate accents, in the outline of the hair particularly. The gray silk cloak bordered with brown fur, the dress, gray also, the brown muff and boa of similar color, and the brown kid gloves, are all astonishing for the ease and skill of their execution. But, above all, nothing could engage the attention more than the way the look of life is caught in the face—the glance, answering so well to the gesture of the whole person."

The picture is a large one, the figure being life-sized. It is the property of Lord de Grey Wilton, and is at Houghton Hall, near Massingham, England.

'PORTRAIT OF JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN' PLATE II

LESS skilful, as a rule, in his portrayal of men than in delineating the more delicate beauty of women—with whom, it has been said, "the blandishments of his pencil were only equaled by those of his tongue"—the artist has nevertheless left some male portraits which show strength as well as simplicity in the treatment. Of these the one here reproduced is an instance. "It is a great achievement," writes M. Gustave Geffroy. "The calm and refined face, the gentle eyes and features, admirably suggest the serene repose of old age, the tolerant wisdom of the man of the world."

John Julius Angerstein, merchant, philanthropist, and lover of the Fine Arts, was of Russian extraction. When fifteen he went to England, and by reason of his talents and assiduity became, as time went on, an important figure in the commercial world. He made a princely fortune and gave of his wealth freely and wisely. His valuable collection of pictures, acquired to a great extent with the assistance of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was sold after his death, and, purchased in large part by the English government, formed the nucleus of the present National Gallery.

The portrait of Mr. Angerstein here reproduced is on canvas, and measures three feet high by two feet three inches wide. It was painted for King George IV., and was presented in 1836 by William IV. to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

'LADY LEICESTER AND HER SON' PLATE III

THIS portrait of Lady Leicester, holding by the hand her little son, is a fine and characteristic example of Sir Thomas Lawrence's work. The elaborate composition of the "curtain and column" order is full of such grace and beauty that we freely forgive its artificiality. The colors are rich and brilliant. Lady Leicester wears an Empire gown of creamy white satin which

admirably offsets her dark hair and clear complexion. The boy at her side, eagerly pulling her forward with one hand while in the other he holds a hoop, is dressed in a red blouse and brown trousers. A glowing golden tone colors the landscape opening behind them to the left, and on the right is a massive column and a richly embroidered curtain of golden brown.

The canvas measures seven feet eight inches high by four and a half feet wide. Formerly in the collection of Lord Waterpark, England, it is at present in the Blakeslee Galleries, New York, and is here reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. T. J. Blakeslee.

'PORTRAIT OF LADY BLESSINGTON' PLATE IV

OF this portrait it has been said that it is "one of the happiest examples of Sir Thomas Lawrence's special aptitude for seizing the fleeting attributes of lovely womankind under its most bewitching phase, an art in which this accomplished master must be recognized as supreme." In this instance no flattery was needed to heighten the charm of his subject. Lady Blessington, then at the zenith of her beauty and success, is described as having large gray-blue eyes, with long dark lashes, abundant brown hair, fresh complexion, exquisitely shaped head, graceful figure, and hands so beautiful that they served as models for a sculptor. Added to these attractions, her voice was low, soft, and musical, having in it a tender and caressing quality which was well-nigh irresistible.

Her career was a checkered one. Born in Ireland in 1789, she was, while still a schoolgirl, married against her will to an army officer whose cruel treatment of her forced her to return for shelter to her father's house. At twenty-eight she was left a widow, and soon afterwards became the wife of the first Earl of Blessington, whose wealth and position, aided by her own beauty and fascination, at once constituted her the acknowledged queen of literary, artistic, and social circles in London. Her acquaintance with Lord Byron and other literary men added interest to her life, and especially notorious was her friendship with Count d'Orsay, who became her devoted admirer.

After her husband's death, in 1829, Lady Blessington, finding her income curtailed, turned for support to literature. She wrote a number of novels, became a contributor to the 'Daily News,' and, in 1834, began the publication of the 'Book of Beauty,' earning by her efforts a sum equivalent to from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year. But her expenditure always exceeded her income, and finally, in 1849, no longer able to meet her creditors, she followed Count d'Orsay to Paris, where he too had fled to escape his debts, and there shortly afterwards her sudden death occurred.

Lawrence's portrait of her, painted when she was about thirty-two, shows her dressed in a gown of white satin, with flowers worn in her low-cut bodice. She is seated in a crimson chair, over one arm of which is thrown a piece of ermine. The background is a deep, dull blue. The canvas measures about three feet high by two feet three inches wide. It is now in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, London.

'PORTRAIT OF LADY ELIZABETH BELGRAVE' PLATE V

THIS portrait of Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, afterwards Countess of Grosvenor and Marchioness of Westminster, is called by the painter C. R. Leslie, "the most beautiful of Lawrence's female heads." It was, he tells us, "begun and finished off-hand," and certainly it shows none of that over-elaboration, that search after effect, of which Lawrence was sometimes guilty. The pose is simple, and the same may be said of the costume. The short-waisted muslin gown is cut low in the neck, and beneath the long, diaphanous sleeves the rounded arms are clearly visible. The colors are as unfaded as when the picture first left the painter's easel.

The portrait is owned by the Duke of Sutherland, and is at Stafford House, London.

'COUNTESS GOWER AND HER CHILD' PLATE VI

THIS famous portrait group, justly held to be one of Lawrence's greatest works, represents the Countess Gower, afterwards Duchess of Sutherland, with her eldest child, Lady Elizabeth Sutherland Gower, who later became Duchess of Argyll. In writing of this painting of his mother and sister, Lord Ronald Gower says: "The Countess Gower was, at the time Sir Thomas Lawrence painted this portrait, in her twenty-first year. It is rightly considered the finest group that he ever achieved, and a great French critic has described it as *'la grâce et la beauté même.'*"

The coloring is exceedingly rich and harmonious, the landscape seen in the distance very effective, and the whole painting of a sumptuous character. Barring a few defects in drawing—notably the child's right arm—and a touch of artificiality in arrangement, the work shows Lawrence at his best. The picture belongs to the Duke of Sutherland and is at Stafford House, London.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS' PLATE VII

LAWRENCE painted many portraits of the famous English actress Sarah Kemble Siddons, and although none of these canvases equals in majestic grandeur Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of her as 'The Tragic Muse' (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. I., Part 7, Plate II), he has nevertheless given us in his numerous portrayals of her beauty charming examples of his skill. Of these the portrait here reproduced is one of the best known. It is a work of his early period, when, Cunningham tells us, he used white of a warm creamy tone, such as is here freely employed.

Théophile Gautier is enthusiastic in his praise of this picture. "What firmness of tints," he writes; "what harmony of color; what transparency in the chiaroscuro, and how splendid the reflected shadows which fall on the neck without injuring its whiteness!" Mrs. Siddons wears a white dress with a gray girdle. A loose dark sacque lined with pink is worn over this, and her head, with its mass of curls almost covering her forehead, is wound about with a white kerchief, or "wimple," which, fastened beneath the chin, forms a becoming frame to the oval face.

The canvas measures two and a half feet high by a little over two feet wide. In 1868 it was bequeathed by Mrs. Siddons's daughter, Mrs. Combe, to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

'A CHILD WITH A KID' PLATE VIII

ALTHOUGH not to be ranked with Sir Joshua Reynolds in his single portraits of children, Lawrence has left many examples of his proficiency in this line which prove that the reputation he achieved as a painter of children was well deserved. Among the most attractive of these works is the picture here reproduced of Lady Georgiana Fane, at the age of five, in the dress of a peasant child, and known as 'A Child with a Kid.' The little girl stands in a hilly landscape beside a stream, her bare feet just touching the water. On the bank beside her is a tub full of linen, and on the other side of the picture a kid is seen half immersed in the water, of which it is about to drink.

The canvas is dated 1800. It measures four feet eight inches high by a little over three feet wide, and was bequeathed in 1875 by Lady Georgiana Fane to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

'NATURE' PLATE IX

THIS well-known portrait, entitled 'Nature,' represents Emily and Laura Calmady, children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq., of Langdon Court, Devon, England. It was painted in 1823 and exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year.

The story has been often told of how Sir Thomas Lawrence, captivated by the beauty of the two children, was so desirous to paint them that he offered to do so for a sum far less than he usually received for such work; of his zeal and enthusiasm as the painting progressed; of his pleasure in his two little models, who were brought daily to his studio to sit for him; of how he would frequently detain them to dinner, on which occasions he would feed them himself, and play with and read to them until they were rested and could again be placed in position before his easel. And the children, we are told, caught his amiable humor, and, without fear or shyness, accepted him as their friend and playmate.

When the work was finished Sir Thomas declared, "This is my best picture. I have no hesitation in saying so—my best picture of the kind, quite—one of the few I should wish hereafter to be known by." Upon seeing the painting, which was sent to Windsor for his inspection, George IV. expressed a wish to possess it, but only with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Calmady, and they, as it proved, were unwilling to part with it. In 1886 it was sold in London, and is now owned by Mrs. C. P. Huntington, of New York.

'PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS VII' PLATE X

IT was in May, 1819, that Lawrence, then in Rome, painted this portrait of Pope Pius VII., which ranks as one of his finest works. The countenance is the same that may be recognized on the canvas of David (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. 7, Part 74, Plate VI), but the fourteen years that had passed since

Pius VII. had sat before the easel of the French painter had dimmed the eyes, softened the expression, and added many a line to the face of the now aged pontiff. None of these marks of advancing years have escaped the notice of the painter, whose brush has here rendered them with touch as delicate as it is sympathetic. And not in the face alone, but in the slight stoop of the shoulders, in the position of the feet in their velvet slippers, above all, in the beautifully modeled hand, are the marks of time apparent. It is of this hand that Sir Walter Scott wrote to Wilkie: "I could have guessed it not only to be the hand of a gentleman and person of high rank, but of a man who had never been employed in war or in the sports by which the better classes generally harden and roughen their hands in youth. It was and could be only the hand of an old priest, which had no ruder employment than bestowing benedictions."

"In Lawrence's portrait of Pius VII.," writes Eugène Delacroix, "we have an instance of that power which he possessed in so high a degree of rendering with striking effect the age, the complexion, the character, of his model. It seems that this painting was made but a short time before the pope's death; illness has already stamped his features with that melancholy and languor which denote that the end is near. Pius VII. is surrounded by the multifold treasures of the Vatican, but his thoughts are far away, and his eyes are dim. We cannot look upon this beautiful painting without a feeling of sadness; here at a glance is revealed the troubled life of this prelate, who, born for peace, was yet cast by chance into the midst of strife and tumult. Nothing can equal the beauty of the hands and of the accessories which set off with infinite art those portions of the work on which the painter has wished to fix the attention."

Lawrence's portrait of Pius VII. shows him arrayed in his pontifical robes, seated in his chair of state. Behind him a heavy curtain is drawn aside, revealing in the distance a glimpse of the sculpture galleries of the Vatican. The colors, of which red is the prevailing hue, are rich and the composition dignified. The picture is now in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

The greater number of Sir Thomas Lawrence's paintings are in private possession in England. Many are also owned in the United States. The following list includes only such as are now in collections accessible to the public.

ENGLAND. BRISTOL, CORPORATION: Duke of Portland — CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Samuel Woodburn — DULWICH GALLERY: William Linley — HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL COLLECTION: Baron Gentz — LIVERPOOL, CORPORATION: Right Hon. George Canning — LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM: Sir Joseph Banks — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Benjamin West; Mrs. Siddons (Plate VII); Princess Lieven; John Julius Angerstein (Plate II); Miss Caroline Fry; Mr. Philip Sansom; A Child with a Kid (Plate VIII) — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Lady Callcott; Thomas Campbell; Caroline, Princess of Wales; Earl of Eldon; John Fawcett; George IV.; Sir William Grant; Earl Grey; Warren Hastings; John Kemble as Hamlet; Marquis of Londonderry; Sir James Mackintosh; Viscount Melville; Sir Graham Moore; Sir John Moore; Sir Samuel Romilly; Mrs. Siddons; William Wilberforce — LONDON, ROYAL ACADEMY: Portrait of Lawrence (see page 22); Satan calling his Legions; A Gipsy Girl — LON-

DON, ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS: Matthew Baillie, M.D.; Sir Astley Cooper — LONDON, SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM: Portrait of Sir John Soane — LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Queen Caroline; Sir Codrington Edmund Carrington; Lady Carrington — LONDON, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: Dr. John Abernethy — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Mrs. Siddons; Lady Blessington (Plate IV); George IV. — OXFORD, ALL SOULS' COLLEGE: Viscount Tracy of Rathcoole — OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE: Lord Auckland — OXFORD, PEMBROKE COLLEGE: Sir Thomas le Breton — OXFORD, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: Right Hon. William Windham — WINDSOR CASTLE, WATERLOO GALLERY: George IV.; Prince Metternich; Gen. Tchernicheff; Gen. Overoff; Earl Bathurst; Prince Blücher; Cardinal Consalvi; Duke of Wellington; Pope Pius VII. (Plate X); The Hetmann Platoff; Earl of Liverpool; Baron Hardenburg; Count Capo d'Istria; Count Nesselrode; Marquis of Londonderry; Frederick William III., King of Prussia; Francis II., Emperor of Austria; Charles X., King of France; Archduke Charles; Alexander, Emperor of Russia; Donna Maria de Gloria, Queen of Portugal; Sir Thomas Lawrence; Prince George of Cumberland; Sir Jeffry Wyattville; Duke of Cambridge; Duke of York; Prince Schwarzenberg; Right Hon. George Canning; Princess Amelia; Sir Walter Scott; George III.; William IV., Princess Charlotte; Earl of Eldon — FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: Francis II., Emperor of Austria (water-color) — PARIS, LOUVRE: Lord Whitworth; John Julius Angerstein and his Wife — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Willem Ferdinand Mogge-Muilman — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Earl of Inchiquin; Right Hon. John Wilson Croker; John Jeffereys, Earl Camden; Earl of Charlemont — ITALY. ROME, LATERAN MUSEUM: George IV. — UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS COLLECTION: Countess of Sutherland; Countess of Wilton — BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Lord Lyndhurst; Lady Lyndhurst; John Julius Angerstein (study) — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: Lady Ellenborough (loaned) — NEW YORK, HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Female Head — PHILADELPHIA, ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS: Portrait of George Meade (loaned).

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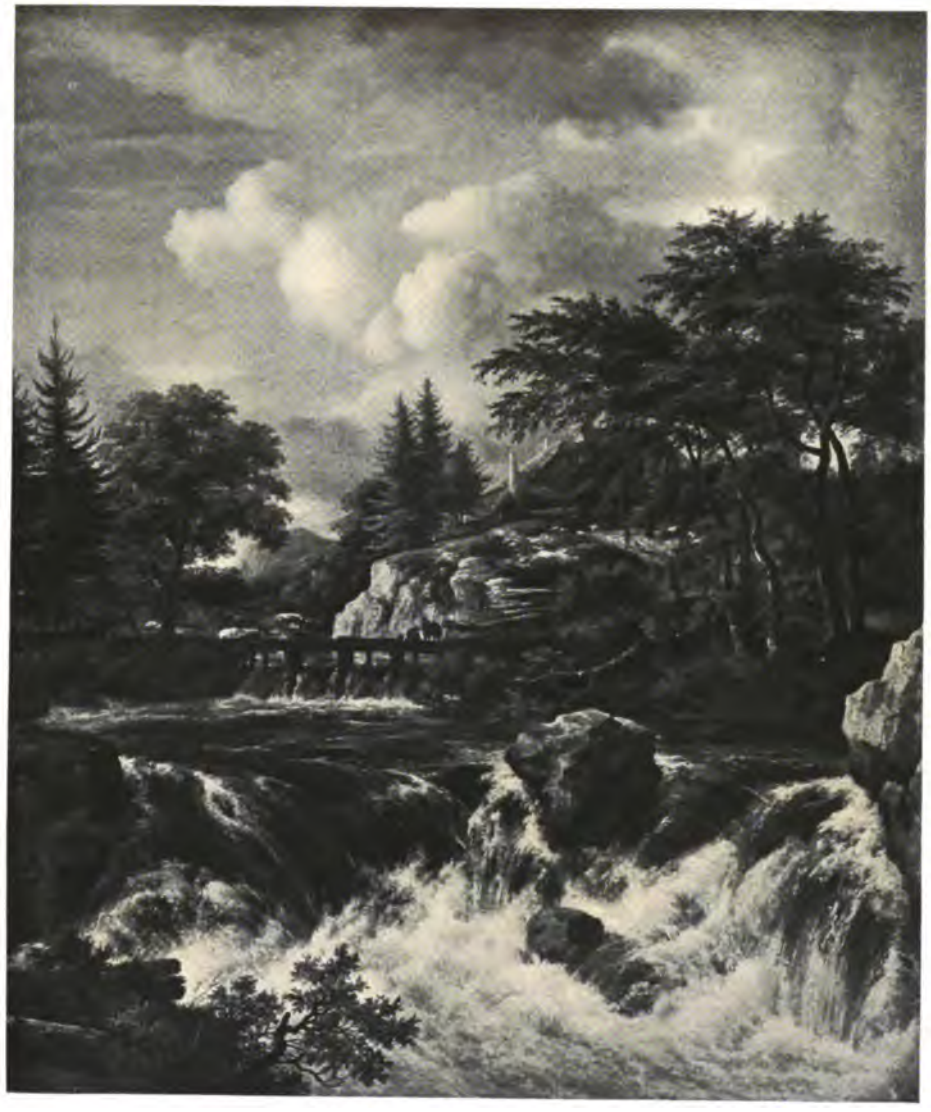
MASTERS IN ART

Ruisdael

DUTCH SCHOOL



U of M

RUISDAEL
LANDSCAPE WITH WATERFALL
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Main

RUISDAEL
VIEW ON THE RHINE NEAR WYK-BY-DUURSTEDE
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

RUISDAEL
BENTHEIM CASTLE
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

RUISDAEL
A FRESH BREEZE
EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

RUISDAEL
THE SWAMP
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

UCLA

RUISDAEL
THE BEACH
THE HAGUE GALLERY

RUISDAEL
A HILLY LANDSCAPE
STÄDEL INSTITUTE, FRANKFORT

Scanned with CamScanner

RUISDAEL
VIEW OF HAARLEM FROM THE DUNES OF OVERVEEN
THE HAGUE GALLERY

Uof M

RUISDAEL
A WOODED LANDSCAPE WITH WATERFALL
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE
[63]

RUISDAEL
THE TEMPEST
LOUVRE, PARIS

Page

Jacob van Ruisdael

BORN 1628 OR 1629: DIED 1682
DUTCH SCHOOL

THE name Ruisdael (pronounced Rois'dahl) was derived from a castle and adjoining hamlet in Holland situated in the environs of Naarden, to the southeast of Amsterdam, and existing until about the middle of the seventeenth century. There the family of the painter who forms the subject of this sketch dwelt until towards the beginning of that century, when they removed to Haarlem, and were known by the name of the locality whence they had come.

Including its various branches, the Ruisdael family was a numerous one, and, as several of its members adopted the profession of painting, confusion naturally arose in the course of time as to their individualities and the relation they bore to one another. This confusion was increased by the early biographers of Dutch painters, Houbraken and Descamps, whose accounts, published, one between 1708 and 1721, the other some forty years later, contained misstatements and legends which for nearly a century afterwards were accepted without question. In 1843, however, Immerzeel wrote a work on the Dutch and Flemish painters and engravers, correcting many of these errors, and since then the serious researches of MM. Bürger, Van der Willigen, Bredius, Michel, Bode, and others, have established certain data which serve to throw light upon much that was previously confused concerning the Ruisdael family.

It now appears that among others of the name who had settled in Haarlem were two brothers, Salomon and Isack, of whom Salomon, born about 1600, was a landscape-painter of repute, while Isack was a maker of frames and dealer in pictures, if not, as believed by some writers, himself a painter as well. Each of these brothers had a son named Jacob, who became in his turn a painter, but while Salomon's son never achieved more than mediocrity in his profession, the other Jacob, Isack's son, became the foremost of Holland's landscapists.

Unfortunately, but little is known of the life of this Jacob van Ruisdael. We do not even possess any authentic portrait of him, and so few details concerning his existence have come down to us that, setting aside all surmises as

to his character and daily life, and confining ourselves to hard facts, all that is actually known can be told in a few words.

Jacob van Ruisdael,[1] the son of Isack Ruisdael, was born in Haarlem, Holland, in 1628 or 1629, and, as his father belonged at that time to the religious sect known as Mennonites, Jacob, as subsequent events would seem to prove, was brought up in that faith. Of his childhood absolutely nothing is known. According to Houbraken he studied medicine in his youth, gaining "a great reputation as a surgeon;" but his name does not appear in the list of physicians and surgeons of that period in either Haarlem or Amsterdam, and although mention is made by Immerzeel of the sale, in 1720, of a 'Cascade' painted by a Dr. Jacob Ruisdael, there is little or no reason to believe the statement that the great landscape-painter ever practised medicine.

In 1648, at the age of nineteen or twenty, Ruisdael was admitted to membership in the Gild of Painters in Haarlem, but under whose direction his early studies in art were pursued is unknown. Probability points to his father and uncle as his first instructors. Cornelis Vroom has also been named as one of his masters, and Nicolaes Berchem—this last without sufficient evidence to support the theory. More apparent in his works is the influence of Allart van Everdingen, who was a resident of Haarlem in 1645–46.

On January 15, 1659, Ruisdael was enrolled as a citizen of Amsterdam. Dr. Bredius is of the opinion that he had been living in that city for some time prior to that date, for it frequently happened that it was not until after a long residence there that artists went through with the formality of obtaining the rights of citizenship. Among the many painters who were then living in Amsterdam and elsewhere in Holland were several with whom Ruisdael must have been acquainted, as a number of them—Berchem, Lingelbach, Adriaen van de Velde, Wouverman, and others—are known to have added figures to his pictures. Meindert Hobbema, who, if not actually his pupil, was influenced by his work, was also among his acquaintances, for in 1668 Ruisdael is recorded as one of the witnesses to Hobbema's marriage; and in addition to these was Allart van Everdingen, who since 1652 had resided in Amsterdam, and had achieved such success with scenes of the northern countries he is said to have visited that Ruisdael, discouraged by his own failure to please the popular taste with his landscapes of Holland, adopted the older painter's style of subject and executed those so-called Norwegian pictures, now closely associated with his name, in which, amongst wild northern scenery, mountain-torrents dash foaming over rocks.

It has often been said that so true to life are these renderings of Scandinavian scenery that Ruisdael must himself have traveled in Norway. Such a statement, however, is purely conjectural. With more probability it has been suggested that he visited the north of Germany, for in several of his paintings he has introduced the picturesque old castle of Bentheim in the province of

[1] This spelling of the painter's name is the one now generally adopted, as it is the form in which he habitually signed all save his earliest productions—possibly, as has been suggested, to distinguish his work from that of his uncle and cousin, who continued to write the name Ruysdael or Ruijsdael. It may here be remarked that Jacob van Ruisdael was apparently the first of his family to adopt the aristocratic *van*.

Hanover. And that he was well acquainted with his own country is evident from his many paintings of localities in the neighborhood of Haarlem, Amsterdam, and The Hague.

In 1667, at which time Ruisdael was living in the Kalverstraat, Amsterdam, his health became seriously impaired. That same year, in the presence of a notary, he signed his will, bequeathing everything he possessed to his half-sister, Maria, on condition that she should pay to their father all the sums due to him, and, to insure the carrying out of this condition, her guardians, Salomon Ruisdael and his son, Jacob—uncle and cousin of the testator—were made responsible for its execution.

In spite of failing health, and in the face of discouragement, Ruisdael, compelled by poverty, kept on with his work, painting masterpieces which would to-day realize thousands of dollars apiece, but which during the painter's lifetime, if sold at all, brought him but a few florins each. His productivity was very great. Smith catalogues no fewer than four hundred and fifty-nine paintings, and although it has been decided by more recent criticism that some of these do not bear the mark of Ruisdael's hand, others, not enumerated by Smith, have since been assigned to him. In addition to his paintings he has left a number of carefully executed drawings and about a dozen etchings, of which 'The Little Bridge' and 'The Field bordered by Trees' are considered the best.

In October, 1681, the members of the Mennonite community in Amsterdam, to which Ruisdael belonged, knowing that he was sick and in dire want, petitioned the burgomasters of Haarlem to grant him admission to the almshouse of their town, pledging themselves to defray the expenses of his board, that he might be "no cost, but a profit to the institution." This request being granted, the painter accepted the charity of his "friends," as the Mennonites were called among themselves, and removed to Haarlem. Not for long, however, was he destined to be a burden on their hands, for early in the spring of the following year, 1682, when in the fifty-fifth year of his age, he died in the almshouse of his native town, and was buried hard by in the Groote Kerk —the Church of St. Bavon.

The Art of Ruisdael

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN 'LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS'

OF all the Dutch painters, Ruisdael is the one who most nobly resembles his country. He has its amplitude, its sadness, its somewhat dreary placidity, its monotonous and tranquil charm. In two great and essentially characteristic features—its gray boundless horizons and gray skies limitless as infinity—he has with the aid of vanishing lines and a severe palette left us a portrait of Holland—a portrait that I will not call familiar, but intimate, lovable, admirably faithful, and one that never changes. In other respects,

also, Ruisdael is, I think, next to Rembrandt, the grandest figure in the Dutch school—no slight glory this for a man who has painted so-called inanimate landscapes, landscapes into which he has not introduced a single living being; without the assistance, that is, of some other painter.

Bear in mind that if taken in detail Ruisdael would perhaps be inferior to many of his compatriots. In the first place, at a period and in a kind of painting in which dexterity was the current coin of talent, he showed no skill; perhaps it is to this very lack of skill that he owed the weight and force of his thought. Nor is he exactly clever. He paints well and affects no originality of technique. What he wants to say he says clearly and truly, but deliberately, as it were, and without any hidden meanings, sprightliness, or coquetry. His drawing has not always the sharply defined character, the eccentric accent, which mark certain pictures of Hobbema's. He never knew how to put figures into his pictures,—very different in this respect was the facile brush of Adriaen van de Velde,—nor could he paint an animal, and therein Paul Potter had a great advantage over him from the moment that Paul Potter achieved perfection. He had not the luminous atmosphere of Cuyp, nor had he that painter's ingenious way of placing boats, cities, horses, and riders in a bath of golden light, the whole drawn as we know it can be drawn when Cuyp is really excellent. His modeling, though most learned when applied to vegetation or to atmospheric surfaces, does not present the extreme difficulties of the modeling of Ter Borch or of Metsu in the human figure. However experienced and accurate his eye, the subjects which he treated required less skill, for however important may be running water, a swiftly moving cloud, a bushy tree blown by the wind, or a cascade tumbling over rocks, all these are as nothing compared with the complicated difficulties, the subtle problems, of such pictures as Ter Borch's 'Gallant Interior,' Metsu's 'Visit,' the 'Dutch Interior' of Pieter de Hooch, 'The School' or 'The Family' of Ostade in the Louvre, or the marvelous Metsu of the Amsterdam Museum. Ruisdael shows no vivacity, and herein also the animated painters of Holland make him seem rather gloomy by comparison.

When we consider him as he is normally, we find him simple, serious, and strong, very calm and grave, and so habitually the same that finally the force of his talent no longer strikes one, it is so sustained; and before this mask which rarely brightens, in the presence of these pictures of almost equal merit, one is sometimes confounded, though seldom surprised, by the beauty of the work. Certain marines by Cuyp—the 'Moonlight' of the Six Collection, for example—are works of inspiration, absolutely unexpected; they make one regret that there are no such outbursts of genius in Ruisdael. Finally, his color is monotonous, strong, harmonious, and not very rich. It varies only from green to brown, an undertone of bitumen forming its basis. It has little brilliancy, is not always agreeable, and is not essentially exquisite in quality. It would not be difficult for a skilful painter of interiors to find fault with him for the parsimony of his methods and the limitations of his palette.

But in spite of all this, Ruisdael is unique. . . . Wherever he may be he has a style which enables him to hold his own. It is an imposing style, it

claims our attention, inspires us with respect, and tells us that we are in the presence of a man of mighty mind, that this man belongs to a great race, and that he always has something important to say.

Such is the peculiar cause of Ruisdael's superiority, and it is enough. Within this painter there is a man who thinks, and in every one of his works there is a conception. As learned in his way as the most learned of his compatriots, as highly gifted by nature, more thoughtful, and with deeper feelings, he has, in addition to his talent and in a greater degree than any other, a poise which gives unity to his work as a whole and renders each individual picture perfect. You are conscious of a certain amplitude in his paintings, a sureness, a deep peace, which is his distinctive characteristic and proves that there was never for a single instant a cessation of harmony between his fine native faculties, his great experience, his keen sensibility, and his ever-present thoughtfulness.

Ruisdael paints as he thinks—sanely, strongly, largely. The exterior quality of his work clearly indicates the customary attitude of his mind. In this painting, sober, temperate, careful, and somewhat proud, there is a sad and indescribable dignity which makes its appeal from afar, and upon closer inspection captivates us by the charm of natural simplicity and noble familiarity peculiarly its own. A canvas by Ruisdael is a complete whole, in which we are conscious of an arrangement, an entirety, a masterly intention, a determination to paint once for all one of the features of his country, perhaps also the wish to record the memory of some one moment of his life. A solid foundation; an impelling desire to construct and organize, to subordinate details to the whole, color to effect, the interest in single objects to the plane they occupy; consummate knowledge of natural as well as of technical laws, and, combined with all this, a scorn for what is useless, too pleasing, or superfluous; good taste together with good sense; a steady hand and a feeling heart—such is about what one discovers in analyzing a picture by Ruisdael.

I do not say that everything pales beside his work,—moderate as it is in brilliancy, discreet in color, and with its methods constantly veiled,—but compared with it all else seems disorganized, disconnected, and void.

Place one of Ruisdael's canvases beside the best landscapes of the Dutch school and in the neighboring pictures you will at once perceive holes, weaknesses, errors, a lack of drawing where it was needed, marks of cleverness where none were needed, ill-concealed signs of ignorance, erasures which savor of carelessness. Alongside of Ruisdael a beautiful Adriaen van de Velde is thin, pretty, affected, never very vigorous nor very mature; a Willem van de Velde is dry, cold, and weak, almost always well drawn but rarely well painted, showing quick observation but little thought. Isack van Ostade is too ruddy and his skies are insignificant. Van Goyen is far too uncertain, too volatile, flighty, and soft; his light and rapid brush-work shows a good intention—the sketch is charming, but the finished work amounts to nothing because there were no substantial preparatory studies to lead up to it, no patience nor labor. Even Cuyp, so strong and sane, suffers perceptibly by this severe propinquity. There is a gaiety in his perpetual gold of which one wearies when compared

with the somber bluish verdure of his great rival; and as to the rich warmth of his atmosphere, which seems a reflection borrowed from the south to embellish these northern landscapes, one questions its fidelity to nature, even if one has but a slight acquaintance with the shores of the Maas or the Zuyder Zee.

In Dutch pictures—I mean landscapes—there is, generally speaking, a decided inclination to emphasize the lights, which gives them a marked relief, in painters' parlance a special authority. The sky plays the aërial part—that part that is colorless, impalpable, limitless. It serves practically as a scale of measurement for the strong values of the earth, and consequently to define more clearly and formally the outline of the subject. Whether this sky be golden as in Cuyp, silvery as in Van der Velde or Salomon Ruysdael, or flaky, grayish, steeped in light washes as in Isack van Ostade, Van Goyen, or Wynants, it makes a hole in the composition, rarely preserves its own general value, and almost never accords well with the gold of the frame. Estimate the strength of the landscape itself and you will find it very great. Try to estimate the value of the sky and you will be astonished by the exceeding light which is its key-note.

I could mention certain pictures in which one forgets all about the atmosphere, and certain aërial backgrounds that might be repainted after the picture is in other respects finished and nothing would be lost thereby. Many modern paintings are of this order. It may even be said that, with a few exceptions which I have no need to specify if I have made my meaning clear, our modern school as a whole seems to have adopted for a principle that the atmosphere being the emptiest, the least tangible, part of a picture, it may also be the most colorless and least significant.

Ruisdael looked at things differently, and established once for all a very different principle, which was both bold and true. He regarded the immense vault arching over land and sea as the real, actual, solid ceiling of his pictures. He unfolded it, measured it, curved it, determined its value in relation to the accidents of light distributed over the terrestrial horizon; he shaded and modeled its vast surfaces—in a word, he treated it as something of the utmost importance. He found in it arabesques which repeated the lines of his subject; he arranged its lights and shades, making light to descend from it, but introducing light only when needed. His eye, keenly observant of all living things, accustomed to the height as well as to the breadth of objects, traveled continually from earth to zenith, never looking upon an object without noting the corresponding point in the atmosphere, and thus, passing over nothing, traversed the whole field of human vision. So far from losing himself in analysis, his work becomes a synthesis and a *résumé*. What nature disseminates he concentrated in a total of lines, colors, values, and effects. All this he framed in his thought as he wished it to be framed within the four corners of his canvas. His eye had the power of the *camera obscura:* it diminished the light and preserved to objects the exact proportions of their forms and colors. A painting by Ruisdael, whatever it may be,—the finest are of course the most significant,—is an entire picture, full and strong in its purpose, grayish

above, brown or greenish below, resting firmly with its four corners in the gleaming grooves of the frame, seemingly dark at a distance, but penetrated with light when looked at close to. Beautiful in itself, without void, with few errors, it is like some lofty and sustained thought expressed in the most forceful language. . . .

I have read somewhere that in the work of this master, through the restraints of form and in spite of the conciseness of his language, the poet is revealed so clearly that his painting has the character of an elegy in an infinity of melodies. This is much to say when we consider how little literature has to do with an art in which technique is so important and matter has so much weight and value. Elegiac or not, but assuredly a poet, I think if Ruisdael had written instead of painted he would have written in prose rather than in verse. Verse admits of too free a play of fancy, whereas prose necessitates sincerity so great that his clear and truthful mind would have preferred its language to the other. In the depths of his nature, however, Ruisdael was a dreamer. His melancholy—and he is full of it—has a certain manly and reasonable quality marked neither by the uncontrolled passions of childhood nor the emotional tears of later life; it merely lends a more somber tone to his painting, just as it might tinge the thought of a Jansenist.

What had life done to him that he should have felt toward it so bitterly and scornfully? What had men done to him that he should have withdrawn into deep solitude and so avoided contact with them even in his painting? Nothing, or almost nothing, is known of his life. His great labors did not enrich him, and his title of citizen of Haarlem did not prevent him, it would seem, from being totally neglected. Of this we have heartrending proof if it be true that out of pity for his distress, rather than from respect to his genius, which was hardly suspected by any one, he was admitted to the almshouse of Haarlem, his native town, and that there he died. But before reaching this pass what had his life been? Had he known joy, as he certainly knew bitter sorrow? Did fate grant him opportunities to love other things than clouds? And from what did he suffer more,—if he did suffer,—from the torments of his art or from life itself? All such questions remain unanswered, and yet posterity wonders.—FROM THE FRENCH

E. B. GREENSHIELDS 'LANDSCAPE PAINTING AND MODERN DUTCH ARTISTS'

RUISDAEL is a very distinctive link in the chain of landscape-artists that connects the present with the past. He early became dissatisfied with painting nature for its own mere beauty, without expressing its effect on the artist. Like his contemporary, Rembrandt, he is one of those mysterious natures that flit across life's stage, coming no one knows whence, and disappearing in the gloom of poverty and amid the neglect of the world. These two great artists have a very similar manner of looking at life and its mysteries; and being in every way so out of the ordinary, it is little wonder that worldly success and the ways of the world were not for them. Ruisdael is the first to hear the plaintive minor chord in the harmony that rises from the earth, and to feel the restless, never-satisfied spirit which has become so dominant a

factor in modern thought and feeling. He brings into landscape-painting the strong subjective element; and looking at his pictures, we can almost revive in imagination his gentle personality, through his tender and rather sad views of the flat meadows, the towns, and the bleaching-greens of his native Holland.

F. T. KUGLER 'HANDBOOK OF PAINTING'

JACOB RUISDAEL is, beyond all dispute, the greatest of the Dutch landscape-painters. In the works of no other do we find that feeling for the poetry of northern nature and perfection of representation united in the same degree. With admirable drawing he combined a knowledge of chiaroscuro in its most multifarious aspects, a coloring powerful and warm, and a mastery of the brush which, while never too smooth in surface, ranges from the tenderest and most minute touch to the broadest, freest, and most marrowy execution. The prevailing tone of his coloring is a full, decided green. Unfortunately, however, many of his pictures have, in the course of years, acquired a heavy brown tone, and thus forfeited their highest charm. Many also were originally painted in a grayish, but clear, tone.

Ruisdael generally presents us with the flat and homely scenery of his native country under the conditions of repose, while the usually heavy clouded sky, which tells either of a shower just past or of one impending, and dark sheets of water overshadowed by trees, impart a melancholy character to his pictures. Especially does he delight in representing a wide expanse of land or water. If the former, the scene is frequently taken from some elevation in the surrounding country, commanding a view of his native city, Haarlem, which is seen breaking the line of the horizon with its spires. In pictures of this kind we plainly recognize the influence which Rembrandt, the great head of the whole Dutch school, exercised over Ruisdael. Between these and his sea-pieces a connecting link is formed by his view of the coast of Scheveningen, with the waves breaking on the shore and a dark sky threatening a tempest overhead. His sea-pieces, properly speaking, are few, and, unlike those by Willem van de Velde, never represent the ocean in perfect repose or beneath a serene sky, but are always characterized by cloudy heavens and by an agitated and sometimes raging sea. Under every condition the movement and fluidity of the waves is represented with singular truthfulness. Taken altogether, his wide expanses of sky, earth, or sea, with their tender gradations of aërial perspective, diversified here and there by alternations of sunshine and shadow, may be said to attract us as much by the deep pathos as by the picturesqueness of their character. On the other hand, we often find the great master taking pleasure in the representation of hilly and even mountainous districts with foaming waterfalls, in which he has won some of his greatest triumphs.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

WAS Ruisdael's landscape good art? To that there can be only an affirmative answer. It had not the naïve originality of Paul Potter's landscape; neither had it Potter's disjointed hardness. It was not so near the

truth of Holland as Hobbema's work; but it had not Hobbema's uncertain flicker and flash. Ruisdael was not bound down to the mere truth of fact before him. There was a good deal of the picture-maker about him. He calculated an effect as decorative art, and in his net result there was a shade of conventionality. Nevertheless, his landscape was remarkable for its soundness of construction, its perfect poise, its thorough completion, its admirable *ensemble.* He composed well, if a little formally. His adjustment of objects was quite classic; his drawing of sky and mountain lines, his repetition of objects for perspective, his angle-lines of trees or rivers or gorges, were all very effective. Sky and clouds he knew and drew correctly as the arched ceiling of his picture (not a frequent virtue in landscape art); and with linear perspective he was more than successful. The latter was a feature of Claude and Salvator, and one of the first to be imitated by the Dutch. Atmospheric perspective was a thing he knew less about, and at times he resorted to something like the scumble to obtain it. In light he seemed to shun a full illumination. Most of his landscapes appear under broken and diffused lights, with a clouded sky and a gray half-tone. . . .

Ruisdael knew that full bright tones were about him on every hand, but he chose to discard them. He had a sentiment about landscape that required mournful grays and sad greens for its proper expression, and he used them arbitrarily, as he did light. Even when he was painting the local scenes about Haarlem and elsewhere he did not change his scheme of color and light. It was the sum of his vision, just as pale light and silvery grays were the sum of Corot's vision. The actual truth was discarded by both men for a truth of sentiment.

Ruisdael's sentiment was worthy of the sacrifice, though the recurrent key of color and light gives evidence of the painter's limitations. He seems to have had only one view, and that a rather gloomy one. The bright, the gay, the sparkling, the animated, did not appeal to him. His life may have been radiant enough, though report says differently, but in art he always leaned toward the sad, the melancholy, the lonely, the mysterious. His mind was grave, sober to the point of despair, yet calm, sustained, full of repose. The mountain solitude, the silence of the deep woods, the hush of the ravine, were broken only by the dull roar of water falling over rocks. He transported humanity to the heart of the hills, that it might be still and reflect; and he allowed no gay color, sunlight, or blue sky to distract the attention. Everything was pitched in a key of grays, greens, and browns, as though nature herself were sadly pondering upon her own fair garmenting as only beauty for ashes.

This mood which Ruisdael portrays for us has not the radiant charm of Corot. It has a mystic, somber sentiment that holds us by its pervasiveness. Everything is imbued with it; everything is tinged and hued by it. It is nature in a fit of melancholy. Nothing shines out to brighten the general effect. The one mournful sentiment spreads like a veil of sadness from sky to foreground. As a result, his landscape is not enlivening, but it is nevertheless profoundly impressive. Artistically, it is told with a singleness of aim and a unity of means significant of power. There is no one feature that protrudes. The

whole scene sets solidly in its place, and up and down and across the canvas is one sustained effort. In that respect it cannot be admired too much; for unity in landscape is a feature more difficult to produce than any other. Taken piece by piece and examined for its separate qualities, his landscape shows some want of invention and skill. He draws sharply and minutely, he models thinly, he composes somewhat pompously. His light is wanting in scale, and his color is wanting in register. In handling he has none of the vivacity of Steen, none of the facility of Hals, none of the force of Rembrandt. Brilliancy of touch he does not understand, or, understanding it, he chooses to subordinate it to the general effect. The surface is flat and thin in the rolling clouds, in the sharply defined foliage, in the brown earth. . . .

After all, skill of the brush did not vitally concern him. What he sought to portray was a sentiment about landscape, rather than a likeness of nature herself. The sentiment was poetic, and what mattered it if he used prose to tell it? The ultimate result was good, and it is upon that ultimate result that appreciation of Ruisdael's landscape must be based. In the part it is not interesting; in the whole it is complete, well-rounded, designed with a single purpose in view, and revealing that purpose exceptionally well.

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG 'THE PORTFOLIO' 1904

AS a painter the most obvious thing about Ruisdael is the decision with which he knew his own mind. From first to last he changes less, perhaps, than any other great artist. The student can tell easily enough whether he is looking at an early or a late Ruisdael, but the differences are matters of detail. In his youth he painted tightly, a little stolidly, with over-much care for the accidental fact. His skies are deprived of their depth by torn flecks of sometimes woolly cloud. His composition is often crowded, and his color has tendencies—tendencies to brown, to green, to blue. As the years pass his conceptions become simpler, more easily taken in at a glance. His skies deepen, and the clouds hang in them in true perspective and in three dimensions. He never loses his greenness, or even brownness, but our desire to call them tendencies disappears. They are part of his individuality, which we begin to accept with gratitude. The charm of light creeps over him, and although he never learns to use the real sun, he brings in gleams to decompose and deepen the solemnity of his shadow. Last of all, he lifts his eyes higher above the horizon, and paints those delicious pitcures in which a great sky, a sort of cloud forest, hangs over the plain of Haarlem, one beam from the sun falling like benevolent lightning on the great church, on the red roofs of the city, on some bleaching-ground in the suburbs. Here we have none of Cuyp's vacillation. The grave mind of Ruisdael understands from the beginning what it means to make with nature. He knows what aspects please him, and as soon as he has felt his way through the initial difficulties of his *métier*, he sets to work to convey his message. It was not his fault if his fellow-countrymen declined to receive it.

He has been reproached with his want of variety; but very great artists are never really various. Objective variety, of course, is easy. Sir Joshua found

no difficulty in avoiding the stereotyped in pose and color, but his essential message is always the same. So is that of Gainsborough, who seldom troubled much over even objective variety. Rembrandt is not various, Constable is not various, Corot is not various. Turner had more variety than any one else of the first rank, and that is one of the signs of his objectivity, his desire to illustrate rather than to make. . . . The kind of monotony of which people complain in Ruisdael is neither more nor less than the domination of his personality. He could not play monkey-tricks with landscape. The passion with which it inspired him was the passion he meant to express. It would not be denied. It was so profound, and grave, and sane, that it colored his world, and made his pictures richer in character, deeper in feeling, more tense in expression, than those of any other landscape-painter.

GEORGES RIAT 'RUYSDAEL'

IF drawing is, as Ingres used to say, "the honesty of art," then no art could be more honest than Ruisdael's. His etchings and drawings show how carefully he observed and rendered the actual appearance of things. In this respect his studies of trees are very characteristic. Instead of being satisfied, as are so many painters, to indicate foliage in masses, he would follow the movement of the branches underneath the leaves, and trace the slightest bend of the twigs; indeed, in his early productions this exactitude, bordering as it does on dryness, was carried to a fault.

The greater number of his works justifies the hypothesis that Ruisdael was an excellent botanist. His rendering of vegetation is impeccable. Whatever trees he represents—be they oaks, beeches, aspens, birches, poplars, firs, or larches—are exactly such as would be produced by the particular soil and in the locality in which they are placed—meadow, swamp, hillside, or borders of a canal or stream. And when a dead tree is introduced it is always in some solitary spot far from the habitations of man.

What is true of his trees is applicable also to his plants and flowers. A notable instance of this is found in 'The Swamp' of the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg. The carefully painted reeds and rushes in this picture are the customary inhabitants of those marshy places, as are the water-lilies spreading open their petals to receive more sun, and the lentils, green and white, which possess the power of purifying stagnant water. . . .

Over all the objects in his pictures Ruisdael unfurls skies more magnificent than any that had been painted in his own day, and the like of which have rarely been met with in more recent times. Clouds were for him wonderful screens in which light was reflected and refracted—sometimes piercing them so that they are rendered transparent; sometimes caressing their fleecy forms and turning them to burnished silver; while again it merely outlines their edges. And whether the sky be fair, or gathering clouds indicate an approaching storm or show that one has already burst, the artist almost invariably contrives to introduce into one corner of his canvas a patch of blue as a smiling contrast to the masses of white, gray, or black. . . .

Although Ruisdael may be said to have painted all the aspects of nature,

it is not possible to say what particular one he liked best. The sea, most variable of all elements in the very essence of its being, is, however, the one which he has painted under the most diverse conditions—now calm, or slightly ruffled by the breeze, as in 'The Beach of Scheveningen,' and again angry and foaming, as in 'The Tempest' of the Louvre. Unlike Van de Velde and Bakhuysen, he does not seem to have portrayed the open sea. In Ruisdael's compositions the shore is always near—the dunes of Scheveningen, the quays of Amsterdam, or the borders of the Zuyder Zee. Evidently his sea-pictures were painted on terra firma, unlike those of the Dutch marine-painters of that day, who owned or hired boats from which they made their sketches. The stately warships with carved and gilded prows, which are displayed in all their splendor upon the canvases of those painters, apparently had no attraction for him; he liked better the humble craft of fishermen sailing out of port for their daily work, or returning in all haste to escape a threatening storm. In the general color-scheme of his sea-pictures the sails of these boats, painted in harmonious tints of yellow or brown, play an important part; or again it may be that pleasing effects of contrast are obtained by the blue of the sky, and the turquoise or emerald of the adjacent waves. An impression of the immensity of the sea is produced by very simple means—by placing the horizon line not over a third of the height of the picture.

This method is employed to give a similar impression whenever he paints a Dutch plain, which in its flatness would resemble the sea if viewed from a balloon at a height of some hundred yards. Frequently Ruisdael painted those vast, open spaces out of which in the distance looms the black mass of the Church of St. Bavon in Haarlem, or the clock-towers of Amsterdam, with here and there a cluster of trees, a church spire, and, in the foreground, the bleaching-grounds of Overveen.

Sometimes he shows us beneath overhanging trees a solitary cottage. A tiny thread of smoke curls from its chimney and all around is stillness—that profound stillness which Ruisdael loved. Sometimes he paints a broad canal extending to the most distant point in the landscape, and on its banks, dominating the surrounding country, a huge windmill solidly built upon its stone foundation, with its wooden shed or gallery, and its long wings like that of the famous mill of Wyk-by-Duuerstede. But above all he liked to paint majestic forest trees and dense thickets, the poetry of which no one has felt or expressed better than he. And next to painting trees, what he loved in the woods were waterfalls, tumbling and splashing, white and foaming, among the rocks. Nor were the buildings omitted beneath which these torrents roar, but, on the contrary, were introduced into his compositions to heighten their picturesque effect. For example, in his Norwegian scenes he has painted chapels with elegant openwork bell-towers, perched on the hills which rise abruptly above the fiords; and in his pictures of Germany there are old castles crowning mountain-peaks, notable among them the beautiful ruined Castle of Bentheim which he has made the subject of so many of his masterpieces.

These buildings,—Bentheim Castle, the truncated tower of Wyk-by-Duuerstede, still in existence, the Church of St. Bavon in Haarlem, the distant

views of that city and of Amsterdam, the Jewish cemeteries, the ruins of Brederode,—by serving as they do to locate the landscapes in which they figure, point to the conclusion that Ruisdael was a realistic painter, observant and truthful. He has given us in his pictures a faithful portrait of his country, but it is a portrait which, however faithful, is not the minutely analyzed presentment, dreary and cold, of a region for which the painter felt no affection. With the love he had for nature he knew how to give the effect of movement; and every tree and plant upon his canvas seems endowed with life. In a word, Ruisdael was in the highest acceptation of the term an artist, and as such he eliminated from his subject all useless details, and suppressed or omitted all that could interfere with the impression he wished to produce. . . .

By the extent and accuracy of his observation, by his lofty ideal, marvelous knowledge, and deep love of nature, by the strength as well as the delicacy of his palette, his art dominates that of his contemporaries among the Dutch landscape-painters, from whom he stands forth as the most original of all.—
ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Ruisdael

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'LANDSCAPE WITH WATERFALL' PLATE I

THE name Ruisdael is said to signify "foaming water," and it would certainly seem, as Descamps has remarked, as if the painter who has added the greatest luster to this name had been predestined to paint those rushing torrents for which he has always been famous. "He stands alone in this department," says Houbraken; "few painters having been so well able to depict the transparency and the glitter of falling water."

The picture reproduced in plate I is a fine example of his numerous portrayals of cascades. Here the whole foreground is occupied by a foaming waterfall. "Impetuous and swelled with mountain snows," writes Gustave Geffroy, "it dashes downward in gray and black rapids, breaking into patches of white foam. The water seethes and boils, and the rocks disappear in the feathery spray of the whirlpool. Here are miracles of blue-black water, cold and clear, of somber pines and green and golden moss like velvet."

Above the waterfall a wooden bridge crosses the stream, and not far off is a cottage half hidden by the trees. The picture is one of Ruisdael's so-called Norwegian scenes, but is more probably a work of the imagination, suggested partly by the hilly country in and near the province of Hanover, with which he was familiar, and partly by the works of Allart van Everdingen, who attained celebrity by his portrayals of similar scenes in the northern countries which he had visited.

The picture is now in the National Gallery, London.

'VIEW ON THE RHINE NEAR WYK-BY-DUURSTEDE' PLATE II

THE picture reproduced in plate II is one of Ruisdael's greatest and most celebrated works—a veritable masterpiece. The scene is on the Rhine (although Fromentin, as will be seen, calls it the Maas), at that point where the river divides into two channels near the town of Wyk-by-Duurstede, not many miles from Utrecht, Holland. "Earth, water, sky, all are in perfect accord," writes Bürger; "so strong, so powerful is the harmony, so simple and yet so grand, that one is immediately struck by the singular effect, without being able to define the reason why. As a matter of fact, here is only a huge windmill, built, as is customary in Holland, in the form of a round tower, a bit of land fortified against the encroachments of the water, and three women returning from the village—nothing surely to appeal to the imagination; and yet, as we look upon the scene we are conscious of an indefinable and irresistible feeling of melancholy. The character of the country, and, at the same time, the character of the people, is so powerfully rendered that one is taken out of oneself and transported by force into the actual creation of the artist. At first the way in which the picture is painted—strong, and accented though it be—does not strike one; above all else it is the spirit of the scene with which one is impressed."

Eugène Fromentin, in his famous description of this picture, calls it, "the highest expression of Ruisdael's lofty and magnificent manner." "A better name for it," he says, "would be 'The Windmill.' Under this title no one could without disadvantage treat a subject which has found in Ruisdael's hands its incomparable, its typical expression.

"In a few words, this is the scene: probably a part of the Maas; on the right a bit of land terraced with trees and houses, and, as the crowning point, a black windmill with wide-spread arms, looming high in the canvas; a breakwater against which the river beats in gentle waves—a quiet river, softly and admirably rendered; a little strip of barely visible horizon, very delicate but very firm, very faint but very distinct, against which stands out the white sail of a boat—a flat sail, with no wind in its canvas, soft and exquisite in value. Above, a vast expanse of sky heavy with clouds scaling to the very top of the canvas; no light, so to speak, anywhere in all this great harmony of dark browns and dark slate colors, no light save a single gleam in the center of the picture, which comes from every side to illumine like a smile the disk of a cloud.

"It is a large, square picture, *grave* (we need not fear to use this word too often in speaking of Ruisdael), very sonorous in the lowest register, and, as my notes add, marvelous in the gold of its frame. As a matter of fact, I have laid special stress upon this work for the express purpose of arriving at this conclusion: that, apart from the precious quality of the details, the beauty of form, the grandeur of expression, and the intimate nature of the sentiment—apart from all these, it is a singularly imposing 'spot,' when considered simply from a decorative point of view."

The picture is in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. It is on canvas and measures two feet eight inches high by three feet three inches wide.

'BENTHEIM CASTLE' PLATE III

RUISDAEL so often painted the old castle of Bentheim, situated in the province of Hanover, not far from the borders of Holland, that it is supposed this picturesque region was a favorite sketching-ground for him, as it is to-day for the landscape-painters of Düsseldorf.

The picture here reproduced is in the Royal Gallery, Dresden. On the right we see the castle crowning the summit of a thickly wooded hill. The yellow walls and blue roofs of the ancient building, dating back in part to the tenth century, are touched with the light of the setting sun, and stand out in imposing relief against the clouded sky. Far below is a sandy road on which we see a group of peasants.

M. Michel regards this picture as a work of Ruisdael's early period, basing his supposition on the careful finish of the drawing and the studied outline of the trees. The execution, however, as he says, shows great breadth and freedom. M. Georges Riat is of the opinion, which is shared by the majority of critics, that although probably a work of the artist's early period, the masterly treatment of sky indicates that Ruisdael put the finishing touches to the picture later in his career.

The painting is on an oak panel which measures one foot ten inches high by two feet nine inches wide.

'A FRESH BREEZE' PLATE IV

THE scene here represented is on the Y, that arm of the Zuyder Zee which forms the harbor of Amsterdam. Across the background stretches a flat coast, and in the distance, on the left, the city of Amsterdam is visible through the haze. A fresh breeze is driving some fishing-craft before it. One of these, near the center of the picture, bends gracefully before the wind as she scuds swiftly along with white mainsail dilated, dragging after her a small boat attached to her stern; another boat, with a red sail, is tacking. Here and there the dark clouds break away, revealing patches of blue sky, while the waves, touched with a ray of sunlight, sparkle with silvery foam.

The picture is painted on canvas and measures a little over two feet high by about two feet eight inches wide. It is in the collection of the Earl of Northbrook, London.

'THE SWAMP' PLATE V

ONE of the most impressive of Ruisdael's works, even now when the colors have faded, is the great picture called 'The Swamp,' now in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, regarded by many as the painter's masterpiece.

"Never did Ruisdael express more eloquently than in this landscape the melancholy beauty of deserted nature," writes Émile Michel. "Here in the depth of an ancient forest, where the great trees, having reached an honorable old age, perish and die, we see the vigorous stems of young saplings mingling with the blanched skeletons of oaks and beeches. In the immediate foreground

is a sturdy oak stretching its bare branches over a stagnant pool bordered with reeds and overgrown with water-lilies. Some wild ducks, disturbed in their play by the approach of a passer-by, fly away, skimming close to the surface of the water in their flight. . . .

"What a spot was this to awaken the enthusiasm of a landscape-painter! And, to judge from the rich collection of studies which he made of it, how many solitary hours, absorbed in his work, Ruisdael must have passed here, discovering at each step some new aspect to tempt his brush, and becoming gradually more and more imbued with its poetic charm."

The picture is on canvas and measures two feet four inches high by three feet three inches wide.

'THE BEACH' PLATE VI

THE scene here represented is the beach of Scheveningen, near The Hague. On the right rise sand hills, at whose base the sea rolls in waves which gently break upon the shore. Some fishing-boats are seen on the left, and towards them a number of tiny figures are directing their steps. The sea is ruffled by a fresh breeze, and gathering clouds indicate a shower.

"The swiftly moving clouds, driven in light flakes by the fresh breeze," writes Émile Michel, "the short and hurried waves capped with foam, the sand dotted here and there with tufts of scant, dry grass, the changing and transparent colors—all are rendered with marvelous fidelity to nature. The little people, moving about on the beach so gaily and happily, lend animation to the scene. By a fortunate device Ruisdael's collaborator, probably in this instance Ver Meer of Delft, has clothed them in black and white, offsetting by these two strongly contrasting notes the exquisite paleness of the general tone of the picture."

Ruisdael painted this subject many times, varying more or less the different versions. Examples are to be seen in the National Gallery, London, in the Condé Museum, Chantilly, and elsewhere. The one here reproduced is in The Hague Gallery. It is on canvas and measures one foot eight inches high by two feet wide.

'A HILLY LANDSCAPE' PLATE VII

THE picture reproduced in plate VII is one of those scenes which Ruisdael loved and frequently portrayed. Groups of trees are on the right and left, a stream occupies the center foreground, and, crossing its shallow waters, is a woman holding a child by the hand and followed by a dog. On the bank of the stream the fallen trunk of an old birch-tree lies partly in the water; on the other side are low sandy hills, covered with tufts of short dry herbage; beyond, in the distance, are more hills and a thicker growth of trees; and over all arches a clouded sky. "The picture," says M. Michel, "is charming; the execution facile, and the painting in admirable condition."

The canvas measures one foot eight inches high by two feet wide. It is in the Städel Institute, Frankfort.

'VIEW OF HAARLEM FROM THE DUNES OF OVERVEEN' PLATE VIII

THIS subject was a favorite one with Ruisdael, who painted it some twenty times. Besides the one in the Gallery of The Hague, here given, examples may be seen in the galleries of Amsterdam and Berlin, at Darmstadt, at St. Petersburg, and in private collections in London, Paris, Brunswick, and elsewhere. In describing the version reproduced in plate VIII, Smith, in his 'Catalogue Raisonné,' says: "It may justly be said that as a work of art nothing more perfect ever came from the master's pencil."

The picture is a bird's-eye view taken from the dunes, or sand hills, in the vicinity of the village of Overveen, about a mile and a half from Haarlem. In the foreground is a flat, open field, where, spread out on the ground to bleach, are long pieces of the linen for which Holland has always been famous. The bleaching-houses are grouped a little to the left, and beyond, almost as far as the eye can see, stretches a bare tract of country destitute of trees or houses, while away off on the distant horizon the town of Haarlem is visible, with its red roofs, its windmills, and its church towers, all dominated by the great dark mass of the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Bavon. And over all, occupying fully two thirds of the canvas, extends a vast, gray, and cloudy sky.

"Nothing could be simpler nor more homely than such a subject," writes Eugène Fromentin, "nor could anything be more true. This canvas, one foot eight inches high, should be seen, in order to learn, from a master who never feared to demean himself, how a subject can be ennobled if the artist is himself a noble nature; how there can be nothing ugly for an eye that sees beauty in all things; nothing trivial for a mind that is truly great."

'A WOODED LANDSCAPE WITH WATERFALL' PLATE IX

THIS picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, belongs to the artist's ripest period. "The execution," says M. Michel, "is broad and masterly, the colors strong and harmonious." In the foreground, reaching almost across the picture, a cascade, painted with wonderful skill, falls foaming over rocks; above, on the left, a man and a woman, driving a flock of sheep before them, are crossing the still waters of the stream; on the right we are shown the entrance to a forest, with a group of four people beneath the trees. In the distance, outlined against the sky, are a church and two windmills, while in the meadows nearby are stacks of yellow grain.

Bürger pronounces this picture of Ruisdael's a work of the highest order, "very rich, very vigorous, and very beautiful." Kugler calls attention to the fine effect of the light upon the trees. The treatment, he says, is remarkable for its breadth and transparency. It is painted on canvas and measures a little over four and a half feet high by about six and a half feet wide.

'THE TEMPEST' PLATE X

THIS picture, pronounced by Michelet "the prodigy of the Louvre," is one of Ruisdael's most celebrated marines, and although modern criticism, finding its colors somewhat dull and heavy, fails to indorse the critic's

excessive praise, it cannot be denied that Ruisdael has here portrayed a veritable tempest in which one seems to feel the resistless force of the rising wind lashing the sea to fury, and to hear the dull thud of the waves beating against the jetty.

"It is well known that Ruisdael excelled in the painting of sea-pictures," writes Charles Blanc. "For his model he had not far to seek, for two leagues from Amsterdam, where he lived, was the Zuyder Zee, and, besides that, almost the entire coast of Holland is washed by the ocean. The Dutch school numbers several painters who have shone in the portrayal of marine views, but Ruisdael's marines are easily distinguished from all other works of the kind. He does not paint the smooth, transparent sea of Van Goyen, nor the great soapy wave and dramatic tempest of Bakhuysen; still less does he give us the precise finish and charming truth of Willem van de Velde. Ruisdael's waves are deep and dark — threatening even more than terrible. His tempests are characterized by an indescribable silence — a repressed power; they fill us with a nameless dread, and recall the genius of Rembrandt.

"The Louvre possesses a picture of his in which some ships are caught in a squall. The only shelter offered is a wooden jetty, shaken by the shock of the waves. The color of the water, turning a tawny yellow as the storm approaches, is admirably true to nature. In breaking against the jetty the waves bend the long reeds rooted in the slime which has collected around the posts. We can see them twisting and entangling themselves beneath the water, which, although agitated, is still transparent. Leaden clouds darken the heavens — it is the presage of a storm, rather than the storm itself; we do not actually see the danger of the sailors, but we can guess it, and the imagination, filled with the emotion imparted by the painter's genius, magnifies its horrors. Others have painted tempests and shipwrecks, but Ruisdael has given to these gloomy scenes a sublime pathos in which is mingled the cry of his own soul for human sympathy."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY RUISDAEL IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: The Forest; Landscape with Waterfall; Wooded Landscape — VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Landscape; Mountainous Landscape; A Road in a Wooded Landscape — VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: Landscape with Waterfalls — BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Landscape; Waterfall — BRUSSELS GALLERY: Two Landscapes; A Ruined Tower; The Lake of Haarlem — BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: The Torrent — DENMARK. COPENHAGEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Two Cascades; A Path through a Thicket — ENGLAND. DULWICH GALLERY: A Waterfall; Landscape with Windmill; The Edge of a Wood — CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Landscape with Waterfall; Landscape with Brook and Farmhouse; View on the Amstel; Landscape with River and Pine-trees; Landscape with Blasted Tree — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Bleaching-ground; Landscape with Waterfall (Plate I); Landscape with Ruins; Landscape with Waterfall; Forest Scene; A Waterfall; The Water-mills; Rocky Landscape with Torrent; An Old Oak; Water-mills; Landscape; An Extensive Flat Wooded Country; The Broken Tree; View on the Shore at Scheveningen — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Rocky Landscape; Landscape with Waterfall; Landscape with a Blasted Tree; Landscape with a Village; Landscape with a Farm — OXFORD, WORCESTER COLLEGE: Wooded Landscape — FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: The Beach of Scheveningen; Landscape — LE MANS,

MUSEUM: Landscape — LYONS, MUSEUM: The Borders of a Stream — MONTPELLIER, MUSEUM: Two Landscapes — NANCY, MUSEUM: A Cottage; The Two Oaks — PARIS, LOUVRE: The Tempest (Plate X); The Forest; The Thicket; A Gleam of Sunlight; Landscape; Entrance to a Forest — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: A Storm at Sea; Hilly Landscape; Stormy Sea; View of Haarlem from the Dunes of Overveen; View of the Dam at Amsterdam; Distant View of Haarlem; Village on the Borders of a Wood; An Oak Forest; Wooded River-bank; Landscape with Peasant's House; The Waterfall; Cottage under Oak-trees; A Thicket — CASSEL GALLERY: The Waterfall; Wooded Landscape — BRUNSWICK, DUCAL MUSEUM: Two Waterfalls — DARMSTADT GALLERY: A Forest — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: The Chase; The Cloister; Ford in a Wood; A Waterfall near a Castle; Bentheim Castle (Plate III); A Waterfall with Bridge; A Waterfall with Wooded Slope; A Wooded Hill; A Wood Path; A Waterfall with Fir-tree; The Jewish Cemetery; Village and Sand Dunes; Canal and Village — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Wooded Landscape: Hilly Landscape (Plate VII); Winter Scene; A Waterfall; Sand Hills; Coast Scene — GOTHA GALLERY: Cottage near the Water — HAMBURG, KUNSTHALLE: Landscape; Two Wooded Landscapes; Snow Scene; Landscape; Landscape with Cottage — HANOVER, MUSEUM OF ART AND SCIENCE: Ruins — MANNHEIM GALLERY: Wooded Landscape; Dutch Landscape; A Cottage — MUNICH GALLERY: The Dune; The Road across the Dunes; The Forest; Two Cascades; Forest Interior; Snow Scene; Edge of a Forest — OLDENBURG GALLERY: The Torrent; Two Landscapes — SCHWERIN GALLERY: A Cascade — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: The Waterfall; Bentheim Castle; Winter; The Forest; View of Haarlem; Wooded Landscape with Waterfall (Plate IX); View on the Rhine near Wyk-by-Duurstede (Plate II); Norwegian Landscape; Wooded Landscape — AMSTERDAM, SIX COLLECTION: Landscape; The Mountain Stream; Snow Scene; The Ford — THE HAGUE, GALLERY: The Beach (Plate VI); View of Haarlem from the Dunes of Overveen (Plate VIII); View of the Vyverberg at The Hague; The Cascade — THE HAGUE, STEENGRACHT COLLECTION: A Waterfall — THE HAGUE, STUERS COLLECTION: View of Haarlem — ROTTERDAM, MUSEUM: The Old Fish-market at Amsterdam; A Wheat-field; A Sandy Road — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Two Wooded Landscapes — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: After the Rain — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Landscape — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Swamp (Plate V); Road on the Edge of a Wood; A Brook in a Wood; Landscape; Landscape with Pond; Landscape; A House in a Wood; A Farm; Two Norwegian Landscapes; A Forest Stream; View in the Vicinity of Groningen; Landscape — SCOTLAND. GLASGOW, CORPORATION GALLERIES OF ART: View of the Town of Katwyk; Landscape with Figures; The Castle of Brederode; Wooded Landscape; The Ford, with Sheep and Figures — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Two Wood Scenes — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM, NATIONAL MUSEUM: A Dutch Town on the Dunes; Road through a Thicket — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Edge of the Forest; The Ruined Cottage — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: The Castle; Landscape; Wooded Landscape — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: The Pool — NEW YORK, GALLERY OF ART OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Distant View of Haarlem; Marine View.

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MASTERS IN ART

Filippino Lippi

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FILIPPINO LIPPI
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS
CORSINI GALLERY, FLORENCE

M-10J

UofA

FILIPPINO LIPPI
THE HOLY FAMILY WITH ST. MARGARET
OWNED BY MR. E. P. WARREN LEWES HOUSE, LEWES, ENGLAND

Mali

FILIPPINO LIPPI
MADONNA ENTHRONED WITH SAINTS
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

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FILIPPINO LIPPI
THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD
CHURCH OF THE BADIA, FLORENCE

Mau

FILIPPINO LIPPI
THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

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FILIPPINO LIPPI
THE TRIUMPH OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, ROME

PORTRAIT OF FILIPPINO LIPPI BY HIMSELF
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

This portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, now universally held to be that of Filippino Lippi, was for a long time believed to be a likeness of Masaccio by himself. It is executed in fresco and measures one foot seven inches high by about one foot wide.

Filippino Lippi

BORN 1457: DIED 1504
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FILIPPINO LIPPI (pronounced Fil-ip-pee'no Lip'pe) was the son of the Carmelite friar and celebrated painter Fra Filippo Lippi, and Lucrezia Buti, the nun with whom Fra Filippo had fallen so deeply in love that he prevailed upon her to elope with him from the Convent of Santa Margherita in Prato, of which he was at that time chaplain.[1]

This was in May, 1456, and in the following year Filippino, or "little Philip," as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was born, in Prato. Of his early years few details have come down to us. It is generally believed that he received his first instruction in art from his father, who, dying in 1469, when the boy was only twelve years old, intrusted him to the guardianship of Fra Diamante, Fra Filippo's friend and assistant, and that Fra Diamante soon afterwards placed him in the studio of Sandro Botticelli, who had himself studied under Fra Filippo Lippi and "was at that time considered an excellent master in painting." Under the guidance of this teacher Filippino made astonishing progress, developing so rapidly that while still a youth he was in receipt of important commissions. In regard to the exact chronology of his works authorities differ, but it is agreed that among his early productions are the *tondo*, or circular picture of the 'Madonna and Child with Angels,' now in the Corsini Gallery, Florence, an 'Annunciation' at Naples, and, according to some critics, a painting of four saints in a meadow, now in the Church of San Michele in Lucca. In all these a resemblance to the style of Fra Filippo is perceptible, but in all there is a certain grace and beauty which are Filippino's own.

In 1482 he was chosen by the council of Florence to paint a fresco in one of the halls of the Palazzo Pubblico in that city upon the same terms as those which had been offered to Perugino, who had gone to Rome without executing the work. Two years before that he had been commissioned by Piero del Pugliese to paint a picture for a chapel in the village of Campora, near Florence, and in fulfilment of this order produced his great 'Vision of St. Bernard,' now in the Church of the Badia, Florence. It seems probable, however, that Filippino did not at once carry out this commission. Not only is the picture

[1] See MASTERS IN ART, Part 72, Vol. 6, devoted to the life and works of Fra Filippo Lippi.

so admirable in conception and in execution that it is difficult to regard it as the work of a young man of twenty-three, but we have the word of Vasari, who in his life of Filippino Lippi has been proved to be unusually correct in his statements, that the St. Bernard picture was painted *after* the artist had completed the frescos in the Brancacci Chapel of the Church of the Carmine in Florence—a work upon which he was engaged in 1484.

The decoration of this chapel, begun by Masolino and continued by Masaccio, had been left unfinished by the latter upon his death in 1428. The importance of the work seems to have been recognized by the Florentines, and gradually the Brancacci Chapel grew to be a sort of training-school for artists. "The most celebrated painters and sculptors," writes Vasari, "became excellent and famous by studying these frescos; and not only Florentines, but foreigners from other lands and cities, came there to learn the principles of their art."

The Brancacci family having become extinct, this celebrated chapel reverted to the convent of the Carmelite friars, who were anxious to have the work there completed; and in the absence of the then more famous Florentine painters, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Rosselli, all of whom were at that time in Rome, engaged upon the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, they intrusted the work to the son of Fra Filippo Lippi, who had been a brother of their Order, and Filippino, young though he was, justified the confidence placed in him, for if his work falls below the grandeur of Masaccio's conceptions, it can with truth be stated that the five subjects he painted in the chapel are by no means unworthy to be placed beside them; indeed, so closely did he adhere to the style of his great predecessor that until recent years much of Filippino's work passed for that of Masaccio.

During the years following the completion of these frescos Filippino executed several of his finest easel-pictures. In 1485 he painted for the Hall of Eight in the Palazzo Pubblico the large altar-piece representing the Madonna enthroned and surrounded by saints, now in the Uffizi Gallery (see plate III), and according to some authorities it was in 1487 that he executed the well-known 'Vision of St. Bernard' already mentioned. To this same period the altar-piece of the Madonna and Saints with the donor Tanai de' Nerli and his wife, in the Church of Santo Spirito, Florence (see plate VII), is assigned by Signor Cavalcaselle; Mr. Berenson, however, believes that this work, as well as the 'Holy Family with St. Margaret,' belonging to Mr. E. P. Warren (see plate II), were not painted until 1493 or 1494, after Filippino had finished a series of frescos in the Caraffa Chapel of the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome.

These Roman frescos were executed between 1488 and 1491 by order of Cardinal Caraffa, to whom Filippino had been recommended by Lorenzo de' Medici as one who was worthy to be intrusted with the work. Before setting out for Rome in response to the cardinal's flattering summons, Filippino declined an invitation from Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, to go to the court of that monarch. At the same time, however, he agreed to paint for him two pictures which he afterwards despatched to Hungary. What the subjects

of these works were, and what their fate, is unknown. Vasari assures us that they were "very beautiful," and that in one of them was the portrait of Matthias "as he appears on the medals." In two panels now in the possession of Sir Henry Bernhard Samuelson, of London, one representing 'Moses striking the Rock,' the other 'The Worship of the Golden Calf,' Mr. Claude Phillips believes that we may have Filippino's long-lost pictures painted for the Hungarian king, and in support of his argument calls attention to the fact that in the first-named panel the figure of a man whose face bears a close resemblance to the head of Matthias Corvinus as shown on contemporary medals is introduced among the spectators of the scene.

In addition to the execution of these two pictures Filippino, before his departure for Rome, made his will, leaving two houses in Prato which he had inherited from his father, as well as the property belonging to him in Florence, to his mother and his sister Alessandra. The remainder of his estate he bequeathed to the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, Florence, with the stipulation that a liberal allowance of corn, wine, oil, salt meat, and wood should be given annually to his "beloved mother, Lucrezia Buti."

And now, having arranged his affairs, Filippino set out on his journey to Rome. On the way thither (some say on his return home) he stopped at Spoleto, that he might visit his father's burial-place. There a marble monument, made from Filippino's design, was subsequently erected by command of Lorenzo de' Medici to the memory of Fra Filippo Lippi.

Arrived in Rome, Filippino began work in the Caraffa Chapel of the great Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, decorating it with scenes from the life of St. Thomas Aquinas—a subject assigned him by his patron Cardinal Caraffa, who expressed himself as so well pleased with the artist sent him by the Magnifico that he would not exchange him "for an Apelles, or for all Italy."

Like his contemporaries, Filippino was deeply impressed by Rome and its monuments, and he took advantage of his opportunities to study the classical remains about him. An interesting proof of this is found in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, who, in after years, formed a friendship with Filippino's son, Francesco—"an amiable lad who was also in the goldsmith's trade,"—and who profited much by the drawings made by Filippino, while in Rome, of arabesques and ornamental details of classical remains, all of which Francesco Lippi had carefully preserved.

In April, 1487, before Filippino had left Florence, Filippo Strozzi, a wealthy merchant of that city, and builder of the Strozzi Palace there, had commissioned him to decorate a chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. This Filippino had agreed to do, but his departure for Rome prevented the immediate fulfilment of his promise. In a letter to Strozzi dated Rome, May 2, 1489, he expresses deep regret that he had been unable to carry out his patron's wishes, being detained in the city where he then was by Cardinal Caraffa, for whom he was at that time engaged in executing the frescos in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. His most grateful thanks are sent to Strozzi "for kindness far beyond his deserts," and he promises to proceed with the

work for him, and until it is finished attend to nothing else, as soon as he shall have returned to Florence that same year.

The first record that we have of Filippino's presence in Florence, however, is in January, 1491, when he was one of the competitors for the design of the façade of the cathedral there. Filippo Strozzi was then dead, and it was not until nine years later, in 1500, that his heirs succeeded in inducing Filippino to fulfil the promise made to their father.

These years were spent by the artist in and near Florence, where his time was fully occupied with the orders which now poured in upon him. Among his numerous commissions was one from the monks of the Certosa of Pavia, who had been advised by Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, to engage him to paint an altar-piece for them, the report sent the duke by his envoy in Florence regarding the comparative merits of various painters there being such as to recommend the son of Fra Filippo Lippi to his favorable notice. The subject which Filippino agreed to paint for the monks was a Pietà, but for some reason he never executed the work, which many years later was undertaken by Mariotto Albertinelli.

In 1496 Filippino painted his famous 'Adoration of the Magi,' now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence (see plate v). In the following year he was chosen, together with Cosimo Rosselli, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Perugino, to place a valuation upon Alessio Baldovinetti's frescos in the Church of Santa Trinità; and in that same year, 1497, when he was forty, we hear of his marriage with Maddalena dei Monti. Three sons were born of this marriage, of whom the eldest, Francesco, has already been mentioned.

In 1498 a committee was formed, consisting of Filippino Lippi, Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi, to consider the best means of repairing the lantern above the cupola of the Florence Cathedral, which had been struck by lightning in a severe storm. That summer Filippino was at work in his native town of Prato, painting in fresco a tabernacle at the corner of the market-place, near the Convent of Santa Margherita, where his mother had once been a nun. This fresco, representing the Madonna standing, with the Child in her arms and on either side two saints, is still in its original place.

Vasari speaks of a number of works by Filippino of which all traces have been lost. Among the most important of those still in existence may be mentioned, in addition to the ones already named, a 'Crucifixion' and an 'Allegory of Music' in Berlin, a 'Madonna with St. Jerome and St. Dominic' in the National Gallery, London (see plate ix), a 'Marriage of St. Catherine' in the Church of San Domenico, Bologna (1501), a 'Madonna and Child with Saints' in Genoa (1503), and two scenes from the life of Christ, now in the Seminario at Venice.

Between the years 1500 and 1502 Filippino was principally engaged upon the decorations of the Strozzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. In this his last series of frescos and his most ambitious effort, the artist has displayed his utmost powers. The subjects are scenes from the lives of St. Philip and St. John, all rendered with strikingly dramatic effect (see plate vi), but in the exaggerated action of the figures, in the mass and confu-

sion of accessories, and the loading of architectural ornamentation, we feel that Filippino is far removed from the dignified simplicity of his early frescos in the Brancacci Chapel, and that the knowledge and experience here displayed have led him into "flamboyant excesses" more to be deplored than admired.

In 1504 it is interesting to note that Filippino was appointed one of the famous council of artists which met on the twenty-fifth of January of that year to decide upon the best place for the colossal statue of David, then just finished by the young Michelangelo. The year before this, soon after the completion of the frescos in the Strozzi Chapel, he had agreed to paint an altar-piece for the Servite monks representing 'The Deposition from the Cross,' to be placed in the Church of the Annunziata, Florence. Vasari tells us that Leonardo da Vinci, finding, upon his return to Florence from Mantua and Venice, that the monks had commissioned Filippino to paint this altar-piece, declared that he would himself very willingly have undertaken such a work, and that when this was repeated to Filippino, "he, like the amiable man that he was, withdrew himself at once, when the monks gave the picture to Leonardo." But having produced the great cartoon of the Madonna and St. Anne (now in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, London), Leonardo made no further progress with the work, and when he had again left Florence the friars appealed once more to Filippino, who immediately complied with their request to paint their altar-piece. But he had not advanced beyond the completion of the upper part of the picture[1] when he was seized with an attack of quinsy accompanied by a violent fever, which proving fatal, he died after a few days' illness, on April 18, 1504, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

"Having been ever courteous, obliging, and friendly," writes Vasari, "Filippino was lamented by all who had known him, but more particularly by the youth of Florence, who, in public festivals, masks, and other spectacles, were always glad to avail themselves of his readiness and inventive genius, for in these matters this artist has never had his equal. Filippino gave proof of so much excellence, in all his actions, as to have entirely effaced the stain (to whatever extent it may have existed) left to him by his father—effaced it, I say, not only by the eminence he attained in art, wherein he was inferior to none of his contemporaries, but also by the modest propriety of his life, and above all by an obliging and friendly disposition, the effect of which on every heart, and its power to conciliate all minds, can be fully known to those only who have experienced it."

Two days after his death the body of Filippino Lippi was buried in the Church of San Michele Bisdomini, Florence, "and while the funeral procession was passing," says Vasari, "all the shops in the Via de' Servi were closed, as is done for the most part at the funerals of princes only."

[1] Finished by Perugino and now in the Florentine Academy.

The Art of Filippino Lippi

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'[1]

FEW masters ran such a gamut as Filippino Lippi; his precocity was unequaled, for he completed the decoration of the Brancacci Chapel when he was only twenty-seven years old. This, however, was not phenomenal precocity, but the result of good fortune. He had the art inheritance of his father, Fra Lippo; he had the companionship of Botticelli; he had the legacy of Masaccio; and he walked in the paths which that great master had traced, fulfilling the task which Masaccio had begun. . . .

The early years of Filippino's life were of that particular time when the greatest artistic talent began to run instinctively into the channel of painting alone; men like Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Perugino, Signorelli, who, twenty-five years earlier, would have been sculptor-painters, like Verrocchio and Pollajuolo, now handled the brush only; it was the epoch of painting, but toward the end of Filippino's life came the trying years of a violent change in manner —a new order of artists of the type of Raphael, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, was to arise. Only a few fortunate men were born at just the right moment to be flung to the crest of the wave, and those great artists of the old manner, those at least who did not die young enough to escape the transition, as did Ghirlandajo, were in a measure stranded. Perugino and Signorelli returned from Florence and Rome to their native Umbria and the townsmen who still faithfully admired their pictures. Botticelli, we are told, was neglected, but Filippino swam bravely with the stream, for he was almost as instinctively an assimilator as was Raphael. His was an especially interesting evolution; for this man, still young, and having shown that he could worthily represent fifteenth-century art in its full development, was a forerunner of Fra Bartolommeo and Raphael; he had prophetic visions of what was to come, and in his almost geometrically ordered 'Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas' he was the precursor of the painters of Santa Maria Nuova and of the *Stanze*. He always advanced, but toward the end of his life it was in the direction of thought rather than of observation. He became more than ever a factor in the evolution of Italian art, but it was at the sacrifice of much of his depth and spontaneity. He still found charming episodes (see his children in the frescos of the Strozzi Chapel), and his somewhat fantastical antiquarianism and his abuse of Roman detail in the same frescos showed him still as a *quattrocentisto*. On the whole his change of manner was more admirable than attractive, and where we may praise him most for his seeking after monumental composition we find least room for sympathy with his work itself. He remains to us as the third of the great Florentine trio of Middle Renaissance painters; but while Ghirlandajo and Botticelli were always intensely personal, and always developed along the same lines, Filippino seems to be three men at three different times: first, the painter of St. Bernard, equaling Botticelli in grace and

[1] Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

surpassing him in a certain fervor of feeling; secondly, the painter of the Brancacci frescos, imitating Masaccio, passing beyond him in scientific acquirement, but falling far behind his grand style; and last of all, the painter of the cycle of St. Thomas, leaving behind him his *quattrocento* charm, still retaining some of his *quattrocento* awkwardness, but attaining dramatic composition and becoming a precursor of Raphael.

PAUL MANTZ FROM BLANC'S 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

FILIPPINO LIPPI is unquestionably a less original, less individual painter than his father. Coming as he did at a time when many of the great problems of art had already been solved, he depended less upon his own inspiration, and was more susceptible to the influences about him. . . .

Taste developed so rapidly in the fifteenth century, the flower was so quickly succeeded by the fruit, that, always ready to follow the changing phases of whatever might be the prevailing style in art—sometimes, indeed, to anticipate those phases—Filippino soon came to regard his father and his master as representatives of a bygone art. He has none of the naïve crudities of Fra Filippo Lippi, and he apparently endeavors to perfect the somewhat barbaric grace of Botticelli. With resolute steps he advanced towards those methods in art which were so soon to captivate the sixteenth century and impart to it its principal character. He strove to portray his personages in dramatic attitudes and with noble bearing; nature became his model and his guide; not that in portraiture he was bound down by any rigid conformity to his model, for however closely he might adhere to the faithful rendering of expression, he deliberately regarded the individual as representative of a general type. Indeed, at that fruitful period when the fifteenth century was drawing to its close, Filippino Lippi may be said to have reached forth his hand to the great masters who were about to follow.—FROM THE FRENCH

BERNHARD BERENSON 'THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART'

THE fame which for centuries surrounded Filippino Lippi's name, as one of the greatest masters of the Florentine school, is likely, as knowledge and taste advance, to diminish rather than to increase. Recent criticism has shorn him of a number of pictures traditionally attributed to him; and among this number some of the most charming of all those that went under his name — such as the series of panels containing the story of Esther; and although a great many indisputable works of his remain, they cannot seriously be compared in quality with those of his master Botticelli, or even of his father, Fra Filippo. No other painter who employed, as he did, the forms of the fifteenth century departed so far from the artistic spirit of that epoch. He was, in fact, a precursor of the esthetic confusion of the *Seicento*. He had all its sentimentality, all its indiscriminate profusion of ornament, all its fondness for empty display. Like the painters of that later time, he had ceased to listen to the "still, small voice;" and, in his impatience to produce an effect, he forsook the simplicity of his contemporaries, and rushed into the *baroque*. He is akin rather to the family of Domenichino than to the descendants of Masaccio.

To a certain degree, however, it is undeniable that Filippino is the victim of ill-luck. (I use the present tense with intention, for I am speaking of the personality of the artist, not of the man, and his artistic personality can never belong completely to the past so long as the works which express it endure.) Of his first works, painted before the sketch-books he made in Rome provided him with the means to burst out, as it were, into the dubious opulence of a *nouveau riche*, some have entirely disappeared; others—like the admirable *tondo* of the Corsini Gallery at Florence—have remained relatively unknown; and others still, his frescos in the Brancacci Chapel, his most serious achievement perhaps, are crushed by the too close proximity of Masaccio.

To my feeling, Filippino Lippi's full value appears in only two pictures among those well known to the public—the 'Vision of St. Bernard' in the Badia and the 'Madonna with the Donor, Tanai de' Nerli,' in the Church of Santo Spirito, at Florence. His other well-known paintings belong to the province of the connoisseur, the archæologist, the explorer: these two works alone live, or should live, in the memory of every one who cares for beauty; for they are illuminated, if not with the splendor of genius (of which, in his case, there is hardly question), at least with the beneficent warmth which emanates, at its best moments, from a talent both delicate and suave.

To these two masterpieces I propose to add a third, which is not inferior to the 'Vision,' and seems even finer than the 'Madonna' of Santo Spirito. And just here we have an instance of Filippino's bad luck. This picture, which if it were in the Uffizi or any other famous public gallery would certainly add great luster to the master's name, is in a private collection in the United States. The fortunate owner of this masterpiece is Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Boston.[1] . . .

A careful comparison of this *tondo* with the rest of Filippino's works makes me wonder whether one should not give it rank as his masterpiece—indeed, neither at the Badia nor in Santo Spirito does he attain to such felicity in composition, and to such freedom from the faults which betray the frailty of his charming talent. Although it is impossible to assign an exact date to this *tondo*, it is easy to fix the period of the master's career to which it belongs. Among all his works, the one with which it has most in common is the altar-piece in Santo Spirito. Setting aside the general resemblances, which are too obvious to dwell upon, let us come to a more intimate analysis. In both pictures we feel the beginnings of the tendency to that style of baroque ornament which burst forth, later, in the frescos of the Strozzi Chapel, and in almost all Filippino's subsequent works. The dwarfs who support the capital in this picture resemble the marine gods who surround the throne of the Virgin in Santo Spirito. The decoration of the pillar is the same in both pictures. The left hand of the Virgin in the latter work is identical with that of St. Margaret here, and her right hand corresponds exactly with St. Catherine's in Santo Spirito. Furthermore, both pictures give us, for the first time in Filippino's works, a landscape background filled with picturesque architecture of Northern style. . . .

[1] The picture is now in England, and is owned by Mr. E. P. Warren (see plate II).

It would thus appear that these two pictures were painted after Filippino had finished the frescos in Santa Maria sopra Minerva; and directly after, before the master had seriously begun his work in the Strozzi Chapel. In 1496, when Filippino finished his 'Epiphany' [or 'Adoration of the Magi'], now in the Uffizi, it is clear that a picture like the Warren *tondo* already belonged to his past; on the other hand, because of its greater ease and freedom, and because of the anticipation of types that recur later, this work seems to me to have been painted after, not before, the one in Santo Spirito. If these observations are well founded, the two magnificent panels we have been considering must have been painted about 1493 or 1494.

PAUL G. KONODY 'FILIPPINO LIPPI'

THE work of Filippino Lippi is so varied in character that a broad summing-up of its chief features becomes almost impossible. Nor does the sequence of his known pictures permit a chronological division amongst successive "periods," a classification art historians delight in. The only method which could introduce a systematic critical consideration of his labors would be the grouping of his paintings into three classes. The first group would comprise those works in which Filippino has followed the styles of his precursors and teachers—an imitation so close that even the modern critics, with their scientific methods, are only beginning to find a path through the maze of erroneous attributions. In this group should be included the series of frescos in the Brancacci Chapel, where Filippino, for the sake of artistic harmony, modestly adapted his style to that of the master who had worked before him upon the decoration of the chapel.

The second group should comprise the altar-pieces and panel-pictures painted by Filippino at the zenith of his power. An inspection of all the works in this division would place him as equal, if not superior, to the greatest masters of that wonderful age, Botticelli not excepted. 'The Vision of St. Bernard' at the Badia, the 'Holy Family' in the Warren collection, the 'Virgin and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic' at the National Gallery, and the 'Adoration of the Magi' at the Uffizi, to mention four of these pictures, constitute a series of paintings of an exquisite beauty, unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries.

The third group would be characterized by that inordinate leaning towards the florid decorative motives of the high Renaissance of which Filippino is, as it were, the very incarnation. The frescos in the Strozzi Chapel are the most typical examples. This work attracted the dithyrambic and slightly ill-judged praise of Vasari. It secured the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. It has also received the unjust condemnation of nineteenth-century art historians, who, disregarding his best and purest achievements, have judged Filippino solely by his imitative manner and his flamboyant excesses. It is true that he had not the stately dignity, the grand simplicity, and the monumental character of Masaccio. He lacked the poetry, the suggestive power, and the expressive line of Botticelli. He did not possess the romantic intensity of Fra Filippo. His later works suffer from excrescences

which the fashion of his day, and his own erudite spirit, compelled him to add. But in some of his qualities he excelled his precursors. They show him to be the most subtle psychologist of his time, the most modern in spirit of all the artists of the Italian Renaissance.

This division in groups, although somewhat arbitrary, is more convenient than a chronological classification into an early, middle, and late period, to which it would almost correspond. The time test is not so applicable in many cases as the test of style. To cite one instance, the Brancacci frescos would in point of date belong to the second group. His individuality had fully developed when they were painted, for they synchronize with the 'Vision of St. Bernard.' Yet Filippino was content to merge his own personality in that of Masaccio, in order that the older master's unity of scheme should be preserved. The invidious comparisons which have been drawn between the two masters' respective shares in these frescos are most unjust. The manner in which Filippino continued Masaccio's scheme is wonderful, and an almost unique instance of adaptability. . . .

Filippino's faults are the faults of his time. Perhaps it would be more correct to call them the virtues of his time, for they embody the essence of the spirit of the Renaissance. His fine qualities placed him far beyond his compeers. He came closer to what we call the modern spirit than any other painter of the fifteenth century. Naturally, his works are unequal. In each fresh picture he aimed at a new effect, instead of contenting himself with the repetition of a former success. In this respect his practice differed from many of the great masters of his age. His career was one of continual progress, for what we would now consider the work of his decline was, in the eyes of his contemporaries, his most admirable achievement.

The Works of Filippino Lippi

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS' — PLATE I

FORMERLY in the Villa Careggi, belonging to the Medici family, this *tondo*, or circular picture, now in the Corsini Gallery, Florence, is one of the earliest known works by Filippino Lippi.

The Madonna, wearing a red robe and long blue mantle, stands upon a marble floor before a richly decorated architectural niche, holding in her arms the infant Christ. Two angels in flowing draperies approach the group on the left, bearing floral offerings to the Child, who stretches out his hand to grasp the blossoms presented in an open bowl by the foremost of these heavenly visitants. On the right, three other angels, kneeling, sing from a scroll of music. In the distance, beneath a portico, is seen the figure of St. John the Baptist, and still farther off is a delicately painted landscape.

Signor Supino calls attention to the careful execution of this work. "The exquisite beauty of the figures," he writes, "the youthful grace of their movements, the luminous brilliancy of the coloring, silvery and melting, the richness of the architecture enlivened with touches of gold—all this, recalling as it does the charming qualities found in Fra Filippo's compositions, bears witness to the artist's precious inheritance, and renders the picture one of the loveliest of Filippino's works."

Mr. Berenson, noting the Verrocchiesque type of the Madonna, the hands of the angels, certain folds in the draperies, as well as the expressions of some of the faces, hesitated, he says, for years, questioning whether the work should be given to Filippino or to the unknown painter whom he designates as "Amico di Sandro," and whose influence upon Filippino he feels is here strongly manifested. A careful study of the Corsini *tondo*, however, convinced him that although in many points unlike Filippino's other paintings, it was undoubtedly by that artist, and that all differences between it and his more clearly determined works are accounted for by the fact that it antedates by several years Filippino's first dated picture—the Uffizi altar-piece (see plate III) of February, 1485.

The picture measures five feet eight and a half inches in diameter. It is painted on wood in tempera.

'THE HOLY FAMILY WITH ST. MARGARET' PLATE II

ONE of the most beautiful of Filippino Lippi's works is this circular picture formerly in the Sant' Angelo collection at Naples and now belonging to Mr. E. P. Warren, Lewes, England, with whose permission it is here reproduced. The Virgin is seated beneath a loggia, holding on her knees the Child Jesus, who leans forward to embrace the little St. John, kneeling before him supported by St. Margaret. To the left is St. Joseph, leaning on his staff. In front of the group is a parapet on which are placed in careless confusion a basket, an open book, an oval wooden box, and the reed cross belonging to St. John. The background is a landscape with buildings and trees outlined against a blue sky diversified with white clouds.

"It would be difficult," writes Mr. Berenson, "to find a more fascinating composition. The figures are in perfect harmony with the surrounding space; they neither lose themselves in stretches of sky and land too vast for them to hold their own in, as the figures do in a number of fifteenth-century pictures, nor are they crowded and stifled, as in the *tondi* of Signorelli or the 'Madonna della Seggiola' ['Madonna of the Chair'] of Raphael. The Madonna dominates the whole. The other figures only serve to complete the harmonious rhythm of lines and contours which give to the composition the suggestion of a pyramidal silhouette that, inclosed in a circle, never fails to produce an agreeable impression on the eye; nor is the action less ably rendered. We see Filippino here at the very happiest moment of his career, as far from the almost rigid immobility of his Virgin in the Uffizi altar-piece, or of the Madonna in the 'Vision' of the Badia, or even of the one in the Corsini *tondo*, as from the aimless and nervous agitation of his last paintings. Everything is gracious,

measured, serene. . . . The drawing, finally, is on a level with the composition and the action. Certainly it is not of the very first order; from Filippino we may not expect either the line of Botticelli or the power of Masaccio or Michelangelo. And yet the contours are functional while refined; the folds of the draperies express clearly their purpose, the figures undeniably have a life of their own. The color is gay and transparent, as in the Badia altar-piece. Nor must we forget to mention the exquisite oval of the Virgin's face, where an almost Raphaelesque grace is enhanced by the noble severity of the Florentines."

A writer in 'The Connoisseur' says: "It is hardly an exaggeration to affirm that this superb work, rich and harmonious in color, a triumph of decorative composition and linear arrangement, and infinitely tender and graceful in the expression of both the Virgin and St. Margaret, is the finest easel-picture known by Filippino Lippi."

'MADONNA ENTHRONED WITH SAINTS' PLATE III

IN February, 1485, Filippino Lippi, then twenty-eight years old, completed for the Hall of Eight in the Palazzo Pubblico of Florence the large altar-piece, now in the Uffizi Gallery, which is here reproduced. In a richly ornamented niche the Madonna, clad in a light-blue robe and dark-blue mantle and wearing a diaphanous veil of a pale shade of the same color, is seated on a throne, holding the Child, who with one hand turns the pages of a book, as he looks wistfully at St. Victor(?), standing with crossed hands on the left. Beside St. Victor is St. John the Baptist, with a red cloak thrown across one shoulder, holding a long cross. Opposite is St. Bernard, in his white woolen habit and with the rules of his Order in his hand, and at his side St. Zenobius, richly clad in his ecclesiastical robes. In the upper part of the picture two graceful angels with fluttering draperies hold a crown over the Madonna's head. On the ceiling of the arch above them are emblazoned the arms of the city of Florence, while beneath the picture is the inscription: ANO SALUTIS MCCCCLXXXV DIE XX FEBRUARII.

The altar-piece is clear and luminous in color, "unimpaired," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "by the later defects of the master, without excess of mannerism in design, drawn with precision, and colored with freshness, and equal in every sense to the 'Vision of St. Bernard' in the Badia." Although exception may be taken to the high praise contained in this last clause, this early work of Filippino's, in spite of a certain rigidity in the Madonna's figure, is one of his finest achievements.

The painting is on wood and measures eleven feet four inches high by seven feet four inches wide.

'THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD' PLATE IV

FILIPPINO'S acknowledged masterpiece, "the most perfect expression of his genius," as it has been called, is this great picture of the Virgin appearing to St. Bernard of Clairvaux. It was painted by order of Piero di Francesco del Pugliese for a chapel in the village of Campora, belonging to the

Badia of Florence, an abbey founded in the tenth century. The picture was removed from its original place during the siege of Florence in 1529, and deposited for safety in the sacristy of the Church of the Badia, within the city. It now adorns the altar of one of the side chapels in that church.

Authorities differ as to the date of its execution. It is known that Filippino received the commission for the work in 1480, but, according to Vasari, it was not painted until after the artist had completed the frescos in the Brancacci Chapel begun in 1484. Milanesi, Berenson, and others, assign the picture to the year 1487. Supino, however, believes that it was painted as early as 1481 or 1482, when the chapel for which it was destined was finished, and, again, the year in which Filippino received the order is frequently given as that in which the work was executed. Whether the altar-piece was painted when the artist was but twenty-three, or seven years later, when he had reached the more mature age of thirty, its beauty remains undisputed, and, as one writer puts it, "in its quiet depth of feeling it is unexcelled, and indeed hardly equaled, by any work of his contemporaries."

A legend tells us that one day when St. Bernard was engaged in writing his homilies, and when so sick and weary that he found himself unable to proceed with his labors, the Virgin, through pity for his weakness, appeared before him and restored him by her presence. It is this incident which Filippino Lippi has portrayed. In the midst of a rocky landscape St. Bernard, clad in the creamy white habit of his Order, is seated at a rustic desk. The time is evening, but a light more marvelous than that of the setting sun illumines the sky from which the heavenly visitor has descended with her attendant angels. Her gold-trimmed mantle of deep blue falls over an under-robe of crimson, and her blond hair is partly hidden by a gauzy veil. The lovely angel on her right is in yellow; the one on the other side is in light blue. With an expression of tender compassion the Virgin places one hand upon the book lying open upon St. Bernard's desk, as if to encourage him to go on with his task, and he, thus arrested in his work, pauses, pen in hand, gazing in ecstasy upon the ineffable beauty of the apparition.

In the distance is a monastery with groups of Cistercian monks before its door, and in the right-hand corner of the picture the artist has introduced the half-figure of the donor, Piero di Francesco del Pugliese, in black fur-trimmed mantle and red cap. All the accessories of the scene are rendered with the utmost delicacy and skill.

'The Vision of St. Bernard' is painted in tempera on wood. It measures seven feet one inch high by six feet seven inches wide.

'THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI' PLATE V

A COMMISSION for an altar-piece for their church of San Donato at Scopeto, near Florence, was given by the Scopetine friars in 1481 to Leonardo da Vinci, but after waiting some fifteen years in vain for the fulfilment of their wishes, the monks, in despair, requested Filippino Lippi to paint the desired picture. This Filippino agreed to do, and the result was the beautiful 'Adoration of the Magi,' in the Uffizi Gallery, here reproduced.

The center of the picture is occupied by the Madonna and Child and St. Joseph. Behind them is a ruined pent-house, and in the distance crowds of people are seen, some on horseback, some on foot, approaching from all directions to render homage to the holy Child. The foreground is filled with those who have already reached their goal—the three kings and their retinue—and among the personages there assembled the artist has given us in many of the figures portraits of various members of the Medici family. The young king standing on the left, in the act of taking his gift from an attendant, while a page removes his crown, is Giovanni di Pier Francesco, who became the third husband of Caterina Sforza and who was the father of Giovanni *delle Bande Nere*, the famous condottiere. The astrologer kneeling in the left corner of the picture, holding a quadrant, is the son of Lorenzo di Giovanni d'Averardo, called Bicci (de' Medici). The blond, long-haired youth in the foreground, holding a chalice, is another Pier Francesco, a cousin of Giovanni's. Many other distinguished people of the day are introduced, all paying tribute to the Child, who, seated on his mother's knee, is holding in both little hands a vase of precious ointment, the gift of one of the Magi.

If it be as Milanesi, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Supino, Müntz, and the majority of critics believe, that in Leonardo's unfinished 'Adoration of the Magi' now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. 2, Part 14, Plate X), we have the altar-piece which he began and never completed for the monks of San Donato at Scopeto, a comparison between that study in monochrome and Filippino's finished picture in the same gallery is made doubly interesting. Alongside of Leonardo's masterly sketch, which in its unfinished state is unattractive to the general observer, Filippino's elaborate composition, for all the lifelike beauty of the figures and the charm of color, seems confused and somewhat superficial. "In the presence of these two works," writes Signor Supino, "the same observations might be made as those which are applicable upon a comparison of the productions of Filippino and of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel; but the differences here are the more noticeable from the fact that when he painted his 'Adoration of the Magi' Filippino had lost much of the calmer, more serene, and restrained style that marks his early works."

'The Adoration of the Magi' was painted in 1496, after Filippino's return from Rome and prior to his work in the Strozzi Chapel. It is on wood and measures eight feet four inches high by nearly eight feet wide.

'THE RESURRECTION OF DRUSIANA' PLATE VI

BETWEEN the years 1500 and 1502 Filippino Lippi completed the decorations of the Strozzi Chapel, Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, intrusted to him thirteen years before by Filippo Strozzi, a rich merchant of that city, and left unfinished because of the artist's summons to Rome.

Deeply impressed by the wonders of the eternal city, Filippino had returned to Florence imbued with all the love of classic art which characterized the period about to follow, and which in his works found expression in a too lavish

display of architectural ornamentation, a bewildering show of accessories, and an exaggeration in the gestures and attitudes of his personages. All his newly acquired knowledge he brought to bear upon the decoration of the Strozzi Chapel, which he now completed at the request of Strozzi's heirs, and which, in the words of Vasari, showed "so much judgment and such admirable design that the work awakened astonishment in all who beheld it, and not for those qualities only, but also for the variety of the many fanciful objects depicted in it." Filippino's works in the Strozzi Chapel were the admiration of his contemporaries, and were long regarded as the crowning achievement in his career. In the opinion of recent critics, however, this his last series of frescos is not equal in merit to his earlier and simpler achievements.

The subjects are scenes from the lives of St. Philip and St. John the Evangelist. On the right wall is depicted 'St. Philip exorcising a Demon,' and, in a lunette above, 'The Martyrdom of St. Philip.' In a lunette opposite this 'The Martyrdom of St. John' is portrayed, and beneath is a large fresco representing 'The Resurrection of Drusiana.' It is this work which is reproduced in plate VI.

The moment chosen by the artist is that when St. John, returning from Patmos to Ephesus, met a funeral procession near the last-named city, and having learned that she who was borne upon the bier was Drusiana, a woman rich in good works and one in whose house he had dwelt, ordered that the bier be put down, whereupon he prayed to God, who restored Drusiana to life, so that she arose, and John returned with her and dwelt again in her house.

We see Drusiana in her white robe and yellow mantle, a violet colored veil bound about her head, raising herself upon her bier at the commanding voice of St. John, who stands at her side. Terror and amazement are depicted in the faces and attitudes of the bystanders, some of whom shrink back in dismay, while others press forward eagerly to see the miraculous return to life.

"In certain of these frescos, notably in 'The Resurrection of Drusiana,'" write Vasari's recent editors, "the spectator hardly recognizes the Filippino of earlier times. The painter of the dignified Carmine frescos, the delicate and fervid St. Bernard, has suddenly grown undignified and very nearly coarse; his figures gesticulate and jostle in almost delirious activity; their faces are contorted and grimacing; the picture is fairly smothered with accessories, classical or pseudo-classical. . . . And yet all this exaggeration has not made Filippino forget that he is a master; the composition, although in artists' parlance full of holes, that is, lacking repose and mass, does not want balance, and these streaming draperies and straps are made to curl and wave in strict accordance with the decorative filling of spaces. Taking them altogether, the frescos of the Strozzi Chapel are astonishing examples of the evolution of a man who holds fast to *quattrocento* naturalism with one hand (see the inconsonant episode of the child and the dog) and grasps eclecticism with the other; who is violent in trying to be dramatic, and yet who has prophetic glimpses of the great monumental compositions that are to come."

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS AND DONORS' PLATE VII

STILL in its original place in the Nerli Chapel of the Church of Santo Spirito, Florence, is one of the most beautiful of Filippino Lippi's works. It was painted for Tanai de' Nerli, a wealthy citizen of Florence, and represents the Madonna seated with the Child in her arms. Mary's dress is red, her mantle is blue, and she wears a thin veil of yellow. At her knees, in an attitude of adoration, is the little St. John, offering his reed cross to the Christ-child. At the left is the standing figure of St. Martin in his episcopal robes, presenting to the Madonna the donor, Tanai de' Nerli, who kneels beside him in a green tunic and red cloak. On the opposite side is Tanai's wife, also kneeling, her hands folded in prayer, and, standing at her side, is St. Catherine, in a blue robe and red mantle, the wheel, emblem of her martyrdom, lying at her feet. Cherubs bearing the arms of the Nerli family decorate the arches of the portico in which this group is placed, and through those same arches we have a charming view of the Porta San Frediano, with the distant figure of Tanai de' Nerli just dismounted from his horse and in the act of embracing his little daughter, who stands before the door of his house.

After speaking of 'The Vision of St. Bernard,' Crowe and Cavalcaselle say: "Equally striking for the qualities which mark the painter's prime is the altar-piece in Santo Spirito at Florence, in which one observes a grandeur and severe dignity never surpassed by Filippino, and a charming variety of episode. . . . No portraits of this time are more admirably realized than those of the Nerli. Filippino never approached nearer than here to the ideal of simple and grand drapery."

Mr. Berenson, basing his hypothesis upon the marked stylistic differences between the Santo Spirito picture and the 'Vision of St. Bernard,' believes that the former picture belongs to a later period than that frequently assigned to it, as late indeed as 1493 or 1494, after the artist's sojourn in Rome. Signor Supino, in his recent work on Filippino, is inclined, on the contrary, to think that the picture in question was painted soon after the 'Vision of St. Bernard' and prior to Filippino's Roman frescos. According to this writer, not only is there a similarity between the technique of the Santo Spirito altar-piece and the paintings in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, but the fact that the donor, Tanai de' Nerli, who was born in 1426, is represented as a man of not more than sixty years of age seems to place the work not later than 1488.

The painting is on wood and has unfortunately been dimmed by a poor quality of varnish.

'ST. PAUL VISITING ST. PETER IN PRISON' PLATE VIII
'THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER'

THE paintings in the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine at Florence were begun about 1423 by Masolino, who, being called to Hungary some two years afterwards, left the continuance of his work to his pupil Masaccio. In 1428, however, Masaccio died, and the decoration of the chapel remained unfinished for more than half a century. The Carmelite monks, into whose possession it had passed, desirous of having the work

completed, finally intrusted it to Filippino Lippi, the son of Fra Filippo, who had been a brother of their Order. Filippino was then twenty-seven years old, and the responsibility of bringing to completion the frescos of this already famous chapel was no slight one. He acquitted himself so well, however, that although not equaling his great predecessor, Masaccio, the five subjects he painted there are worthy of the place they occupy. To his hand are ascribed a portion of Masaccio's great fresco of the 'Raising of the King's Son;' two large subjects combined in one fresco, 'The Trial of St. Peter and St. Paul before the Proconsul' and 'The Crucifixion of St. Peter;' and on the pilasters at the entrance of the chapel the two subjects reproduced in plate VIII.

On the left is 'St. Paul visiting St. Peter in Prison,' in which St. Paul, clad in a blue tunic and long red cloak, stands before the prison addressing St. Peter, who is seen looking out from a strongly barred window, his hands clasped in prayer. This fresco, formerly supposed to be by Masaccio, is now ascribed by all authoritative critics to Filippino. "Masaccio himself," says Mr. Konody, "never surpassed, in grandeur, simple dignity, and harmonious composition, the splendid figure of St. Paul as depicted by Filippino." It is this figure which Raphael borrowed for his cartoon of 'St. Paul preaching at Athens.' "It would have been difficult," says Sir A. H. Layard, "for even Raphael to improve upon Filippino's representation of the apostle, which for its noble and dignified expression and action, for the broad and well-disposed folds of the drapery, and for its rich yet somber coloring, may be ranked amongst the finest productions of art."

On the pilaster on the other side of the entrance to the chapel Filippino painted a companion scene showing 'The Deliverance of St. Peter.' Here we see St. Peter, draped in a yellow mantle, just crossing the threshold of his prison, conducted by a white-robed angel, while on the right a young soldier, resting on his lance, is lost in slumber on his bench outside the walls.

Although, as has been said, Filippino's frescos in the Brancacci Chapel are less noble, less grandiose, than those of Masaccio, yet we are compelled to recognize the rare skill with which he has adapted his style to that of his great predecessor, from whom he has borrowed that dignity of bearing, that calm serenity, characteristic of the earlier painter's work, justly earning thereby the right of having his name associated with that of Masaccio.

'MADONNA WITH ST. JEROME AND ST. DOMINIC' PLATE IX

FROM Vasari we learn that this altar-piece was originally painted for the Rucellai Chapel in the Church of San Pancrazio at Florence. After the suppression of the church it was removed to the Rucellai Palace, and there remained until purchased of the Cavaliere Guiseppe Rucellai in 1857 for the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

The Madonna is seated in a landscape, with the Child at her breast. St. Dominic kneels on the right, reading the articles of his faith and bearing his emblem, a lily. On the left St. Jerome, also kneeling, clasps his hands in prayer. His indispensable symbol, the lion, can be seen in the distance to the left. Beneath the picture, which is in tempera on wood and measures six feet

nine inches high by six feet one inch wide, is a predella showing the dead Christ supported by Joseph of Arimathea, with half-figures of St. Francis and Mary Magdalene in compartments on each side.

"In the drawing of the torso of St. Jerome, and in the truth and picturesque design of the landscape," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "Filippino shows a considerable advance beyond his father and his master. The picture is darkened with age and varnish, but is still very rich and harmonious in its color, and the quiet but deep feeling of the heads, which seems to rest midway between the repose of his father and the excitement of his master, is quite unimpaired."

"As a colorist," writes Mr. P. G .Konody, "Filippino shows to best advantage in the picture in the National Gallery. . . . The work dominates the whole room in which it has been placed, and the eye of the visitor is immediately caught by the rich scheme of black, deep crimson, and brown. The figures are united to the superbly painted landscape—rocks and trees in receding planes against a cloudy atmospheric sky—by means of a subtle mellowness. . . . That the picture belongs to a comparatively late date is apparent from the freedom of the technique, which amounts almost to neglect."

'THE TRIUMPH OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS' PLATE X

IN September, 1488, Filippino Lippi went to Rome to decorate a chapel in the Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva for Cardinal Caraffa, to whom he had been recommended by Lorenzo de' Medici. "In this great work for Rome," writes Claude Phillips, "may be noted already the germs—and more than the germs—of the artist's latest style, so strongly marked by nervous agitation, perpetual unrest, and exaggeration both in incident and detail, but also by unabated pictorial, if not artistic, power, and an ever increased activity and originality of vision." Scenes from the life of St. Thomas Aquinas were assigned him for a subject. A portion of Filippino's work, setting forth the victory of the theological virtues, has been destroyed by the erection of a monument to Pope Paul IV. The remaining works are 'The Assumption of the Virgin;' 'The Annunciation,' with Cardinal Caraffa kneeling beside St. Thomas Aquinas; 'St. Thomas Aquinas before the Miraculous Crucifix;' and a large representation of that favorite theme of the Dominican Order, 'The Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas.'

It is this last fresco which is reproduced in plate x. The scene is laid within a sort of open temple lavishly decorated with the rich ornamentation of Renaissance architecture. In the center, beneath a shell-like arch, St. Thomas, clad in the Dominican habit, is seated upon a throne between allegorical figures representing Grammar, Dialectics, Rhetoric, and Philosophy. In one hand he holds an open book, while with the other he points to the figure of a heretic lying prone beneath his feet. Books and manuscripts containing heretical doctrines lie scattered on the floor, and on either side of the throne groups of vanquished unbelievers, among whom are Arius, Sabellius, and Averroës, stand in dejected attitudes, crestfallen by their defeat in the dispute which has just taken place.

"In this fresco, an imposing composition full of grand figures," writes

Georges Lafenestre, "Filippino gives free rein to his taste for classic architecture, in which he displays a rare wealth of archæological knowledge. In the background, amidst numerous Roman monuments, stands the statue of Marcus Aurelius, which is to be seen to-day on the square in front of the Capitol. The sight of Rome had produced a deep impression upon the artist, and the enlargement of his style is attributable as much to his studies from antique sculptures as to his contemplation of the frescos in the Sistine Chapel."

Eugène Müntz says that in Filippino's Roman frescos qualities are displayed which up to that time were unknown to Italian painters. "By this I mean," he says, "a flow of line, a disposition of the masses, a freedom in the attitudes, and a spirit in the arrangement—in a word, a feeling for the *mise en scène* which undoubtedly prepared the way for Raphael in his Vatican frescos and his tapestry cartoons. As to the figures when taken separately, although the artist has drawn upon his imagination for most of the heads, they are very skilfully executed and exhibit a great variety of expressions, showing a mixture of types purely Primitive and those which are freer and more expressive. In the background of 'The Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas' there is among other things a balustrade crowded with spectators—a prototype of those which later the Venetians, with Paul Veronese in the lead, so frequently introduced into their compositions."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY FILIPPINO LIPPI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LEWES, SUSSEX, OWNED BY MR. E. P. WARREN: The Holy Family with St. Margaret (Plate II)—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Madonna with St. Jerome and St. Dominic (Plate IX); Angel Adoring—LONDON, OWNED BY LORD ASHBURNHAM: Two Panels with two Bishops on each—LONDON, OWNED BY SIR HENRY BERNHARD SAMUELSON: Moses striking the Rock; The Worship of the Golden Calf[1]—OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH: Allegory of the Centaur and Cupid—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Portrait of a Young Man—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Allegory of Music; Crucifixion; Madonna and Child—MUNICH GALLERY: Christ appearing to the Virgin—ITALY. BOLOGNA, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: The Marriage of St. Catherine—FLORENCE, ACADEMY: St. Mary of Egypt; St. John the Baptist; Deposition (finished by Perugino)—FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Allegory of Youths attacked by Serpents—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Filippino Lippi (fresco) (see page 106); Portrait of an Old Man; Adoration of the Magi (Plate V); Madonna Enthroned with Saints (Plate III); The Virgin adoring the Child—FLORENCE, CORSINI GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Angels (Plate I)—FLORENCE, PALAZZO TORRIGIANI: Bust of a Youth—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF THE BADIA: The Vision of St. Bernard (Plate IV)—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL (frescos): Raising of the King's Son (in part); St. Peter and St. Paul before the Proconsul; Crucifixion of St. Peter; St. Paul visiting St. Peter in Prison (see Plate VIII); The Deliverance of St. Peter (see Plate VIII)—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, STROZZI CHAPEL (frescos): St. Philip exorcising a Demon; Martyrdom of St. Philip; The Resurrection of Drusiana (Plate VI); Martyrdom of St. John—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTO SPIRITO: Madonna and Child with Saints and Donors (plate VII)—GENOA, PALAZZO BIANCO: Madonna and Child with Saints—LUCCA, CHURCH OF SAN MICHELE: St. Helena, St. Sebastian, St. Jerome, and St. Roch—NAPLES, SCUOLA TOSCANA: Annunciation—POGGIO A CAIANO: A Sacrifice, Fragment of a Fresco—PRATO, GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Saints—PRATO, FRESCO IN TABERNACLE ON STREET CORNER:

[1] See article by Claude Phillips in 'The Art Journal,' January, 1906.

Madonna and Child with Saints and Cherubs — ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, CARAFFA CHAPEL: Annunciation (altar-piece); Assumption of the Virgin (fresco); Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas (fresco) (Plate X); The Vision of the Crucifix (fresco) — VENICE, SEMINARIO: Christ and the Woman of Samaria; 'Noli me Tangere.'

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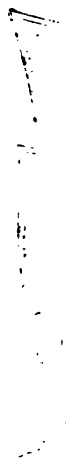
MASTERS IN ART

La Tour

FRENCH SCHOOL



LA TOUR
MADAME DE POMPADOUR
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mold

LA TOUR
MARIE-JOSÈPHE, DAUPHINESS OF FRANCE
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Mail

U of M

LA TOUR
LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE
LOUVRE, PARIS

Non Prêté

Uof M

LA TOUR
PORTRAIT OF MANELLI
MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN

Mau

U of M

LA TOUR
PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL SAXE
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Mau

U of M

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPHED AT SAINT-QUENTIN

LA TOUR
THE ABBE HUBER
MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN

LA TOUR
MARIE LECZINSKA, QUEEN OF FRANCE
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mali

LA TOUR
PORTRAIT OF LOUIS DE SILVESTRE
MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN

Мчоц

LA TOUR
LOUIS, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE
LOUVRE, PARIS

Not for loan

LA TOUR
TWO STUDIES OF HEADS
MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN

PORTRAIT OF LA TOUR BY HIMSELF

MUSEUM OF PICARDY, AMIENS

This spirited portrait in pastel, one of the gems of the Museum at Amiens, shows La Tour at the age of forty-six. Masterly in drawing and characterization, it is also beautiful in its bold harmony of color. Against a blue background the head, with its powdered perruque tied with a bow of broad black ribbon, stands out in strong relief, while the velvet coat is of that deep and vivid blue so frequently employed by La Tour in his pastels. The portrait is life-size, and measures twenty-five and a half inches high by twenty-one inches wide.

Maurice-Quentin de La Tour

BORN 1704: DIED 1788
FRENCH SCHOOL

MAURICE-QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (pronounced Lah Toor), the greatest of French pastellists, was born in the ancient town of Saint-Quentin, France, on September 5, 1704. In common with the majority of those whom art has made famous, he manifested when very young an aptitude for drawing, covering his copy-books with sketches of any object which chanced to strike his eye. His father, a chorister in the collegiate church of Saint-Quentin, took no further interest in these childish proofs of his son's talent than to decide that the bent they indicated would be best turned to account by training Maurice to be an engineer. The boy's short-sightedness, however, prevented this project from being carried out, and he continued to follow his natural inclination, devoting his pocket-money to the purchase of pencils and prints, and all his spare time to copying any picture that he could find.

At about this time it chanced that a pupil of the painter Vernansal went to Saint-Quentin, taking with him a number of his master's drawings. La Tour saw them, and, more than ever fired with the ambition to be a painter, announced his desire to his father, who, sceptical as to the success of such a step, flatly refused his consent. Nothing daunted by this opposition, La Tour left home and, determined to carry out his wish, took the shortest route to Paris.

He was then, say his early biographers, barely fifteen, but recent investigations seem to prove that at the time of his precipitate flight to Paris he was, as a matter of fact, between eighteen and nineteen, and that an unfortunate love-affair with a young cousin, in which the rôle played by La Tour was far from honorable, prompted him to leave home.

Arrived in Paris, the young man directed his steps to the engraver Tardieu, whose name he had noticed on some prints which he had copied and to whom he had written for assistance and advice. Tardieu, however, upon learning that La Tour wished to be a painter, recommended him to apply to Delaunay, who kept a picture-shop on one of the quays of Paris. To Delaunay La Tour promptly proceeded, only to be met with a refusal to receive him. Vernansal was next appealed to, but equally in vain. Finally he turned to Jacques-Jean

Spoëde, who had once befriended Watteau, and who although but a mediocre painter was a man of kind heart and agreed to take La Tour into his studio and teach him all that he could.

Very little is known of the years which immediately followed the young artist's arrival in Paris. He is believed to have made a journey to Rheims in the autumn of 1722, on the occasion of the coronation of Louis XV., and to have likewise visited Cambrai in the year 1724, at the time that a great congress was held there. Fabulous stories have been told of the reception accorded him in that city by the foreign dignitaries there assembled—how he executed a number of portraits of those celebrities, notably one of the beautiful wife of the Spanish ambassador, which aroused such enthusiasm that he quickly found himself all the rage, and was invited by the ambassador from England to visit him in London. It seems highly improbable that a young artist, wholly unknown to fame, should have been the recipient of so much flattering attention, and it is generally conceded that these tales of La Tour's early success have been greatly exaggerated. It is, however, an accepted fact that he visited London, and although his stay there was brief he returned to Paris with sufficient money to enable him to open a studio of his own, and, knowing full well the tendency of human nature to place a higher value upon whatsoever bears a foreign stamp, forthwith announced himself as an English artist!

The medium of pastel had lately been made popular in Paris by a young Venetian artist, Rosalba Carriera by name, who had visited the French capital in 1720–21 and there achieved marked success. La Tour, whose health was never robust, finding his sensitive nerves unpleasantly affected by the smell of oils, profited by this vogue, and adopted pastel as the sole medium of his portraits, quickly superseding all others in popular estimation.

The story has been often told that on La Tour's return from London, Louis de Boullogne, then first painter to the king, happening to see some of the young artist's work, and struck by the ability it showed, told him frankly, "You know neither how to paint nor how to draw, but you possess talent that will carry you a long way."

"No one was more convinced of this than La Tour himself," writes Lady Dilke. "His confidence in his own powers was a part of his genius; it led him to live by the rule of his own caprice, it brought him the conviction that no liberty on his part could be misplaced, but it also gave free play to the generous and lovable qualities which inspired tender and faithful affection in those closely connected with him."

The good opinion he entertained of his own powers did not prevent La Tour from working hard at his chosen profession. In accordance with advice given him by the painters Boullogne and Restout, he devoted much time to drawing, thereby attaining that mastery of technique which is so salient a quality of his work.

The first Salon at which La Tour exhibited was held in 1737. His contribution consisted of two portraits in pastel — one of Madame Boucher and one of himself. The sensation these works created was marked, and those

exhibited at the Salon of the following year added to his growing fame. Each succeeding year, indeed, brought him renewed success, public enthusiasm increased, and La Tour became the acknowledged popular portraitist of the day, even those who had at first found fault with his work because of the perishable nature of the medium he used being won over to unqualified praise by the masterly skill it evinced. "He followed in the footsteps of no master ancient or modern," says M. Reiset; "nature was his only guide, his only aim, and he rendered her with a realistic force hitherto undreamed of in pastel, and such as had been but rarely reached in oils." "He spent very little time over his portraits," says Mariette, "never tired his models, made good likenesses, and did not ask high prices. The crowd was great; he became the painter of the day."

In the year 1745 portraits of the king, the dauphin, and Orry, the minister of state, marked La Tour's first connection with the court of Versailles. In the following autumn he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, presenting for his reception picture a portrait of Restout. To the spring exhibition of 1747 he contributed as many as eleven pastels—all portraits of well-known persons of the time. Again in 1748 his contribution was a generous one, the list of names of those whose portraits were then exhibited reading, say the De Goncourts, "like a page from the Royal almanach."

In 1750 La Tour was appointed painter to the king, Louis XV., and the next year was promoted by the Academy to the position of counsellor of that body. "All this prosperity," says M. Reiset, "somewhat turned his head; he now began to ask extravagant prices for his works, and to refuse point blank to paint the portrait of any one who did not happen to please him. He became capricious and overbearing. An obliging fellow at heart, those who applied to him when in a good humor met with no difficulty; but the least thing that went wrong—the slightest dilatoriness on the part of the model, for instance—was sufficient to cause him to inexorably abandon whatever work he might have begun. He was, in short, his own and only master, and if one wished to be in his good graces one had to exercise considerable tact."

Rich as well as famous, the great pastellist had the entrée to the most exclusive society in Paris. He was a frequent guest at the Monday dinners of Madame Geoffrin, at whose house he met the men and women of the "great world;" he became the close friend of Orry, minister of state, and was constantly to be seen in the company of court dignitaries, men of letters, and philosophers. His studio in the Louvre, where he had been assigned a lodging, was thronged with all the prominent men of Paris, and at his table, lavishly spread, he daily entertained his friends, with whom he was wont to stroll after dinner in the gardens of the palace.

"In appearance La Tour was somewhat delicate," writes Bucelly d'Estrées, one of his biographers. "He was only five feet two inches tall; his figure was good, and he was quick and decided in his walk, carrying his head high. His eyes were bright and full of fire; his face was a pure oval; his lips were thin. He was very particular in his dress, and exquisitely neat."

An undated letter from La Tour's friend the Abbé Blanc gives a vivid picture of the artist passing from his studio to the theater, where, behind the scenes, the fatigues of his day's work would be forgotten in the gay society of actresses, dancers, and singers, with whom the pleasure-loving painter was accustomed to sup and spend much of his time. One of these, Mlle. Marie Fel by name, a charming young singer whose fascinations and "silvery voice" had succeeded in turning the head of more than one well-known man of that day, captivated La Tour's heart and fancy. He never married, and the affection for Mlle. Fel was the romance of his life. In the years which followed she was for him his "chère amie," his "divinité," and until his last days she so remained.

In 1755 La Tour exhibited but one pastel—the great full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour now in the Louvre (see plate 1). Of the countless stories told of the whimsical artist there is one in connection with this picture which is too characteristic to be omitted. When summoned to Versailles to paint the king's favorite he replied coolly that he would not go out of his way to do so. Urged to the task, however, by the flattering words of the Pompadour, he agreed to present himself at the palace on a certain day, but only on condition that no one should interrupt the sitting. When he arrived at Madame de Pompadour's apartment he asked permission to make himself at home. This granted, he undid the buckles of his shoes, unfastened his garters and collar, took off his wig, hung it on a candlestick, and drew from his pocket a little silk cap which he donned, and at once set to work upon the portrait. A quarter of an hour had scarcely passed when the door of the apartment opened and the king entered. Lifting his cap, La Tour said to his model, "You promised, Madame, that your door should be closed to visitors." Louis laughed good-naturedly at both the costume and the rebuke of the artist, and begged him to proceed with his work. "It is impossible for me to obey your Majesty," replied La Tour; "I will return when Madame is alone." Thereupon, taking his wig and his garters with him, he walked into another room to dress himself, saying as he went, "I don't like to be interrupted."

"Such was La Tour," say the De Goncourts. "No other painter exercised to so great an extent both the tyranny of the artist and the caprices of genius. The king himself was obliged to submit to his impertinence in order to obtain a portrait; the pastels of Mesdames of France were left unfinished to punish those princesses for failure to keep their appointments; the dauphiness was not allowed to have her portrait, because she had been so rash as to change the place of the sittings from Fontainebleau to Versailles. 'My talent belongs to me,' said La Tour proudly. And if he consented to paint a portrait it had to be understood that he was to be absolute master of the pose, the features, the coloring of his model."

In his business dealings La Tour was as eccentric as in all else. It is related that when the wealthy financier M. de la Reynière sent his servant to say that he had not time that day to give the artist a final sitting for his portrait, La Tour, who was already seated at his easel ready for work, said coolly to the messenger, "My friend, your master is a fool whom I ought never to

have painted. Now you have a good sensible face which pleases me; sit down, and I will draw your likeness. Your master, I tell you again, is a fool." And in spite of the remonstrances of the man, who assured him that he would lose his situation, La Tour, nothing daunted, proceeded to draw his portrait, promising that he would guarantee to find him another place. The story was soon noised abroad, and when the picture was exhibited at the Salon it attracted general attention. Before long the man had an embarrassment of choice in desirable situations.

Innumerable tales are told of La Tour's independence, brusqueness, and impertinence. Fearing no one, not even the king, he never hesitated to express his opinion with uncalled-for frankness. "His character was full of contradictions," says one of his biographers; "eccentric and unconventional, he was at once avaricious and generous, surly and benevolent. He was carried away by ideas in turn economic, humanitarian, and scientific. He gave a fund for prizes to be awarded for painting; founded at Saint-Quentin a free school of drawing, endowed it liberally, and, in addition, donated money for the establishment of an asylum for sick women."

In the late spring of 1766 La Tour visited Holland. Allusions to this visit are found in the letters of a Mlle. van Tuyll (afterwards Mme. de Charrière), whose home was the Château of Zuylen near Utrecht and whose portrait La Tour drew in pastel. In an interesting letter written to this same young girl after his return to Paris, the artist speaks of the pleasure his trip had been to him, and, after giving his correspondent, who had apparently been his pupil, some excellent technical advice, he alludes to his own fatal practice—a practice that as years went on amounted to a kind of mania—of retouching his early works. His portrait of Restout, presented to the Academy in 1744, was one of those that was irretrievably ruined by his disastrous experiments in attempting to improve upon its color and technique.

Notwithstanding his frail constitution, La Tour lived to a good old age. Some years before his death he gave up his rooms in the Louvre and sought the retirement of his country home at Auteuil near Paris. There he received many distinguished visitors, the king himself never passing that way without stopping to ask after the health of the old artist. When nearly eighty he expressed a wish to return to Saint-Quentin, that he might end his days in his native town. Accordingly, in June, 1784, accompanied by his half-brother, Jean-François de La Tour, he went back to the place of his birth—"sa patrie," as he lovingly called it. His fellow-citizens received him with every mark of respect. A salute of cannon greeted his return, the bells of the town were rung, banners floated in the summer breeze, and upon his entrance into the house which had been made ready for him a crown of oak-leaves was placed upon the brows of this great son of Saint-Quentin.

La Tour lived four years after this ovation; but his mind, which had become gradually enfeebled, finally grew hopelessly deranged, and he was cared for like a child by the devoted brother who remained near him to the end. Death came to him on February 17, 1788, when in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and on the following day he was buried in the cemetery of the

Church of St. André in Saint-Quentin, where his parents had been laid to rest.

As La Tour died intestate, his only surviving brother, Jean-François de La Tour, inherited all his property. After the death of the latter, in 1807, the valuable collection of portraits left by the pastellist, became, with a few exceptions which had been sold at a sacrifice, the valued possession of the town of Saint-Quentin. They now form the Museum of La Tour, and since 1886 have been housed in the Hôtel Lécuyer, a fitting home for them presented to the municipality by a wealthy banker of that name. "All who possess a love of the beautiful and an interest in the past," says M. Louis Gonse, "should make a pilgrimage to Saint-Quentin. The impression produced there by the pastels of La Tour is one of the strongest, most complete, and most inspiring that it is possible to receive."

The Art of La Tour

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT 'L'ART DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE'

LA TOUR'S portraits were executed in pastel. His irritable nerves and delicate health required him to give up painting in oil. In devoting himself to the use of colored crayons, a kind of work in which his genius was destined to assert itself, he did but follow a fashion of his day and conform to that vogue which revived in France of the eighteenth century a taste for French drawings of the sixteenth. It may also be that in adopting the medium of pastel he was influenced by the advent in Paris in 1720 of Rosalba Carriera, who had been sought after by all the great world, overwhelmed with orders and with money, whose portraits had been solicited by the Madame de Parabères and the Madame de Pries, the most prominent ladies of the court, fascinated by the charm of that art which lent to woman an indescribably light and ethereal beauty—an airy likeness in flower-like color. Whatever the reason for his adopting the new medium, La Tour quickly profited by the popularity which Rosalba Carriera had given to pastel. . . .

In the Gallery of the Louvre he holds a great and important place. He is represented there by thirteen pastels[1] which cast into the shade those of his predecessors—the hard and dark pastels of Vivien, the light and pleasing pastels of Rosalba Carriera. . . . But if one would really study La Tour, what is the Louvre compared with his own museum at Saint-Quentin? Here it is not a question of some dozen pastels, but of a whole gallery filled from top to bottom, peopled, crowded to the extent of the walls with the master's works; a collection of more than eighty portraits, some finished, some merely sketched in, unfolding before our eyes a procession of the men and women, the orders and the types of that period, showing us side by side, in the closest propinquity, the philosopher Rousseau, the financier La Reynière, the dancer Camargo and the Marquis d'Argenson, the singer Favart and the economist

[1] Eleven only are on exhibition; the other two have been irreparably injured.

Forbonnais, the clown Manelli and Prince Xavier of Saxony, the Abbé Le Blanc, and Silvestre, and the tragic poet Crébillon—well-nigh the complete iconology of the period.

Astounding collection of the life of an entire society! When you enter the museum a strange feeling comes over you such as no other painting of the past has ever produced: all these heads turn as if to look at you, all these eyes gaze upon you, so that it seems upon entering the room, where all these lips have apparently been just hushed to silence, as if you had interrupted the conversation of the eighteenth century. . . .

These heads by La Tour are alive, not only because they are so admirably constructed, so accurately drawn as to produce the actual illusion of the physical appearance of the individual represented, but also for the reason that the painter, keenly observant, has grasped the psychology of the likeness. Great physiognomist that he is, in giving us a portrait of the man he gives us also a portrait of the man's character. These heads of his think, speak, make confessions, and impart confidences. To the eyes of all La Tour has given that look of the soul, the *mens oculorum*, that expression through which a man's personality is revealed. . . . Diderot misconceived this great quality of La Tour's talent, in failing on one occasion to see in him anything but a great practitioner, a marvelous technician. La Tour is more than that. He himself said of his models: "They think that I reproduce only the features of their faces, whereas, all unknown to them, I penetrate to the very depths of their beings and take complete possession of them."

This it is which in the portraitist surpasses the practitioner—the effort and the ambition to be with his pencil a father confessor of mankind; to get beneath the surface of those whom he paints by a constant and searching intercourse with them; to draw them out of themselves; "to take complete possession of them." That is what he seeks and what is required for his portraits; to comprehend a man's whole nature, to indicate it by some habitual pose, some unconscious gesture, peculiar attitude; to characterize even the man of the world by some mark of his station or sign of his profession—and such were the high ideal and lofty ambition pursued by La Tour, lifting his aim and glory as an artist far above that of merely a great technician. . . .

As searchingly as he paints the man, so does he also paint the woman of his period. In portraying her he expresses the thoughts and reflections which filled the heads of those fair "readers of Newton." He invests her with the depth, the variety, and the complexity of her nature; and while retaining her powder, her patches, and her frills, he lifts her above the conventional prettiness too freely used by the portraitists of that day. He takes from her those airs of an animated doll which in contemporary painting have made her typical of all that is shallow, silly, and frivolous. The painter of Marie Leczinska and of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony invests woman with a sweet devotion, a thoughtful kindliness, a seriousness and grace—all the most delicate qualities of a woman's face in repose. . . .

Compare the smiles on the faces of the women pictured by La Tour, and you will find that not one is insipid, but that each is individual, belonging

peculiarly to the person represented, depicting and slightly emphasizing her character, her disposition, her wit, her heart, her soul. Look, for example, at the portraits of those two women smiling as they hang beside one another in the Museum at Saint-Quentin: in one it is the refined, half-reserved smile, delicate, voluptuous, and *spirituel*, of the woman of forty, the age when a woman of the eighteenth century was at the height of her powers, a smile which seems to lose itself in tender memories, spreading over the plump face even to the laughing modeling of the dimples of the cheeks, veiling the soft gaiety of the eyes; and alongside of this what a contrast we find in the lips of this sprightly young girl, innocent, soft, ingenuous lips, parted in absolute ignorance of life with a smile in which lies the pure effrontery of seventeen years! Here, as in all his portraits of women, La Tour shows himself to be the most exquisite draftsman of that most subtly expressive feature of a woman's face — the mouth. . . .

"A magician"—that was the epithet which Diderot applied to the pastellist. And such La Tour will forever remain. His work is a magic mirror in which the dead are brought to life. In his collection of contemporary men and women the spirit of history is revealed to us. He bids us enter that marvelous picture-gallery which the great portrait-painters of truth and feeling, such as Holbein and Van Dyck, have evoked from a court and a whole society. Here are the princes, the lords, and the ladies who were the lights of Versailles; there are the leaders of philosophy, of science, of art, upon whose brows the artist recognized genius, and whom his pencil, so cold in betraying "imbéciles," has portrayed with loving enthusiasm. Here is what La Tour achieved and what he has left us. From the dust of his crayons, from that painting which fell, so to speak, from the powder of that epoch, he has produced, like some delicate and fragile spirit, the miraculous illusion of eternal life. In his work is the great and charming portrait of France, daughter of the Regency and mother of the Revolution. The Museum of La Tour is the pantheon of the age of Louis XV.; of its spirit, its grace, its thought, of all its talents and of all its glories.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

LOUIS GONSE 'LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DES MUSÉES DE FRANCE'

LA TOUR possesses all the qualities essential to the great interpreters of the human face—spirit, fire, an exquisite sense of proportion, infallible taste, and a technique that is without its equal. He is, moreover, not merely a painter of the outward man, but understands how to express with all the force of the moralist the social position, state of mind, character, and temperament of the individual. . . .

In his portraits of men La Tour deduced from that new medium, pastel, which had been rendered effeminate by Rosalba Carriera, something virile, serious, and strong; while in his portraits of women he became all charm and grace. He possessed the secret of making them beautiful without departing from truth, simply by means of the illusion of life and an intensity of expression.

His genius need fear nothing from time, for he is one of those who in their

very natures appeal to every mind; he belongs indeed to all times, because he is simple, because he is natural, and because his work has the quality of fascination and of truth of expression.—FROM THE FRENCH

HENRY LAPAUZE 'MÉLANGES SUR L'ART FRANÇAIS'

THE Museum of La Tour at Saint-Quentin is something more than a museum—it is a home, where dwells the spirit of that charming artist whose works are among the most expressive of the eighteenth century. In this quiet, provincial home of his you find him quite alone—there is nothing to distract your thoughts from him.

What a sense of intimacy is in those three little rooms whose shutters are carefully opened by a devoted custodian ever mindful of the injurious contact of daylight! The good man, duly discreet and respectful, betrays his zeal by his very silence, as he eagerly notes the impression produced upon the visitor by La Tour's portraits, which for him are as much alive as if they were a distinguished family whose faithful servitor he was. A family! That is exactly the word which should be applied to these portraits, notwithstanding the various origins, the diverse characters and countenances of the personages they represent.

Every painter of strong individuality imparts to his portraits a certain general resemblance. He re-creates the personages he represents, uniting them by the common bond of his artistic paternity. One and all have derived their being from him before entering that immovable life which his pencil or his brush bestows upon them. One and all have partaken to some extent of his spirit. And if this spirit be in accord with the spirit of his times it will leave on every face the particular impress of that period, instinctively emphasizing those types which bear most markedly any one general trait, so that in some faces the character of an entire epoch will be manifested to such an extent that they become typical even while retaining their own individualities.

To a greater degree, perhaps, than in the work of any other artist is this the case with La Tour's pastels. This it is which explains both his success while living and the temporary disfavor into which he sank later on. In his lifetime he was the fashionable painter. The greatest ladies of the great world awaited his good pleasure to pose before his easel. He was abominably rude to them, and yet his impertinences were not resented. Sometimes he would leave them in the midst of a sitting that he might sketch the face of a grisette or little dancer, more to his fancy in being more significant of that gay and daringly sensual spirit which appealed to both his heart and to the epoch in which he lived. In short, what pleased his contemporaries was also pleasing to his eye, his pencil, and to his eager and sensitive nature—it most keenly appealed to his artistic temperament. This is the secret not only of the unbounded admiration he inspired, but of the deep psychological meaning of his work. It is also the secret of his posthumous disfavor.

When the pastels of which Saint-Quentin is now so proud were offered for sale in Paris in 1812, the finest among them did not bring a hundred francs apiece. Indeed, a portrait of Jean-Jacques Rousseau could find no purchaser

at more than three francs. The heirs of Jean-François de La Tour, to whom the portraits belonged, were consequently discouraged and gave up the sale, and it is to this lack of appreciation on the part of the public that we owe the fortunate fact that this precious collection was not scattered.

But how was it that this artist, so famous fifty years before, met with so indifferent a reception? Simply because neither popular taste nor interest in 1812 could be the same as it had been in 1760. In its warlike passions, its delirious joy over victories won, the new century gave no thought to pretty coquettes, whose intrigues had led the old monarchy into fatal disasters and France itself into the Revolution. A wide abyss separated the two eras. What was the smile of a Camargo compared with a war bulletin of Napoleon's? Military painting alone appealed to the public. Under a ruler who loved, soldier-fashion, for a brief period, in the interim between battles, so to speak, the twenty years' reign of a Pompadour were scorned, as was the affability of an artist who had flattered that soft, pale face, silly and blundering incarnation of the destinies of France. Not until our own epoch, absorbed in psychological research, eager in analyzing souls, did La Tour recover his prestige. No artist is more satisfying to us of to-day, because none was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his own times, more perfectly in accord with the frivolities which characterized the age in which he lived.

La Tour is typical of the whole eighteenth century, amorous and worldly, and with all that exaggerated conventionality which fixes a psychological period in the imagination of posterity. The flippant sensuality of the life of that day, the smattering of philosophy, the smiling pedantry, the beauty which, although deified, was worshiped only in a superficial way with neither dignity nor mystery, find expression in him, and him alone. And to it all he adds the supreme gift, not only of life, but of individual life. Beneath the powder of his pastels he incloses living beings made of real flesh and blood and throbbing with emotion, men and women who, even under the spell of his great pervading spirit, keep their own individual ways of feeling and loving. Each one of them remains himself, haunting you with a look, or it may be a curl of the lip, peculiar to him alone; and yet on those lips and in that look hover the dreams of a whole generation of men and women, the sentiments of thousands of hearts long since turned to ashes.

This it is which is so marvelous in La Tour's genius. This it is which impresses you when you enter the three little rooms of the Museum of Saint-Quentin, where the eyes of all those portraits—eyes charged with so many memories—seem to fasten themselves upon you. . . .

In its accuracy La Tour's work has a documentary value. No one can study the eighteenth century without pausing long before his pastels. Such faces as those that we see at Saint-Quentin summon before our imagination a society at once recent and yet long past, and in recalling its atmosphere, its gesture, and its voice, make it live again. It is a singular illusion, and one that no other paintings of that period produce—neither the too literary libertinism of Fragonard, nor the quasi-mythological beauties of Nattier, nor yet the sentimental and artful artlessness of Greuze.

In order that a hundred or so faces should bring before us a whole epoch, was it not necessary for the instinct of the painter to make a definite choice from among his models, or did he not have to reproduce for us that special atmosphere in which his vision saw them? When we come to think of it, both these conditions exist in La Tour's work. To illustrate the point there can, of course, be no question of selecting his official portraits; for as we look at his famous Madame de Pompadour in the Louvre, so conventional in face and accessories, a marvel of art, showing the favorite not as she was, but as she wished to be, or when we study the faces, too pronounced in their haughtiness, of the king, queen, and princes, we cannot summon to our minds that searcher of consciences, that analyzer of character, that we know La Tour to have been. His marvelous virtuosity, his touch, warm, light, and vivacious, his attention to detail, the wonderful quality of his flesh-tints, beneath which we seem to see the rosy flush of the blood, the living pulsations of the tissues,—all these are manifested in these celebrated pastels; but if you would know what it was that he sought beneath all outward features, what it was that he surprised in the play of expression, then go to Saint-Quentin! There in the presence of his studies, the "preparations," not only for his official portraits, but for those of unknown personages, types which attracted his pencil, and which, pulsating with life, he transferred to his paper in some whim of psychological investigation, you will discover how perfectly he understood and could interpret the spirit of his day. He himself, possessed of this same spirit—sensual, philosophic, gay, and shrewd, with all the subtle shades of sensuality, philosophy, gaiety, and shrewdness which characterize his contemporaries—delighted in painting those in whom these characteristics predominated, emphasizing them, and even imparting them when they were lacking.

For with La Tour, as with so many other artists, the source of truth sometimes became a source of error. His strength and sincerity of expression when translating those feelings which he could best conceive led him into unconscious mistakes when he failed to encounter them. We are filled with admiration for the striking psychological power of his pencil, and justly; but nevertheless let us recognize the fact that this insight, however keen, was not without its exceptions. For this very reason it was the more concentrated, the more poignant, in interpreting those special traits which were most significant of his epoch, and La Tour's glory is in no way dimmed when we affirm that certain natures wholly escaped him. For instance, he never grasped that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The salient characteristics of courtezans, dancers, and abbés were diametrically opposed to the earnestness of the Genevese philosopher. . . .

What then are the principal traits which La Tour has emphasized? Above all, gaiety—a gaiety made up of wit and sensuality easily satisfied. La Tour depicts a happy race of beings. All his portraits are smiling, but with this peculiarity: nothing commonplace ever spoils that expression, which more than any other of the human face is liable to become tiresome. Each smile has its own special character, its own individual meaning. Each is interesting in a different way by reason of the varying shades of suavity, of gentle rail-

lery, of shrewdness, or of voluptuous pleasure, and all bespeak the infinite variety of inward dreams. And these dreams are joyous because La Tour created his work at a period in the world's history when life was full of pleasure, when a realization of the delights of mind, heart, and senses was keenest. He himself enjoyed success, good fortune, and love, and, at least in the days of his vigorous manhood, before the failure and weakness of old age, he enjoyed his riches, albeit in the same superficial fashion, sceptical and sage, as that practised by his contemporaries.

In those upper classes of society from which La Tour took his models the world prided itself on its indifference. Enthusiasm was expressed only for art and for pleasure. There was no such thing as passion, scarcely a shadow of sentiment—only just enough to lend languor to lovely eyes. Nothing was taken seriously, not even war. Courteous and gay the men went to battle as to a ball, arrayed in an equal amount of finery. The women followed, provided with a whole arsenal of sweetmeats and frivolity. Powder, paint, patches, and furbelows—they carried with them as much ammunition for captivating hearts as did the men for fighting battles. . . .

Such was the society which La Tour portrayed, and it is the people who made up that society whom one sees at Saint-Quentin—light-hearted, beautiful, gallant and bantering, dainty and voluptuous. In their youth his women are bewitching; in their maturity they are gentle and adorable—all, even the least attractive among them, rendered charming by love.

La Tour was too completely the man of his time for his time to be other than subservient to him. From him women had no secrets; the loveliest of them completely surrendered themselves to him, and through him they have come down to us. Go then and visit them at Saint-Quentin! Not even their contemporaries found them more at their ease, more charming in their grace, more unreserved in their voluptuous beauty, nor did they receive from them glances more tender, more languishing, or more full of challenge. A whole century of love breathes from these fair faces whose beauty charms and enthralls our hearts—FROM THE FRENCH

W. E. HENLEY 'ART JOURNAL' 1887

LA TOUR was the Van Dyck of pastel—the Reynolds of the age of Louis XV. He had the public at his feet; when he gave a sitting he conferred a favor. His vogue was equal to his talent, which is saying much, for his talent was of the first order.

He was not so exquisite a poet as Watteau; he was neither so original a mind nor superlative a craftsman as Chardin; the fire and opulence and variety of Boucher—as of a Rubens debauched and demoralized—were beyond him. But he was himself, and in his way he was superior to all three.

In private life La Tour was capricious, tyrannical, preëminently vain; he was fond of money, women, good living, good company. He had a spice of the philosopher in him, he liked to air his ideas; he was addicted to the incoherent expression of those windy theories which were the spiritual manner of his generation. He treated his sitters as his obliged and humble servants;

refused to paint the Pompadour herself except on his own terms and in his own fashion; would talk reform to the very king; set what price he pleased upon his work, and refused to let things go till they were paid as he thought they deserved. His character was, in fine, a whole pageant of humors—a procession of qualities of every sort, some antic, some unpleasant, some ridiculous, some contemptible. But behind this flighty and changeful individuality there was an artist of singular talent and unrivaled accomplishment, endowed with an unalterable firmness of purpose, and with a sincerity and a conscientiousness that nothing could impair. La Tour, indeed, was great alike in draftsmanship and in color, in the management of draperies and accessories as in the perception and the presentation of character. More than that, he was his own severest critic, and would suffer nothing to leave his studio until he was content with it. His portraits are triumphs of conscious and intelligent art. He had reflected on the difference between art and nature, and his work is such an "expression of life" as it is given to not many to achieve.

MAURICE TOURNEUX 'LA TOUR'

LA TOUR'S rare pastels command prices to-day far beyond what their whimsical author would ever have dreamed of asking for them. His name is now familiar to all; his place in the foremost rank of the French school is no longer contested, and never was the epithet of "great magician," applied to him by Diderot, more completely justified. Magician he is indeed, by reason of the marvelous power of life which breathes from his portraits. . . .

In writing of his works exhibited at the Salon of 1767 Diderot says: "Undoubtedly one great merit of La Tour's portraits is that they are excellent likenesses; but this is neither their sole nor is it their chief merit. All the qualities of painting are to be found in them. The connoisseur admires them as does he who is ignorant, without ever having seen the personages they represent. Real flesh and blood—life itself—are in them.

"But why do we feel so surely that they are portraits? What is the difference between a head drawn from the artist's imagination and one that is from a living model? How can we say of one taken from life that it is well drawn, when one corner of the mouth goes up and the other goes down? When one of the eyes is smaller and lower than the other? When all the established rules of drawing are violated in the position, the size, the shape, and the proportion of the features? In La Tour's works is nature herself. They are the deliberate portrayal of her imperfections, as is seen every day in real life. This is not poetry; it is simply painting."

La Tour himself, moreover, betrayed to Diderot the secret of his constant preoccupation, and of his superiority over his predecessors and rivals, when he gave expression to the following wise reflections: "In nature, and consequently in art," he said, "there is no idle, meaningless creature; every living being has to suffer more or less from the cares and responsibilities of his circumstances, and to a greater or less degree bears the marks of his experience. The main point is, therefore, to note well those marks which life has left upon his face, so that in painting a king, a priest, a philosopher, or a street-porter, each may be as typical as possible of his station in life." . . .

In his large portraits La Tour did not fail to place the personages he was representing in appropriate settings. President Rieux and Madame de Pompadour are surrounded with objects indicative of their rank and their character; but generally speaking, the artist did not require any such settings as those to which Rigaud, Largillière, Nattier, de Troy, Tocqué, and Tournières sacrificed so much, and one would search in vain throughout his work for any allegories.

If in the modern French school La Tour is the most powerful interpreter of the human face, he is also the first in point of date who sought for and attained that realism of which Sainte-Beuve has said that it charms and interests serious minds whenever they find in the art it inspires style, feeling, and an ideal.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of La Tour

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADAME DE POMPADOUR' PLATE I

AT the Salon of 1755 La Tour exhibited but one pastel—the full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour here reproduced, for which he had received the then princely sum of 24,000 francs. Upon entering the room in the Louvre where this work now hangs, all eyes are at once attracted by its beauty. Madame de Pompadour, dressed in a rich robe of white satin covered with an elaborately flowered design in gold and various colors, with lace ruffles in her elbow-sleeves and bows of pale lavender ribbon in the front of her low-cut bodice, is seated beside a table on which are placed a globe, a number of volumes and engravings—all indicative of the tastes, at once serious and sentimental, of the favorite of Louis XV. In her hands she lightly holds a music-book, from whose pages she has turned as if attracted by some sound. Her head, with its short wavy hair and little curls arranged in rows, their blond tint scarce hidden beneath a slight covering of powder, is relieved against a background of light blue—the prevailing hue of this marvelous pastel, which Sainte-Beuve has called "a melody even more than a harmony."

"The beauty of the accessories, and the astonishing skill with which they are rendered," says Lady Dilke, "constitute the chief attraction of this celebrated portrait, for the head of the marquise herself recalls D'Argenson's criticism of her charms, 'blonde and white, but without distinctive features,' and not even the fair bloom in which La Tour's magic has enveloped his subject can prevent the woman herself from suffering eclipse. The pretty face of the favorite fades as we detail the lovely patterning of her skirts, read the titles of her books, and marvel at the exquisite perfection with which the instruments which indicate her various accomplishments are brought before us. . . . We have been told that 'art more than nature modeled the physiognomy of Madame de Pompadour,' and it is possibly due to the artificial

bearing and expression of his sitter that we miss in this—the greatest page which La Tour has left us, which may indeed be held to be the greatest triumph of his art—that air of reality and individuality which delights us in so many of his lesser works."

'MARIE-JOSÈPHE OF SAXONY, DAUPHINESS OF FRANCE' PLATE II

MARIE-JOSÈPHE, daughter of Augustus III., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was just past fifteen when, in February, 1747, she was married to the dauphin, son of Louis XV., King of France. Although not handsome, she was by no means unattractive in appearance. Her face, with its large blue eyes, full lips, and somewhat prominent nose, was offset by beautiful blond hair; unfortunately, her fair complexion was concealed, according to the fashion of the day, beneath a thick coating of paint.

Brought up in the art-loving atmosphere of the court of Saxony, Marie-Josèphe, young though she was, possessed discriminating taste in matters pertaining to art, and when it was proposed that her portrait should be painted, she selected La Tour for the task.

"Not in full dress, nor with all the decorations she was entitled to wear, do we see the dauphiness in La Tour's pastel of 1749," writes Casimir Stryienski, "but so modestly attired that although she has an air of distinction we should never suppose that she belonged to the court circle. Her simple gown of white Indian damask is trimmed with gold lace and bows of gray-blue ribbon, and on her head is a little cap with strings of the same shade of blue. A diamond decoration, the only insignia of royalty, is fastened to her bodice with a knot of pink. The face lacks animation, the expression is sad. Hanging as this portrait does in the Dresden Gallery as a pendant to La Tour's pastel of Marshal Saxe (see plate V), it seems cold by comparison with the look of life that animates the face of the soldier. This, however, is but an indication of the sincerity of La Tour's talent. He never gave his sitters conventional smiles, and therefore all the sorrow that then oppressed the heart of the princess, who was not beloved by her young husband, is here so truly rendered that the portrait becomes a psychological document epitomizing the sadness of the dauphiness during the early years of her residence in France."

'LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE' PLATE III

LA TOUR has here represented the king of France, Louis XV., in armor, wearing diagonally across his breast the blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost and suspended about his neck that of the Golden Fleece. Over his right shoulder is a mantle embroidered with fleurs-de-lis and richly edged and lined with ermine. His white powdered wig, tied with a ribbon at the back of the neck, contrasts with his dark eyes.

The portrait, while lacking in the quality of keen interpretation of character which stamps La Tour's renderings of less august personages, exemplifies the artist's admirable power of drawing, his attention to and finish of detail, and his complete mastery of technique. It hangs in the pastel collection in the Louvre, Paris, and measures twenty-five and a half inches high by twenty-one and a half inches wide.

'PORTRAIT OF MANELLI' PLATE IV

THIS portrait, now in the Museum of La Tour at Saint-Quentin, represents Manelli, leading buffoon in the troupe of Italian opera-singers whose appearance in Paris divided society there into two opposite factions. One of these factions, formed of Madame de Pompadour and all the great world, including royalty itself, declared in favor of French music, while the other, composed of true connoisseurs, men of taste and talent, enthusiastically embraced the cause of the foreigners. In such a division La Tour, as might be supposed, unhesitatingly placed himself in the ranks of the last-named party, and, as the Italian troupe was eventually banished by royal command, the exhibition at the Salon of 1753 of his portrait of Manelli was in a way an act of opposition to the king, wholly in conformity with the audacious artist's independent spirit.

No portrait by his hand is more characteristic of La Tour's genius than is this wonderful pastel of Manelli, in his blue coat ornamented with gold bands and buttons, his gay salmon-pink ribbons, and powdered wig fantastically arranged, and with his comical features distorted in a laughing grimace. So true to life, so representative of the class to which he belongs is his marvelously drawn face, that we feel the justice of the words of La Tour's contemporary, Du Plaquet, who declared that even if Manelli were divested of his theatrical costume and ridiculous wig, he would none the less remain unmistakably a typical Italian clown.

'PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL SAXE' PLATE V

COUNT MAURICE of Saxony, better known as Marshal Saxe, was born at Goslar, Germany, in 1696, and died in France, at the Château of Chambord, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. From his earliest youth he was a soldier, serving under Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession, and under Prince Eugene against the Turks. At twenty-four he entered the service of the French army, and was finally, in 1747, made marshal-general of France. His career was marked by a series of victories, among the most important of which were those of Fontenoy, Raucoux, and Laffeld. A handsome man and endowed with great powers of fascination, Maurice of Saxony was as typical of the age in which he lived as was the artist whose portrait of him is here reproduced. Indeed, as one of La Tour's biographers has said, "The conqueror of Fontenoy and the pastellist of Saint-Quentin were kindred spirits. Both were full of wit and imagination, fond of the fair sex, outspoken in their talk, and it may readily be imagined that when the marshal posed before La Tour's easel, the conversations which took place did not lack spice."

La Tour is known to have drawn several portraits of Marshal Saxe; one is in the Museum at Saint-Quentin, one is in the Louvre, another is in private possession, while the one here given is in the pastel room of the Royal Gallery, Dresden. In this striking portrait Maurice of Saxony wears a red coat bordered with brown fur. His blue eyes with their heavy brows, his powdered hair, well-formed nose and mouth, and lifelike expression are all rendered with a strength and justness which make this pastel one of the finest examples of La Tour's work.

'THE ABBÉ HUBER' PLATE VI

LA TOUR was at the zenith of his powers and success in 1742, the year in which he achieved that triumph of the art of pastel, the portrait of the Abbé Huber here reproduced. This famous work, regarded by many as the artist's masterpiece, is now in the Museum at Saint-Quentin. It measures two feet seven inches high by three feet three inches wide.

The Abbé Huber, a close friend of the artist's, is here represented in a dark gray coat and wearing a gray powdered wig. Seated on the edge of an armchair, he rests his elbow upon a table covered with greenish blue damask, as he peruses the pages of a thick volume bound in calf and with light red edges supported upon two large books before him. That the light from its candles may fall upon his page, a two-branched gilded candlestick has been placed upon a box close by, but so absorbed is the abbé in his reading that he is entirely unmindful of the flaring flame of one of the candles, and also of the fact that its mate has just gone out, and amidst a cascade of melted wax is sending forth from its wick ring after ring of dark smoke.

Such is the simple subject of this marvelously lifelike picture. "An abbé, a book, and two candles—of these," write the De Goncourts, "La Tour, with the beauty of truth and the charm of light, has created a masterpiece which raises a pastel almost to the plane of a Rembrandt."

'MARIE LECZINSKA, QUEEN OF FRANCE' PLATE VII

LA TOUR'S famous portrait of Marie Leczinska, the Polish princess who became the wife of Louis XV., King of France, was exhibited at the Salon of 1748, and is now in the Louvre, Paris.

"It is delicious in the soft and beautiful shading of the face," say the De Goncourts, "in the modeling of the tender flesh, the rendering of the delicate complexion—the complexion of a recluse—on which the light falls gently and which is brought into harmonious relation with the prevailing tone by little suggestions of pure yellow in the bluish notes of the half-tints. In the kindly expression of the face lurks a slight smile, skilfully rendered, which plays about the corners of the mouth. The light touch of the pastel, hardly more than a glazing of the crayon, so to speak, imparts to the whole head the transparency of living flesh. In the much-trimmed dress, all adorned with furbelows and ornaments intermingled with chenille, braid, gold, and frills of lace, marked at intervals with bunches of some kind of passementerie, the pastellist has achieved wonders in skill of execution."

This portrait of Marie Leczinska was regarded as the best of the many likenesses of the queen, and we are told that in painting his large state portrait of her, Vanloo copied the face from the pastel by La Tour.

'PORTRAIT OF LOUIS DE SILVESTRE' PLATE VIII

THIS famous pastel, now one of the treasures of the Museum at Saint-Quentin, was exhibited at the Salon of 1753, where it excited great admiration. It represents the painter Louis de Silvestre, director of the French Royal Academy in 1752.

The De Goncourts characterize this work as "an admirable study, in which art has with all sincerity faithfully portrayed the face of an old man—the clear cold tints of aged flesh, the delicate peach-like tone of the complexion, the furrows and wrinkles caused by an accumulation of years, the deep lines in the forehead, the loose flabbiness of the cheeks and chin, that absence of firmness in the features which is peculiar to old age—all this may be seen in the countenance of this octogenarian."

In addition to the strong modeling and vigorous handling of this portrait, it is interesting as an example of La Tour's consummate skill in the use of color. The pale lavender of the turban is brought into harmonious relation with the light blue of the dressing-gown by means of the touches of pinkish-gray which form a vague, flower-like pattern over its surface. An easel, on which is placed an unfinished canvas covered with blue sky, stands at one side. The whole is relieved against a dark gray background.

'LOUIS, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE' PLATE IX

LOUIS, dauphin of France, son of Louis XV., is shown in this portrait at the age of eight or ten. He wears a rose-colored coat crossed from right to left by the broad blue watered ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, the cross of the same order being fastened on his left side. His hair is powdered white, and is tied at the back with a bow of ribbon.

Born in 1729, the dauphin was married at sixteen to the youngest daughter of Philip V., King of Spain. By the death of this princess a year later, he was left a widower, and accordingly a second marriage was promptly arranged, the choice falling upon Marie-Josèphe of Saxony (see plate II). As he himself did not outlive the king, his father, the eldest of the three sons born of his second marriage succeeded to the title of dauphin and eventually to the throne of France as Louis XVI.

The pastel here reproduced measures twenty inches high by eighteen inches wide. It is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'TWO STUDIES OF HEADS' PLATE X

"IN their life and freshness," writes M. Louis Gonse, "nothing could be more precious nor more charming than La Tour's 'preparations'—those studies which he made directly from life, in all the enthusiasm of inspiration, and which, later, he used in constructing his finished portraits. It is in these spontaneous creations that his genius is seen to be unique, that it shines in all its force and brilliancy, with its inequalities, its daring ventures, and its irresistible and surprising beauties."

The two studies reproduced in plate X are among the most attractive of the many examples of La Tour's "preparations" in the Museum at Saint-Quentin. Drawn in crayon on blue paper measuring some fifteen inches high by twelve inches wide, these fair smiling faces are fascinating by reason of the strong yet delicate quality of life with which the artist in a few telling lines has endowed them.

No name has come down to us to reveal the identity of this woman, charm-

ing in her tranquil beauty, with her red lips curved in an inscrutable smile, her dark eyes and level brows, and gray powdered hair in which a touch of color is given by a knot of blue ribbon. Equally unknown is the young girl, and even more lovely. The soft, rosy flesh, the rounded outline of the face, the fair skin and slightly powdered hair, the look of innocent surprise, and here, too, the smile about the red lips, and reflected in the blue eyes with their delicately penciled dark brows,—all these La Tour has made immortal on this bit of faded blue paper with a few strokes of his magic pencil.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PASTELS BY LA TOUR IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

FRANCE. AIX, MUSEUM: The Duc de Villars — AMIENS, MUSEUM OF PICARDY: Portrait of La Tour (see page 148) — DIJON, MUSEUM: Portrait of La Tour — LAON, MUSEUM: President Hénault — PARIS, LOUVRE: Louis XV (Plate III); Marie Leczinska (Plate VII); Louis, Dauphin of France (Plate IX); Louis, Dauphin of France; Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Marshal Saxe; Mme. de Pompadour (Plate I); Ph. Orry, Comte de Vignory; The Painter Chardin; René Fremin; Portrait of La Tour — SAINT-QUENTIN, MUSEUM: The Abbé Huber (Plate VI); Grimod de la Reynière; Prince Xavier of Saxony; The Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson; Diogenes (study); Louis de Silvestre (Plate VIII); The Painter Vernezobre; Madame de la Pouplinière; Portrait of Dupeuch; Jean Monnet; Le Riche de La Pouplinière; Jean-Jacques Rousseau; François Dachery; Charles Parrocel; Portrait of Manelli (Plate IV); Charles Maron; Jean Restout; Study for Portrait of Dachery; De Neuville; Charles Duclos; Study of a Man; The Abbé Pommyer; The Abbé Le Blanc; Father Emmanuel; Marshal Saxe; The Economist Forbonnais; Young Girl with a Dove and Young Girl with a Crown (copies by La Tour of pastels by Rosalba Carriera); Boy Drinking (copy by La Tour of a picture by Murillo); Baroness Van Tuyll; A Head (copy by La Tour); Madame Boëtte de Saint-Leger; Louis, Dauphin of France; The Painter Chardin; Mlle. Puvigné; Study of a Head said to be Jean Monnet; Mme. Roussel (?); Sketch for Portrait of Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon; Christine of Saxony (?); M. de Julienne; Head of a Woman; An Unknown Man (sketch); Mme. Massé; The Duc de Bourgogne; Mme. du Barry (?); Prince Clement of Saxony; Study of Head of Unknown Woman (see plate X); Study of Head of Young Girl (see plate X); Study for Portrait of Bailiff of Breteuil; Study for Portrait of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Study for Portrait of Monmartel; The Dancer, Mlle. Camargo; Study for Portrait of Marie Leczinska; Eight Studies of Heads of Unknown Women; Study for Portrait of Mlle. Dangeville; Mlle. Clairon; Portrait of La Tour; Mlle. Fel (study); Three Studies of Heads; Study for Portrait of Louis XV.; Study for Portrait of Mme. de Pompadour; Six Studies of Heads of Unknown Men; The Actress Mme. Favart (study); Study for Portrait of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Jean Le Rond d'Alembert; Marshal of Löwendal (?); Study for Portrait of Mme. Rougeau; Study for Portrait of Mme. de Pompadour; The Dauphiness and the Duc de Bourgogne — GERMANY. DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Marie-Josèphe of Saxony (Plate II); Marshal Saxe (Plate V) — SWITZERLAND. GENEVA, MUSEUM: Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

La Tour Bibliography

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MASTERS IN ART

Signorelli

UMBRO-FLORENTINE SCHOOL

Uof

SIGNORELLI
HOLY FAMILY
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

SIGNORELLI
PORTRAIT OF A MAN
BERLIN GALLERY

Mau

SIGNORELLI
ANNUNCIATION
CATHEDRAL, VOLTERRA

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI
[177]

SIGNORELLI
ANNUNCIATION
CATHEDRAL, VOLTERRA

M10U

UofM

SIGNORELLI
THE PREACHING OF ANTICHRIST
CATHEDRAL, ORVIETO

ISO

SIGNORELLI
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD
CATHEDRAL, ORVIETO

Mau

SIGNORELLI
THE INFERNO
CATHEDRAL, ORVIETO

SIGNORELLI
THE CROWNING OF THE ELECT
CATHEDRAL, ORVIETO

UofM

SIGNORELLI
DEAD CHRIST UPHELD BY ANGELS
CHURCH OF SAN NICCOLÒ, CORTONA

Scanned with CamScanner

SIGNORELLI
DEPOSITION
CATHEDRAL, CORTONA

PORTRAIT OF SIGNORELLI BY HIMSELF — MUSEUM, ORVIETO

Signorelli seems to have tossed off this portrait of himself and his friend Niccolò Francesco in some leisure hour at Orvieto. It is painted with broad, swift strokes on a tile. The two heads stand out in brown flesh-tones against a grayish-white background. Luca wears a black cap and cloak; his friend is dressed in dark purplish brown. Beneath the figures are discernible in white paint the inscriptions, "Luca" and "Nicolaus."

Luca d' Egidio di Ventura Signorelli

BORN 1441(?) : DIED 1523
UMBRO-FLORENTINE SCHOOL

IN the case of Signorelli, as well as the majority of the great painters of the Italian Renaissance, the materials for a biographical sketch are scanty. The sources are, in the first place, documents such as the town records of his native Cortona, of Città di Castello, or of the architectural commission for the cathedral at Orvieto; and secondly, Vasari's biography. The latter account is of more than usual interest. The Aretine biographer was a distant relative of the artist, and had seen him once, at least, in childhood. Hence his characterizations, and the few anecdotes he gives, have the value of personal recollections.

Luca Signorelli (pronounced Seen-yo-rel'le) was born at Cortona, probably in 1441.[1] Vasari calls him the son of a sister of Lazzaro dei Taldi, his own great-grandfather. He tells us that the uncle Lazzaro was a great painter, the intimate of Piero della Francesca, "from whose works those of Lazzaro could scarcely be distinguished;" and we are thus left to infer that it was a representative of the Vasari family who by his own early instructions, and by choosing for Luca the master Piero della Francesca, had the determining influence in the boy Luca's artistic career. But later criticism has first destroyed Lazzaro's fame as an artist, reducing him to a mere decorator of saddles, and then shown that it was not his sister who had the honor of bringing Luca into the world but rather a certain Bartolommea Schiffi. That the painter was in some way connected with the Vasari family even the latest biographer, Mancini, does not deny; and this kinship, probably remote, with the fact that Luca was certainly the pupil of Piero della Francesca, forms the kernel of fact in Vasari's account of the painter's youth.

The fact of Luca's apprenticeship under Piero della Francesca is witnessed not only by Vasari, but by an older writer, the mathematician Fra Luca Pacioli. He, too. had studied under Francesca, and alludes to our painter as

[1] This account is based in the main on Miss Cruttwell's first chapter. In cases of documentary evidence for dates or facts of Signorelli's personal or political life, Mancini has been followed.

"Luca, the worthy disciple of our master, Piero." It is probable that the young disciple assisted in the frescos of Piero in San Francesco at Arezzo, and Crowe and Cavalcaselle, followed by Mancini, even go so far as to point out figures by Luca's hand in the lunette containing the 'Death of Adam.' However this may be, the style of Luca's earlier paintings (for example, the 'Flagellation' in the Brera) bears out the literary evidence of Piero's influence.

From the paintings, also, may be inferred an influence of Antonio Pollajuolo (Mancini alone is unwilling to admit such an influence) so strong as to render it probable that Signorelli spent some time in Florence during his youth. The suggestion has also been made that at a somewhat later period he worked there for a time as an associate in the shop of Perugino. The supposition seems not improbable, when one considers the group of paintings which shows the hand of both masters, in very nearly equal proportions. The best-known example of this group is perhaps the 'Crucifixion' in the Uffizi, coming from the church of La Calza. Vasari, however, mentioned only a single visit to Florence, which must have taken place in the painter's early maturity, for during that visit he was treated as an honored friend by Lorenzo de' Medici, to whom he presented the 'Pan' (plate 1) now in the Berlin Gallery.

The close of the formative period of his life, the records of which are scanty, and for which no dated paintings exist, may be placed roughly in 1480. In 1479 he appears for the first time in the public life of his town; his first dated work was finished in 1484. To the early period may be assigned, on grounds of style, the 'Flagellation' in the Brera, a Madonna from the church of Santa Maria del Mercato in Fabriano (in the same gallery), and the powerful apostle-frescos of the Casa Santa at Loreto. Besides this commission from Loreto, an existing document speaks of an order from Città di Castello in 1474. Hence the painter was already known outside his own home.

From 1479 on he constantly held influential offices in Cortona, as Prior, or member of the Council of Eighteen. As Miss Cruttwell says, "His official life began in a time of tumult and bloodshed. It was the year after the failure of the Pazzi conspiracy, and all around Cortona were pitched the camps of the rival troops of Pius II. [*sic;* the Pope at this time was Innocent VIII.] and the excommunicated Florentines. Cortona itself, as a frontier town of the Medici, was in the very center of the fray; and besides these more important quarrels, there were the incessant internal bickerings between the nobles and the populace, which, at that time, divided every Italian city against itself. Altogether, the position of magistrate in such a town, at such a time, could have been no sinecure, and it is difficult to understand how the hard-working painter could have found time or inclination to accept the citizen's duties, which were so weighty an occupation in themselves."

Shortly after this entrance to official life comes, as we have said, his first dated picture, the Perugia altar-piece, finished in 1484. Whether or not he visited Rome in this year has long been a mooted question. Vasari relates that he was summoned with Perugino, Pintoricchio, Botticelli, and Cosimo Rosselli to decorate the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and that two frescos, one rep-

resenting the last words of Moses and the other the death of Moses, are by his hand. Vasari's statement is on the face of it incorrect, for the two scenes of which he speaks are combined in a single fresco, that on the extreme left as one enters. This one, however, has by general consent been attributed to Signorelli. But Crowe and Cavalcaselle, while considering the composition Signorelli's, attribute the execution to another hand, and of late years the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the fresco was both conceived and executed by another painter, and that no work of Signorelli's remains in the Sistine Chapel. Mancini has come forward with the theory that not only is the fresco in question, the 'Last Days and Death of Moses,' largely by Signorelli, but that certain figures in Perugino's 'Christ Delivering the Keys to St. Peter' are by the hand of the master from Cortona.

In 1488 we find Signorelli again painting in Città di Castello a banner, now lost, for the Company of the Blessed Virgin, and such was the applause won by the picture that he was accorded the honor, long coveted, of citizenship in that town. The steady growth of his reputation is indicated by the invitation which in 1491 he received (and refused) to take part in the commission to judge the models for the façade of the Cathedral at Florence. Important orders now pour in on him from all directions. In 1491 he was at Volterra, painting the 'Annunciation' and two other pictures still preserved there. In 1497 the monks of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, the convent that stands like a lonely fortress on its rock-spur in the desolate hill-country near Asciano, invited him to decorate their cloister. The walls were to have related the story of St. Benedict, in thirty-six scenes. Of these Luca painted nine (one is now almost destroyed), leaving the rest to be completed by Sodoma. Here, for the first time, he had opportunity to try his hand at a great historical series. Though the critics judge them crude and harsh in color, and not of the highest order as decoration, they reveal a dramatic force and power of representing action which must have confirmed and heightened the reputation already formed upon his altar-pieces, and they probably had weight in bringing him his next important commission — that on which his fame with posterity chiefly rests.

For it was in 1499 that the authorities of the Cathedral at Orvieto finally decided to intrust to him the decoration of the Chapel of San Brizio, begun fifty-two years before by Fra Angelico.

The Florentine artist had finished two triangles of the vaulting. But six other compartments of the ceiling, the four great wall-spaces, and the two broad, semicircular bands over door and window still remained vacant, awaiting an artist who, in the opinion of the authorities, should be able to complete them worthily. They had already refused the work to Benozzo Gozzoli, the older master's assistant, and had tried in vain to secure Perugino. Less confident of Signorelli than of the popular Umbrian master, they at first contracted with him only for the completion of the vaulting. Reassured by his success, in the following year they gave the whole chapel into his hands, and for four years he labored there intermittently. Many of the decorative details he left to assistants, but the scenes of the six upper wall-spaces he completed

with his own hands. Nowhere else in the history of Italian painting, perhaps nowhere in all art, with the exception of the French cathedral façades, has the drama of Doom and Judgment been rendered so comprehensively, and with such perfect unity of spiritual conception and formal design. That his contemporaries and immediate followers appreciated the greatness of his triumph is proved by Vasari's eulogies, and by a curious Latin inscription written by his friend, Niccolò Francesco, the treasurer of the commission which had accorded him the work. It may be seen to-day on the back of the portrait sketch of Luca and Niccolò in the Museum at Orvieto.

During the years in which Signorelli worked at Orvieto, he found time to produce several altar-pieces. Among them is the 'Deposition' (plate x) at Cortona, which bears the date 1502. After the completion of the great fresco-cycle there remained to him nineteen years of vigorous work as artist and citizen. We find his name constantly on the list of the Priors and Councillors at Cortona; again and again he is a member of the Board of Inspectors for the Church of Santa Margherita; in 1508 he is sent as one of the ambassadors to welcome the Medici on their return to Florence; in 1517 he is appointed to an embassy in Rome, an office which he declines. To this period belong some of his finest altar-pieces: the 'Entombment' in San Niccolò at Cortona, the 'Communion of the Apostles' in the cathedral of the same town, the 'Deposition' at Umbertide, the 'Madonna and Saints' in the Museum at Arezzo. In 1508, too, he was at work in the Vatican, on the frescos which, but a few years later, were sacrificed to make room for Raphael's paintings in the Stanze. In 1523, the very year of his death, he completed the altar-piece at Foiano, and received a commission from the Priors of Cortona for a 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' to be placed in the chapel of their palace.

The glimpses we have of his private life are but few. We know that he was married, and had two sons and two daughters. During his work in Orvieto his family was visited by the pest, and from that or other cause he lost his oldest son, Antonio. The other son, Piero Tommaso, and one of the daughters survived him. Beyond these bare facts are two sources which flash a light on the spirit of the man. One is the will of his wife, who died before him, in 1506. After the usual bequests, she "said, affirmed and confessed" that her "husband Luca had always borne himself toward her with kindliness, graciousness, conjugal affection, and benevolence, and that, not wishing to fall into the sin of ingratitude, she left him the usufruct of all her worldly goods, even if he should marry a second or a third time." No testimony to his character as a husband could be better than the evident sincerity of these words. The other is a personal memory of Vasari's, which is so charming in its naïveté that I transcribe it entire. "This work (the 'Madonna and Saints,' ordered by the Compagnia of San Girolamo of Arezzo) was carried from Cortona to Arezzo on the shoulders of the men of that company, and Luca, old as he was, decided to come too, partly to see it put in place, and partly to revisit his friends and relatives. He lodged in the Vasari home, so that I, who was then a little child, remember well the good old man, so gracious in manner, and exquisite in his personal appearance. When he heard from the tutor, who was then teaching me to read

and write, that in school I would not do anything but draw figures, I remember how he turned to Antonio, my father, and said 'Antonio, since Georgio is a true son of your house, have him learn to draw. Even if he gives some thought to other study, the drawing is always useful for any gentleman, and cannot fail to bring him honor and to be of service to him.' Then he turned to me, as I stood there quite straight before him, and said 'Learn, little kinsman, learn.' . . . And when he heard that at that time I suffered a good deal from nosebleeds, so severe that they left me half-dead, with his own hand he very tenderly hung a jasper about my neck. This memory of Luca will forever remain fixed in my mind."

The Art of Signorelli

MAUD CRUTTWELL 'SIGNORELLI'

TIME has spared us many of Signorelli's paintings, and in the study of these we get insight into his nature and his aims.

By good fortune he was placed as a child to study painting under Piero della Francesca, who was of all men most able to bring out in his pupils the finer instincts and nobler qualities of their genius. By his guidance and example, no doubt, Signorelli cultivated his natural breadth of conception and of treatment, which gave grandeur and impressive solemnity to all his works, besides acquiring the technical excellences of good drawing, solid modeling, and the broad massing of the shadows, which are so characteristic of Piero's own painting. The spirit of master and pupil was fundamentally alike, the chief points of dissimilarity in their work arising from minor divergences of temperament. Both were men of robust mind, with a message of resolute purpose to deliver. Both chose to express themselves through the medium of the human form in its most vigorous aspects, and were, therefore, preoccupied with mastering its structure. But while Piero, with a serene nature, chose to represent unemotional figures like the sculptures of the ancient Egyptians, the restless and impetuous spirit of Signorelli preferred scenes of violent action and energetic movement.

It was, perhaps, the entire affinity of their temperaments, as well as his passion for anatomical study, which led him to choose his second master in a man whose taste for realism and interest in the action of muscle and movement of limb was as keen as his own. On Antonio Pollajuolo, even more than on Piero della Francesca, had fallen the mantle of Paolo Uccello's investigating spirit. As the latter gave all his attention to applying the laws of perspective to landscape and figures, so the efforts of Pollajuolo were concentrated in giving freedom to the limbs. Great anatomist though he was, Piero was not so ardent a lover of the nude for its own sake as the Florentine, and the problems of movement have little interest for him, whereas in the most characteristic work of Pollajuolo it is evident that the scenes are chosen to display

the muscles in tense prominence, and the limbs in violent action or unusual posture. With precisely the same interest in the human structure and its movements, it is no wonder that Signorelli caught so much of his style and mannerisms. The influence of Antonio Pollajuolo is stronger than any other in the development of his actual work, and is visible in all his paintings up to the last in greater or less degree, but only less important is that of Donatello, to whom Antonio himself owed so much. Forty years before the birth of Signorelli, Donatello had been able to carve the human form with absolute perfection of anatomy, and not only that, but to endow it with freedom of limb and overflowing life. . . . The two artists had much in common in their confident self-reliance and almost arrogant buoyancy of nature, which was the true Renaissance expression, and the outward sign of its immense strength. Signorelli caught and revived the very essence of Donatello's spirit — the love of bodily life in its most hopeful and vigorous manifestation. It is significant that the swaggering posture, which became such a special feature of his painting, should have originated with Donatello. Donatello was, before all things, a realist, and it was probably the habitual attitude of the cavalry soldier of the day, accustomed to straddle over the broad back of his war-horse, but there is little doubt that it was adopted by Signorelli from the 'St. George' of Or San Michele, and perhaps half-unconsciously signified to him — what that statue as well embodies—the confident spirit of youth and strength. . . . With Signorelli, the attitude became the key-note of his resolute, indomitable nature, and so much a part of his work that one is apt to forget it did not originate with him.

Although the character and aims of the two men were so entirely different, yet to Perugino Signorelli owed much in his methods of producing the feeling of free space, and the life and movement of the atmosphere. Perugino's greatest gift to art was this power of rendering the magic of the sun-warmed air and the sense of illimitable distance. He gave to his landscapes space and depth, the gentle stir of the wind, and the golden shimmer of the sunshine. Signorelli also learned this power of presenting the life of hill and tree and sky, and some of his effects of distance have the space and grandeur almost of nature herself. He also, like Perugino, could detach his figures from the background, and send the line of hills receding back to the horizon. Signorelli owes to him, besides, certain superficial characteristics, such as the fluttering scarfs and ribbon-like draperies, and the upturned face with ecstatic eyes. . . .

From these four great artists Signorelli learned what each had best to give, and assimilated and made it his own, with unerring instinct for its virtue in aiding his own specific qualities. . . .

As we have seen, Luca's chief interest, like that of Pollajuolo, lay in the effort to render movement of limb with facility, and therefore his attention was concentrated on the muscles and their action. We do not know how long he studied anatomy from the dead and living model in the Florentine workshop, nor have we any examples of his gradual development, for when he first appears before us in his earliest remaining work, the 'Flagellation,' of the Brera, he is already the master who has conquered all the difficulties of mus-

cular movement, and surpassed even Antonio Pollajuolo in freedom of gesture and correct anatomy.

It is not till later, however, that the most important advance he made on previous painting first begins to show itself — the power, namely, of rendering combined action, of working the limbs of a crowd into a single movement. This is Signorelli's special achievement, on the merits of which he takes rank with the most important masters of the quattrocento as a pioneer and teacher. Great as was Pollajuolo's command over gesture and action, it was limited to the combination of two single figures only, while with Signorelli the action of the single figure is held subordinate to that of the multitude. He gives the stately march of an army, as in the Umbertide predella, and the Monte Oliveto fresco; the writhings of innumerable figures, like heaps of coiled serpents, as in the 'Damnation' of Orvieto; the rush of a violent mob, stirred by a common impulse, as in the Florence and Cortona 'Betrayals.' . . . To Luca belongs the merit of having endowed painting with the same freedom of combined movement which Donatello had given to sculpture.

Unlike Botticelli, he is consistently a lover of energy all through his life, and, as the source of energy, of strength and vigorous health. His grand conception of the body is one of the chief characteristics of his work. Strong and stately, it is a fit receptacle for the spirit of resolution and self-confidence with which he animates it. His Virgins are like goddesses, and seem to typify for him the strength of womanhood. Nowhere do we see nobler beauty than in his angels and archangels. In these "divine birds" he seems to have realized the ideal of all he strove for, and their wings are symbols to him of swift movement and superhuman strength. It was always strength that attracted him, and strength conscious of its own force, finding its expression in exuberant animation. Thus he loves to paint the swaggering soldiers, whose attitudes express their audacious self-reliance. He gives the luxuriant life of nature as no one else gave it, and his trees and plants are as robust and unyielding as his firmly-planted figures. His angels' wings are not merely decorative, but have real power of muscle under the plumes to lift the body and bear it aloft without fatigue.

He was a lover of beauty, but it was not for beauty he strove, or we should not so often find bits of realistic ugliness to risk the harmony of his noblest paintings. Grace and charm seem to have come to him unsought, as natural adjuncts of a vigorous and healthy nature; but his deliberate choice of types of face and form were those which, by their strength, promised satisfaction to his love of energetic action. From the first this tendency is noticeable, for example, in the above-mentioned 'Flagellation,' and the Loreto 'Conversion of Paul,' and goes on increasing till it reaches a climax in the frescos of Orvieto.

Once one has grasped the main motive of Signorelli's work, his preoccupation with movement, and consequently with the muscles, his frequent faults and inequalities in other respects become, as faults of inattention, less incomprehensible. For example, his values of distance are often faulty, and give the unpleasant sensation of one figure standing on top of another — a defect of

carelessness, for no one is a better master of aërial perspective when he chooses. Again, his hands and feet are often incorrectly drawn, and badly modeled, but it is only when they are not essential to the action; for although the drawing of the hands and feet is always his weakest point, yet even in his early painting, the 'Flagellation,' he has already mastered some of their greatest difficulties of foreshortening. The recognition of the intention in a man's work enables one to dispense with much adverse criticism in detail. It would be wearisome to reiterate the faults of drawing in each picture when we come to deal with them separately, and it is better to recognize in the outset that, in pursuit of a certain definite end, Signorelli is careless of what seems to him unessential at the moment.

Thus in dealing with him as a colorist we have to bear in mind that it was by line and modeling chiefly that his effects of movement were obtained. To be over-critical of the shortcomings of his color, therefore, would be as foolish as to miss the charm of Bonifazio's splendid harmonies in abuse of some defect of drawing. Sometimes, in fact, Signorelli gains his end by the very crudeness and heaviness for which he is generally condemned, the sharp contrasts giving a rugged strength to his painting, and the copper color of the flesh adding robustness to the figures.

It would, however, be unjust to speak as if his color were always, or even generally, crude and harsh. On the contrary, in landscape it is invariably beautiful; and he uses certain golden and moss greens in foliage and grass and a limpid greenish-blue in water which are most harmonious. Sometimes it is gorgeous, and in nearly all his early paintings there is a beauty of red and soft green, and a warmth of golden glow of great depth and tenderness. . . .

It is, as I have said, by form rather than by color that Signorelli obtains his best effects. He is a superb linealist, . . . and one is inclined to wish he had oftener used outline, in the manner of Piero della Francesca. His line is firm and clear, simple and structural, of unerring sweep and accuracy, as we see in his numerous predella paintings; but even more remarkable is the wonderful plastic quality of his modeling. By this he makes us realize better than anyone before him the tenseness of sinew, the resistance of hard muscle, and the supple elasticity of flesh, giving a solidity and weight to his forms that make them impressive as grand sculptures.

As an illustrator Signorelli is most unequal: brilliant and dramatic when the subject appealed to his taste, as in the Orvieto frescos; often weak, as in his treatment of sacred scenes. He was essentially a religious painter, but in the widest sense of the word, and he does not seem to have felt the dignity and significance of many of the scenes in the life of Christ. When he has to paint Him bound to the pillar, or nailed to the cross, submissive to scourging and insult, his interest seems to wander from what should be the central figure, and fixes itself on two or three of the minor actors, to whom he gives the importance he should have concentrated on the Christ. The painter *con amore* of arrogant strength, he seems to have little in common with meekness and humility that bow the head to scourging and martyrdom. Thus in nearly all his 'Crucifixions' the central figure is ignoble in type and expression, and in the 'Flag-

ellations' of the Brera and of Morra is entirely without dignity, even ignominious. This is curious when we consider that, even more than of arrogant strength, Signorelli was the painter of stately and noble beauty.

Again, it seems as if he cared only to represent figures of powerful maturity, for there is a complete lack of sympathy in his painting of children. With one or two exceptions, his child Christs are half-animal little beings, more like tiny satyrs than human beings, though not without a certain pathos in their very ugliness. In a picture of as great beauty and tender feeling as the 'Holy Family,' of the Rospigliosi Collection, for example, the Child is more animal than human. . . . In composing his Holy Families his attention is centered on the Virgin, the strong woman he loved to paint; but the Child he seems to feel as an accessory to be executed because the Church has ordered it, and he so puts it in without thought of all it meant and typified. But though he sometimes falls short as an interpreter of the Church's intention, the impressive grandeur of his work is in itself intensely religious, and he makes us feel most solemnly the dignity of nature, and especially of the human form. . . . One is, however, even in religious pictures, sometimes too aware of the student and the realist. His dead Christs, for example, were obviously copied exactly as the corpses lay or hung in his studio. The St. Onofrio of the Perugia altarpiece stood just so, a half-starved street beggar, with baggy skin over rheumatic joints. The angel in the same picture, chosen, perhaps, for its grace of face, must be reproduced exactly as the child sat, with weak limbs and ungainly body. Each figure is a truthful study from life, and it was that which interested the painter, and not that he was representing saints and angels whose noble beauty was supposed to elevate the mind to a state of worship.

Yet with all his realistic treatment, he was intensely alive to the graces of decoration, both in general lines and in detail. In the frescos of Loreto, and more particularly of Orvieto, the mere scheme of decoration is superb, and adds beauty and distinction to every subtle line of the architecture. He pays attention, also, to minor details of decorative effect, and takes pains with the ornaments and embroideries; while his use of gold, and embossing with gesso, add much to the esthetic charm of his work, and proves (*sic*) that he could, when necessary, subordinate his love of realism to his sense of beauty.

Before summing up the chief qualities of Signorelli's work, I must not omit one characteristic which points to the strength of his personality—the way he repeats his own types (and not types only, but precisely the same forms) time after time, and often after the lapse of many years. . . . He was also most faithful to his own type of limb or feature, especially those in which Morelli has taught us to look for similarity. The fleshy ear, with its slightly pointed top, is nearly invariable, as also is the broad hand, with its little-outlined nails and thick wrists.

In glancing rapidly over the whole of Signorelli's work, consistency to an absorbing interest is the note struck again and again. He has set himself from the first a task—the mastery of the human structure and its movements; and with the resolution and perseverance of a strong nature, he never swerves from his purpose. This is the conscious aim and intention of the artist. What

he was able to give to the world, of nobility and dignity—a wider and healthier conception of nature and her power and beauty—was the message of his genius, of which he himself was unconscious, but which spoke all the more forcibly for the learning acquired by hard application and earnest effort. In a detailed study of his painting, it may be that the student of anatomy and the realist often assert themselves; but as grand figure after grand figure has passed before the mind, the general impression is solemn and ennobling. "To no other contemporary painter," says Morelli, "was it given to endow the human frame with a like degree of passion, vehemence, and strength." To this we may add that no other painter has ever conceived Humanity with the same stately grandeur, and in the same broad spirit. The confident strength of youth, the stern austerity of middle life, the resolute solemnity of old age—these are his themes. Signorelli is, before all, the painter of the dignity of human life.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

TO a sense for tactile values scarcely less than Giotto's, Luca added Masaccio's or Piero della Francesca's command over action. In this, indeed, he almost rivaled his own teacher in that art and its unparalleled master, Antonio Pollajuolo. Great artist he would have been with these qualities alone, but for him they were means to an end, and that end . . . was his joy in the nude. . . .

The nude human figure is the only object which in perfection conveys to us values of touch and particularly of movement. Hence the painting of the nude is the supreme endeavor of the very greatest artist, and, when successfully treated, the most life-communicating and life-enhancing theme in existence. The first modern master to appreciate this truth in its utmost range, and to act upon it, was Michelangelo, but in Signorelli he had not only a precursor, but almost a rival. Luca, indeed, falls behind only in his dimmer perception of the import of the nude and in his mastery over it. For his entire treatment is drier, his feeling for texture and tissue of surface much weaker, and the female form revealed itself to him but reluctantly. Signorelli's nude, therefore, does not attain to the soaring beauty of Michelangelo's; but it has virtues of its own—a certain gigantic robustness and suggestions of primeval energy.

The reason why, perhaps, he failed somewhat in his appreciation of the nude may be, not "that the time was not ripe for him," as is often said, but rather that he was a Central Italian—which is almost as much as to say an illustrator. Preoccupied with the purpose of conveying ideas and feelings by means of his own visual images, he could not devote his complete genius to the more essential problems of art. . . .

But a truce to his faults! What though his nudes are not perfect; what though—as in candor must be said—his color is not always as it should be, a glamour upon things, and his composition is at times crowded and confused? Luca Signorelli nevertheless remains one of the grandest—mark you, I do not say pleasantest—illustrators of modern times. His vision of the world

may seem austere, but it is already ours. His sense of form is our sense of form; his images are our images. Hence he was the first to illustrate our own house of life. Compare his designs for Dante (frescoed under his 'Heaven' and 'Hell' at Orvieto) with even Botticelli's, and you will see to what an extent the great Florentine artist still visualizes as an alien from out of the Middle Ages, while Signorelli estranges us, if at all, not by his quaintness, but by his grand austerity.

It is as a great illustrator first, and then as a great artist, that we must appreciate Signorelli. And now let us look at a few of his works—works which reveal his mastery over the nude and action, his depth and refinement of emotion, the splendor of his conceptions. How we are made to feel the murky bewilderment of the risen dead, the glad, sweet joy of the blessed, the forces overwhelming the damned! It would not have been possible to communicate such feelings but for the nude, which possesses to the highest degree the power to make us feel, all over our own bodies, its own state. In these frescos at Orvieto how complete a match for the "Dies Iræ" are the skies, with their overshadowing trains of horror, and the trumpet-blasts of the angels! What high solemnity in his Volterra 'Annunciation' (plate IV)— the flaming sunset sky, the sacred shyness of the Virgin, the awful look of Gabriel! At Cortona, in an 'Entombment,' you see Christ upheld by a great angel who has just alighted from a blessed sphere, its majesty still on his face, its dew on his wings. Look at Signorelli's musical angels in a cupola at Loreto. Almost they are French Gothic in their witchery, and they listen to their own playing as if to charm the most secret spirit out of their instruments. And you can see what a sense Signorelli had for refined beauty, if, when sated with Guido's 'Aurora,' you will rest your eyes on a Madonna by him in the same pavilion of the Rospigliosi Palace.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

SIGNORELLI made his mark by boldness, pushing experiment almost beyond the verge of truth, and approaching Michelangelo in the hardihood of his endeavor to outdo nature. Vasari says of him that "even Michelangelo imitated the manner of Luca, as every one sees;" and indeed Signorelli anticipated the greatest master of the sixteenth century, not only in his profound study of human anatomy, but also in his resolution to express high thought and tragic passion by pure form, discarding all the minor charms of painting. Trained in the severe school of Piero della Francesca, he early learned to draw the nude with boldness and accuracy, and to this point, too much neglected by his predecessors, he devoted the full powers of his maturity. Anatomy he practised, according to the custom of those days, in the graveyard or beneath the gibbet. . . . Lifelong study of perspective in its application to the drawing of the figure made the difficulties of foreshortening and the delineation of brusque attitude mere child's-play to this audacious genius. The most rapid movement, the most perilous contortion of bodies falling through the air or flying, he depicted with hard, firmly-traced, unerring outline. If we dare criticize the productions of a master so original and so ac-

complished, all we can say is that Signorelli reveled almost too wantonly in the display of hazardous posture, and that he sacrificed the passion of his theme to the display of science. Yet his genius comprehended great and tragic subjects, and to him belongs the credit in an age of ornament and pedantry of having made the human body a language for the utterance of all that is most weighty in the thought of man. . . .

In the full plenitude of his power, at the age of sixty, he undertook to paint on the walls of the Chapel of San Brizio at Orvieto the images of Doomsday, Resurrection, Heaven, and Hell. It is a gloomy chapel in the Gothic cathedral of that forlorn papal city—gloomy by reason of bad lighting, but more so because of the terrible shapes with which Signorelli has filled it. In no other work of the Italian Renaissance, except in the Sistine Chapel, has so much thought, engaged upon the most momentous subjects, been expressed with greater force, by means more simple, and with effect more overwhelming. Architecture, landscape, and decorative accessories of every kind, the usual padding of the quattrocento pictures, have been discarded from the main compositions. The painter has relied solely on his power in imagining and delineating the human form in every attitude, and under the most various conditions. Darting like hawks or swallows through the air, huddling together to shun the outpoured vials of the wrath of God, writhing with demons on the floor of Hell, struggling into new life from the clinging clay, standing beneath the footstool of the Judge, floating with lute and viol on the winds of Paradise, kneeling in prayer, or clasping inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure forever—these multitudes of living beings, angelic, diabolic, bestial, human, crowd the huge spaces of the chapel walls. What makes the impression of controlling doom the more appalling is that we comprehend the drama in its several scenes, while the chief actor, the divine Judge, at whose bidding the cherubs sound their clarions and the dead arise, and weal and woe are portioned to the saved and damned, is himself unrepresented. We breathe in the presence of embodied consciences, submitting, like our own, to an unseen inevitable will.

It would be doing Signorelli injustice at Orvieto to study only these great panels. The details with which he has filled all the vacant spaces above the chapel stalls and around the doorway throw new light upon his power. The ostensible motive for this elaborate decoration is contained in the portraits of six poets, who are probably Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Horace, Ovid, and Dante, *il sesto tra cotanto senno* (the sixth mid this great company). But the portraits themselves, though vigorously conceived and remarkable for bold foreshortening, are the least part of the whole design. Its originality consists in the arabesques, medallions, and chiaroscuro bas-reliefs where the human form, treated as absolutely plastic, supplies the sole decorative element. The pilasters of the doorway, for example, are composed after the usual type of Italian *grotteschi*, in imitation of antique candelabra, with numerous stages for the exhibition of the artist's fancies. Unlike the work of Raphael in the Loggie, these pilasters of Signorelli show no birds or beasts, no flowers or foliage, fruits or fauns, no masks or sphinxes. They are crowded with naked men, drinking,

dancing, leaning forward, twisting themselves into strange attitudes, and adapting their bodies to the several degrees of the framework. The same may be said of the arabesques around the portraits of the poets, where men, women, and children, some complete, some ending in foliage or fish-tails, are lavished with a wild and terrible profusion. Hippogriffs and centaurs, sirens and dolphins, are here used as adjuncts to humanity. Amid this fantastic labyrinth of twisted forms we find medallions painted in chiaroscuro, with subjects taken chiefly from Ovidian and Dantesque mythology. Here every attitude of men in combat has been studied from the nude, and multitudes of figures, draped and undraped, are compressed into the briefest compass. All but the human form is sternly eliminated, and the body itself is treated with a mastery and a boldness that prove Signorelli to have held its varied capabilities firmly in his brain. He could not have worked out all these pictures from the living model. He played freely with his immense stores of knowledge, but the pastime was the pastime of a Prometheus. Each pose, however hazardous, carries conviction with it of sincerity and truth; the life and the liberty of nature reign throughout. From the whole maze of interlaced and wrestling figures the terrible nature of the artist's genius shines forth. They are almost all strong men, in the prime or past the prime of life, chosen for their salient display of vital structure.

Signorelli was the first, and, with the exception of Michelangelo, the last painter thus to use the body, without sentiment, without voluptuousness, without any second intention whatsoever, as the supreme decorative principle. In his absolute sincerity, he made, as it were, a parade of hard and rugged types, scorning to introduce an element of beauty, whether sensuous or ideal, that should distract him from the study of the body in and for itself. This distinguishes him, in the arabesques of Orvieto, alike from Mantegna and Michelangelo, from Correggio and Raphael, from Titian and Paolo Veronese.

This point is so important for its bearing on Renaissance art that I may be permitted to dilate at greater length on Signorelli's choice of types and treatment of form in general. Having a special predilection for the human body, he by no means confined himself to monotony in its presentation. On the contrary, we have many distinct grades of corporeal expression. First comes the abstract nude, illustrated by the 'Resurrection' and the arabesques at Orvieto. Contemporary life with all its pomp and costume and insolence of ruffling youth is depicted in the 'Fulminati' at Orvieto and in the 'Soldiers of Totila' at Monte Oliveto. This, then, forms a second stage. Third in degree we find the type of highly idealized adolescence reserved by Signorelli for his angels. All his science and his sympathy for real life are here subordinated to poetic feeling. It is a mistake to say that these angels are the young men of Umbria whom he loved to paint in their striped jackets, with the addition of wings to their shoulders. The radiant beings who tune their citherns on the clouds in Paradise, or scatter roses for elect souls, could not live and breathe in the fiery atmosphere of sensuous passion to which the Baglioni were habituated. A grave and solemn sense of beauty animates these fair male beings, clothed in voluminous drapery, with youthful

faces and still, earnest eyes. Their melody, like that of Milton, is severe. Nor are Signorelli's angels beings of one uniform type, like the angels of Fra Angelico. The athletic cherubs of the 'Resurrection,' breathing their whole strength into the trumpets that awake the dead; the mailed and winged warriors keeping watch above the pit of 'Hell,' that none may break their prison bars among the damned; the lute-players of 'Paradise,' with their almost feminine sobriety of movement; the flame-breathing seraphs of the 'Day of Doom;' the 'Gabriel' of Volterra, in whom strength is translated into swiftness:—these are the heralds, sentinels, musicians, executioners, and messengers of the heavenly court; and each class is distinguished by appropriate physical character. At the other end of the scale, forming a fourth grade, we may mention the depraved types of humanity, chosen for his demons—those greenish, reddish, ocherish fiends of the 'Inferno,' whom Signorelli created by exaggeration of the more grotesque qualities of the nude developed in his arabesques. We thus obtain four several degrees of form: the demoniac, the abstract nude, the adolescent beauty of young men copied from chosen models, and the angelic.

Except in his angels, Signorelli was comparatively indifferent to what is commonly considered beauty. He was not careful to select his models, or to idealize his types. The naked human body, apart from facial distinction or refinement of form, contented him. Violent contrasts of light and shadow, accentuating the anatomical form with rough and angular decision, give the effect of illustrative diagrams to his studies. Harmony of proportion and the magic of expression are sacrificed to energy emergent in a powerful physique. Redundant life, in sinewy limbs, in the proud carriage of the head upon the neck, in the sway of the trunk backward from the reins, the firmly-planted calves and brawny thighs, the thick hair, broad shoulders, spare flanks, and massive gluteal muscles of a man of twenty-two and upwards, whose growth has been confined to the development of animal force, was what delighted him. Yet there is no coarseness or animalism properly so-called in his style. He was attracted by the marvelous mechanism of the human frame—its goodliness regarded as the most highly organized of animate existences.

The Works of Signorelli

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PAN AS GOD OF NATURAL LIFE AND MASTER OF MUSIC' PLATE I

THIS picture, once offered by Signorelli as a gift to Lorenzo de' Medici, is the only one of his larger works in which the painter has yielded to that mood of half-melancholy dalliance with the classical past which swept over Italy of the fifteenth century. It presents a group of bronzed nudes in a sunlit, green landscape. Mr. Berenson writes of it: "The goat-footed Pan, with the majestic pathos of nature in his aspect, sits in the hushed solemnity of sunset, the tender crescent moon crowning his locks. Primevally grand

nude figures stand about him, while young Olympos is piping, and another youth lies at his feet, playing on a reed. They are holding solemn discourse, and their theme is 'The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead.' The sunset has begotten them upon the dew of the earth, and they are whispering the secrets of the Great Mother."

The picture is now in the Berlin Gallery. It is painted in oil on canvas, and measures six feet five inches by eight feet four inches. It is signed.

'HOLY FAMILY' PLATE II

THIS picture, the only one by Signorelli in the Pitti, is in the *tondo* form of which he was so fond at one period. The composition consists of four half-figures, grouped closely behind a parapet. At the right stands the Madonna, clasping against her the Child, who is partly supported by her left hand, partly rests on an orange cushion. With her right hand she touches his curls in a half-absent fashion—her attention fixed not on him, but on a book which the Magdalen, seated at her right, holds open on the parapet. The Saint has checked her writing, and gazes intently at the Madonna, who seems to ponder what to dictate to the waiting scribe. Behind stands Joseph, with hands crossed on his staff, and eyes bent down as if he were following what the Saint writes. The Child, too, looks earnestly at the book, and raises one hand as if to command attention, Behind, at the right, one has a glimpse at a bit of shadowed landscape with fanciful buildings, and a lonely cliff rising abrupt against a sunset sky. The color is rich and warm, but uniformly low in tone. The full, unadorned red of the Magdalen's robe, the glinting gold-brown of the Madonna's sleeve and hair, the somber crimson and blue-black of her tunic and mantle, with the rich green of the parapet, form an ensemble that suggests the subdued glow of November woods.

The picture is in oil and measures two feet eleven inches in diameter.

'PORTRAIT OF A MAN' PLATE III

ANOTHER remarkable Signorelli in the Berlin Gallery is the 'Portrait of a Man,' formerly in the Torrigiani Collection in Florence. The subject was formerly thought to be the painter himself, but a comparison with the features in the two portraits in Orvieto reveal an entirely different cast of face. In point of style it belongs with the earlier work. Miss Cruttwell says, in comparing it to the 'Pan,' "Here again occur the classic figures, but this time with less of the idyllic feeling. On the one side are hurrying Apollo and Daphne(?); on the other, one athlete has overthrown another, and stands menacing his prey, who tries with ineffectual gestures to beat him off—a very Pollajuolesque scene of violence. The coloring, with its clear reds of the biretta and robe, is very successful."

The painting is oil; height, one foot seven inches; breadth, one foot.

'ANNUNCIATION' PLATE IV

THE 'Annunciation' still stands in Volterra, in its original place in the Cathedral. The subject did not tempt the painter to innovations in composition, but into the old lines Signorelli has infused an almost breathless

intensity. The Virgin is painted with great feeling, and in the Archangel we get the first of those splendid creatures whose sublimity Signorelli has felt in the same spirit as Dante, who bent his knees and folded his hands at the first sight of the "divine bird, plying the air with his eternal pinions." The types of figure, the draperies, the spacious loggia and paved court where the angel enters, even the formation of the clouds, have a suggestion of the Umbrian school stronger than in the other work of Signorelli.

The painting is in oil, and is signed and dated.

'THE PREACHING OF ANTICHRIST' PLATE V

THIS is the opening scene of the drama of Judgment at Orvieto. "The foreground is filled with groups of the followers of the false prophet," writes Miss Cruttwell, "who, with the features of Christ, stands on a little raised dais, listening, with an evil expression, as the devil behind him, unseen by the crowd, whispers into his ear what he shall say. Before the dais are scattered gold vessels, bars, and coins, with which he tempts the audience. Further back to the right, different groups represent the false teaching and miracles of Antichrist, and in the background is his temple, with armed men going in and out of its open portico. The left of the fresco is devoted to the fall of the false prophet, and the destruction of his followers. Above we see him precipitated head downwards from heaven by an angel surrounded with fiery rays, which strike death to the army beneath.

"In somber black, and standing outside the scene, Signorelli has painted the portrait of himself, with fingers interlaced and firmly planted feet, and behind, the milder but still gloomy figure of Fra Angelico. There is something sinister in the saturnine melancholy on the faces of the crowd, unrelieved by any lightness, and culminating in the evil expression of Antichrist himself. The peace of the gold-flecked landscape only accentuates the horror of the scene of the downfall in the background. The picture is a fit prologue to the terrible Judgment to come."

'THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD' PLATE VI

THE 'Preaching of Antichrist' is followed by the 'Destruction of the World.' The fresco forms a broad, semicircular band over the entrance-arch. The composition is adapted with great skill to the difficult space. A blood-red, sluggish cloud flows across the apex of the circle, and down from it through the darkened heavens rain golden shooting stars and comets. The disk of the sun in leaden gray, and of the moon in the pale red of an eclipse, remind one of the prophecy, "the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood."

On the right, from a distant city, rolls up the smoke of a conflagration; nearer by, people rush horror-stricken from a falling building. In the foreground stands a group of men, young and old, perhaps the prophets of the destruction. They turn over the leaves of ponderous books, or gaze awestruck or with stern menace at the scene beyond them. The one peaceful space of sunny hillside in the middle distance is filled with a group of armed men who

torture their victims, a poignantly horrible suggestion of the loosing of evil forces, spiritual as well as elemental.

On the left side (the part chosen for our illustration) broad bands of red fire shoot obliquely out from the cloud and down to earth, and in their path are hurled downward the evil angels—wonderfully foreshortened figures, flame-breathing, borne on huge bats' wings. Their separation from humanity is further emphasized by their color—feverish red or leaden gray. Below are groups of men and women, fleeing desperately before the flames which sweep toward them, or borne to earth by the torrents of heavenly fire. The wild gestures of anguish, fear, or overwhelming despair are terribly sincere; nowhere in the chapel has one the slightest hint of melodrama, of striving for effect.

'THE INFERNO' PLATE VII

THE preceding scenes Signorelli has set in wide vistas of landscape. Man is yet in the world, and he and his surroundings alike are exposed to the force of destruction. But in the following scenes the earth has shriveled away; the theme is human joy or suffering, stripped of all accessories. The prelude to the Judgment—the Resurrection—is not illustrated here. In plate VII we are introduced at once to the Inferno. The whole space between the skies and the bare, cold pavement of Hell is filled with warm-colored, struggling human flesh, varied here and there by the horrible lilac, green, dull yellow, or steely gray of the fiends' bodies—bodies suggesting a corruption of bruised flesh, as their faces suggest the corruption of human passion. For Signorelli's fiends are among the profoundest of artistic creations. They are not, as Symonds would have them, remnants of the medieval grotesque, but beings on whose faces are depicted the outcome of evil passions different from our own only in their appalling completeness of development. All the stages of degradation are there, from the first agonizing realization of a fate not yet accepted as inevitable (look a little to the left of the center, at the face of the fiend who carries a body upside down, and turns an almost supplicating glance to heaven) down to the mere brutish delight in tearing and torturing (in the fiend at the extreme right).

Above, on the clouds, stand three angels, the sentinels of heaven—two grave, yet not overwhelmed before the manifestation of divine justice; the other with swift gesture drawing a sword to hunt back the fiends that have ventured too high. Their silvery armor and great wings of soft green and lilac, outspread against the gold-studded heaven, bring into the picture a cooler note.

It is interesting to note that Michelangelo, in his 'Last Judgment' has adapted and used the central group of the woman borne on the back of the flying demon.

'THE CROWNING OF THE ELECT' PLATE VIII

OF the next large painting, representing 'The Crowning of the Elect,' Miss Cruttwell writes: "A crowd of men and women, many draped around the loins, some quite naked, gaze upward ecstatically, or kneel reverently to re-

ceive gold crowns which angels are placing on their heads. Above, seated on clouds, are nine other angels, draped in many-folded robes, who play musical instruments. . . . The background is entirely of gold, thickly studded with bosses of gilded gesso. The figures are finely modeled and posed. The flesh-painting, as in all the paintings, is perhaps somewhat heavy in color, but the whole effect is rich and harmonious. The chief defects in the work are the overcrowding of the composition, and the bad values of distance, caused in a great measure by the gold background. Signorelli's treatment is too realistic, his figures too solid and too true to life, to bear the decorative background so suitable to the flat, half-symbolic painting of the Sienese school. They need space and air behind them, and lacking that, one feels a disagreeable sensation of oppression and overcrowding."

'DEAD CHRIST UPHELD BY ANGELS' PLATE IX

OVER the high altar of the lonely little church of San Niccolò at Cortona stands one of the few pictures which make one forget all the reproaches against Signorelli of harsh color and lack of sensitiveness to beauty. It is a Pietà of most unusual composition. In the center is the dead Christ, resting on the sepulcher, and upheld in a sitting position by the tender hands of a strong-winged angel. To the left are grouped three saints in ecclesiastical dress, lost in meditation, while at the right three angels with untroubled brows and earnest eyes display the symbols of the Passion. In the foreground kneel St. Jerome and St. Francis, gazing at the dead Christ in an ecstasy of prayerful grief. The boldness of the design is remarkable; the traditional composition requires an almost rigid symmetry, yet here, while our sense of balance is not offended, the sepulcher is set at an angle with the surface of the picture, and not in the center. As in the last scenes of the Orvieto cycle, Signorelli has composed with the human form alone, discarding all accessories. The figures are set on the bare, smooth soil, under the bare, cloudless sky, with just a hint of cold blue landscape beyond.

The prevailing colors are browns, from the olive-brown of the flat ground on which the figures stand, through the golden tint of the angels' hair, to the deep bronze hue of the St. Jerome and the man standing at the extreme left. There are touches of velvety black, pale rose, and a single space of glowing red in the robe of the angel who holds the cross.

The picture is in oil, and measures five feet one half inch by five feet eight and one half inches.

'DEPOSITION' PLATE X

THIS picture formerly stood in Santa Margherita at Cortona, but has now been removed to the choir of the Cathedral. It is unfortunately placed so high that it can be seen only with the greatest difficulty. Miss Cruttwell writes of it: "It is a work of great beauty and feeling, and has none of the academic dryness with which he treated the same subject in Borgo San Sepolcro. The fine grouping, the restraint with which the sorrow is rendered, the real pathos of the scene, give the picture dignity and solemnity, and the glow of

color, obtained by the lavish use of gold in the embroideries, adds to its richness and decorative beauty. . . . In the background is one of those vivid scenes of crowded movement which occur so often at this period of the master's development—a group of excited soldiers pressing around the cross with fluttering pennons and prancing steeds."

The medium is oil; the dimensions, eight feet ten inches by eight feet ten inches. It is signed and dated: 1502.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY SIGNORELLI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LIVERPOOL, ROYAL INSTITUTION: Madonna — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Circumcision — LONDON, MR. BENSON'S COLLECTION: Madonna; Two Parts of Predella — LONDON, LORD CRAWFORD'S COLLECTION: Meeting of Joachim and Anna; Birth of the Virgin — LONDON, DR. LUDWIG MOND'S COLLECTION: Predella — LONDON, OWNED BY MR. MUIR MACKENZIE: Madonna — LONDON (RICHMOND), SIR FRANCIS COOK'S COLLECTION: Two Fragments of a Baptism; Portrait of a Man — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Part of Predella; Adoration of the Magi (drawing only) — GERMANY. ALTENBURG, MUSEUM: Nine Fragments of a Polyptych — BERLIN GALLERY: Two Wings of an Altar-piece; Pan as God of Natural Life and Master of Music (Plate I); Holy Family (tondo); Portrait of a Man (Plate III) — MEININGEN, DUCAL PALACE: Part of Predella — MUNICH GALLERY: Madonna and Child (tondo) — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Feast in the House of Simon — ITALY. ARCEVIA, CHURCH OF SAN MEDARDO: Polyptych; Madonna and Saints; Predella; Baptism, with Predella — AREZZO, GALLERY: Madonna, Saints and Prophets — AREZZO, CATHEDRAL [SACRISTY]: Predella — BERGAMO, MORELLI COLLECTION: St. Roch; St. Sebastian; Madonna — BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO, GALLERY: Church standard: on one side, Crucifixion; on the other, St. Antonio and St. Egidio — CASTIGLIONE FIORENTINO, COLLEGIATA: Deposition (fresco) — CITTÀ DI CASTELLO, GALLERY: Martyrdom of St. Sebastian — CITTÀ DI CASTELLO, PALAZZO MANCINI: Madonna and Saints — CORTONA, CATHEDRAL: Deposition (Plate X); Predella to the above; The Communion of the Apostles; Assumption — CORTONA, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Madonna and Saints — CORTONA, CHURCH OF GESÙ: Madonna and Saints — CORTONA, CHURCH OF SAN NICCOLÒ: Dead Christ upheld by Angels (Plate IX); Madonna Enthroned between Two Saints (reverse of same panel); Madonna and Saints (fresco) — FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Crucifixion (part of the design only); Madonna and Saints; Predella — FLORENCE, CORSINI GALLERY: Madonna and Saints (tondo) — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Holy Family (tondo) (Plate II) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Madonna and Child; Holy Family (tondo); Crucifixion (in association with Perugino); Predella — FOIANO, COLLEGIATA: Coronation of the Virgin; Predella — LORETO, CHURCH OF THE SANTA CASA: Series of Frescos, including Angels, Evangelists, Fathers of the Church, Apostles, The Incredulity of St. Thomas, and The Conversion of St. Paul — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Flagellation; Madonna and Child — MONTE OLIVETO, CLOISTER: Eight Frescos — MORRA, CHURCH OF SAN CRESCENZIANO: Crucifixion (fresco); Flagellation (fresco) — ORVIETO, CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF THE MADONNA OF SAN BRIZIO: Frescos, including The Preaching of Antichrist (Plate V), The Destruction of the World (Plate VI), The Inferno (Plate VII), and The Crowning of the Elect (Plate VIII) — ORVIETO, MUSEUM: Portraits of Signorelli and Niccolò Francesco (Page 22); Magdalen — PERUGIA, CATHEDRAL: Madonna and Saints — ROME, ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE: Holy Family — UMBERTIDE, CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE: Deposition; Predella — URBINO, CHURCH OF SAN SPIRITO: Crucifixion; Descent of the Holy Spirit — VOLTERRA, CATHEDRAL: Annunciation (Plate IV) — VOLTERRA, MUNICIPIO: Madonna and Saints; St. Girolamo (fresco) — SCOTLAND. POLLOCK HOUSE, COLLECTION OF SIR JOHN STIRLING-MAXWELL: Pietà — UNITED STATES. NEW HAVEN, JARVIS COLLECTION: Adoration of the Magi.

Signorelli Bibliography

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MASTERS IN ART

Masaccio

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

UofM

MASACCIO
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. ANNE
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

[illegible]

UofM

MASACCIO
THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

Microfilm

U of M

MASACCIO
THE TRIBUTE MONEY
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

U of M

MASACCIO
CHRIST [DETAIL FROM 'THE TRIBUTE MONEY']
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

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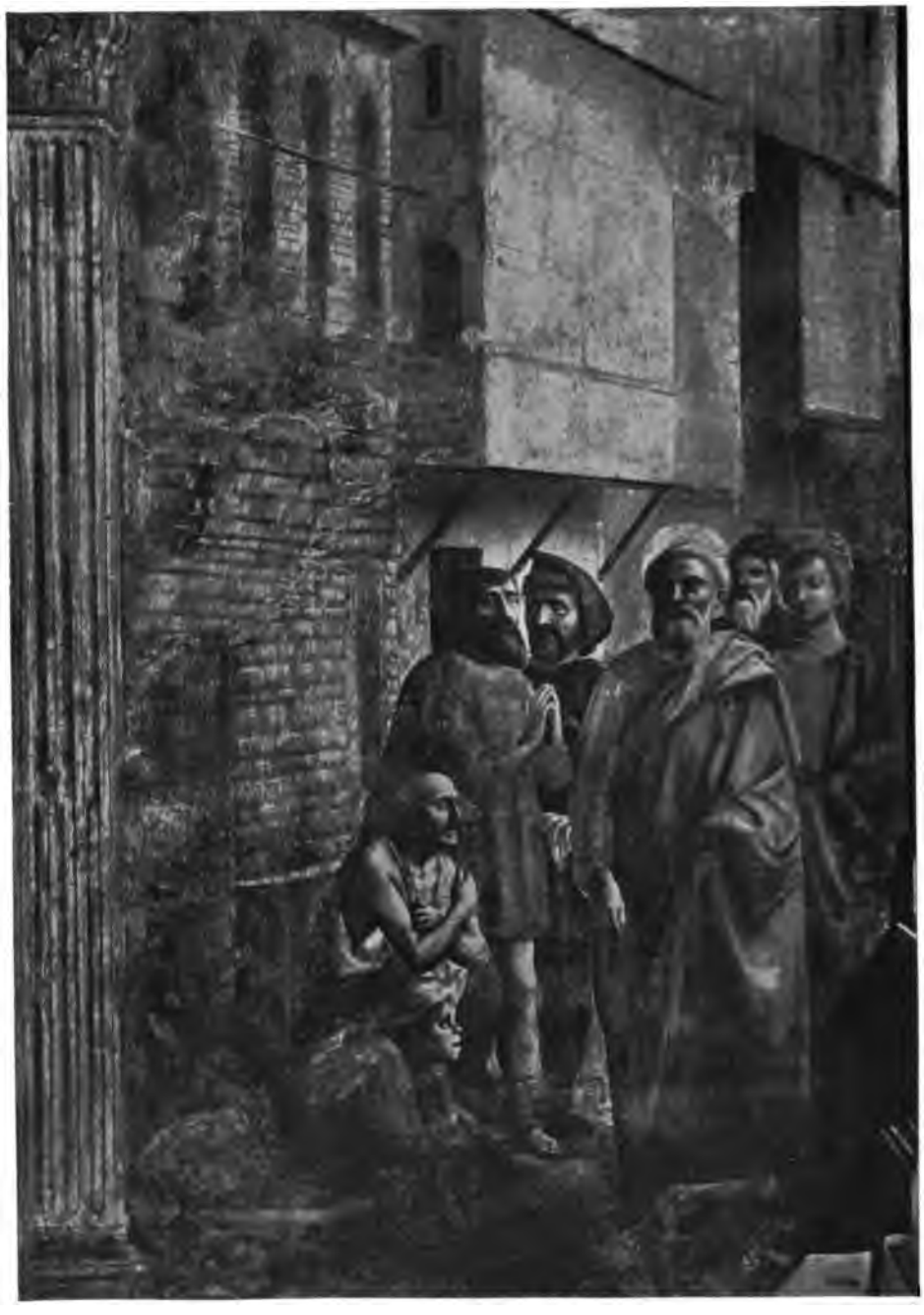

MASACCIO
ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN HEALING THE SICK WITH THEIR SHADOWS
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

U of M

MASACCIO
ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN DISTRIBUTING ALMS
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

MASACCIO
ST. PETER BAPTIZING
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

MASACCIO
THE TRINITY
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE

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MASACCIO
THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
BERLIN GALLERY

Page

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANFSTAENGL

MASACCIO

THE MARTYRDOMS OF ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

BERLIN GALLERY

PORTRAIT OF MASACCIO BY HIMSELF
BRANCACCI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE

Vasari, in describing the fresco of 'The Tribute Money' points to "one of the apostles, the farthest at the right-hand side, which is the portrait of Masaccio himself." The figure indicated is a tall, powerfully-built man, draped in the heavy cloak worn by the Florentine burghers of the day. Like the apostles, he is bare-headed and barefooted. The low brow, square jaw, and strong neck suggest great physical force and dogged energy. The hair, cut square across the brow, and the slight beard, which distinguish him from the apostles, are evidently copied from an individual model. As Crowe and Cavalcaselle say, "Whether or not this is actually a likeness of Masaccio, it would at least seem in a general way to represent him in the physical robustness of limb and the vigor of mind that was capable of planning and executing such important works."

Tommaso di Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi

CALLED

Masaccio

BORN 1401 : DIED 1427
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

TO the student of Italian painting few names are more significant than that of Masaccio (pronounced Ma-sahtch'yo), the genius who, at the beginning of the fifteenth century "forcibly turns the current of art into its true course, and holds up the visible world to our gaze." His achievement was recognized at once. His fellow-citizen, Leon Battista Alberti, architect, painter, and enthusiastic lover of the culture of the ancients, in the introduction to a treatise on painting written ten years after Masaccio's death, ranks him among the five contemporary artists "who might have rivaled any of the ancient masters, however famous." And Vasari, writing a century later, tells us that Masaccio's life-work, the Brancacci Chapel, became at once a sort of academy in which "all the most celebrated painters and sculptors from that day to this by study and diligent practice laid the foundations of their future distinction." The list which the writer then gives of men who thus formed their style sounds like a roll-call of the greatest names in the Florentine school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He adds: "If I do not mention hosts of other Florentines and foreigners who have gone to study in this chapel, suffice it to say that wherever the heads of the art-world go, the lesser members flock after them."

But for all this interest in Masaccio the painter, we know almost nothing of Masaccio the man. Vasari, though commenting with enthusiastic fulness on the artist's work, is more than usually confused in the account of his life, and does not even console us with the usual embroidery of anecdotes. A few notices we glean from the ever-fruitful Florentine tax-register, whose prying into private affairs, hateful as it was to the men who had to submit to it, yields the archæologist so many solid facts to serve as confirmation or correction to the sketchy biographies of the time. One or two inferences may also be made from other documents, and something may be supplied from our knowledge of general conditions. These scanty data can be summed up as follows.

Masaccio, or, as his more formal name reads, Tommaso di Ser Giovanni, from Castello di S. Giovanni in the Arno valley, was born in December, 1401. Tradition tells of works executed during the painter's boyhood for his native place, and critics have attempted to identify these with paintings now existing in the Valdarno. Though these particular attributions have not yet been widely accepted, it is certain that Masaccio began to paint at an early age, for in 1421, his twentieth year, we find him already a recognized master of his craft, enrolled at Florence in the Guild of the "Medici e Speziari."[1] Five years later, in 1426, Masaccio's name appears also on the books of the special painters' association, the Guild of St. Luke. It is not difficult to imagine what those five years meant in the artist's development. In that third decade of the quattrocento, the art-life in Florence was throbbing with the enthusiasm of new ideals. Brunelleschi was transforming the architectural system from the ponderous dignity of the trecento to the lightness and grace of such creations as the Pazzi Chapel or S. Spirito. Donatello and the group of lesser sculptors whose work is overshadowed by his were carving men and women of real flesh and blood, instead of the more or less abstract, if lovely, embodiments of spiritual qualities dear to the preceding century. If painting was still, in the main, true to the trecento tradition, such men as the unknown author of the 'Life of the Madonna and of St. Stephen,' in the cathedral at Prato, and Masolino were already choosing for their backgrounds the massive stone palaces and broad squares of contemporary Florence, and costuming their characters after the fashion of the day.

Into this circle of innovators the young Masaccio must have entered, at first as a disciple, but ere long as an equal. We know not only through Vasari, but also through an earlier writer, that "Filippo di Ser Brunellesco loved him dearly, for he recognized the penetrating keenness of his mind; and he taught him many things in art." (Vasari, more precise, says, "perspective and architecture.") When he heard the news of Masaccio's death, he showed himself deeply touched, and said, "We have suffered a great loss." Donatello was not only an inspiration to Masaccio, but a friend on whom he could call as a witness in a certain law-dispute at Pisa. Masolino, tradition tells us, was his master, and if the fact that Masolino was enrolled in the "Medici e Speziari" two years later than his so-called pupil seems to make such tradition less significant, we cannot doubt that the two painters were friends, and that each had something to learn from the other.

Masaccio must have had many orders for altar-pieces and single frescos. Vasari gives a goodly list of such paintings to be seen in the Florentine churches of his day. Of these, some are lost, and of those few which still exist, only three can with any degree of probability be assigned to Masaccio—the 'Madonna and Child with St. Anne' (plate I), an early work painted for S. Ambrogio; the small panels in the Berlin Gallery (plates IX and X), which probably formed the predella of an altar-piece painted for the Carmine at Pisa in 1426; and the powerful fresco of 'The Trinity' (plate VIII) in

[1] It will be remembered that, in the subdivisions of Florentine industry, painters were classed under the same head as "doctors and druggists."

Santa Maria Novella. But Masaccio's claim to greatness rests less on single works than on his series of frescos in the Carmine at Florence, in the chapel of the Brancacci family. We know from documentary evidence that the chapel was already erected in 1422, but Schmarsow infers that the decoration was not undertaken until after that year. The frescos were unfinished at the time of Masaccio's death in 1427, and only received the last touches fifty years later, at the hand of Filippino Lippi. It seems probable, then, that Masaccio worked there in association with Masolino or as his successor from some date soon after 1422 until 1427. The new spirit that breathes from these walls—the plastic quality, the skill in foreshortening, the adequate rendering of the relations of the figures to the landscape and architecture; in short, the realism of Masaccio—must have been even more striking in another fresco which Vasari saw on the walls of the Carmine, but which is lost to us through the fire that in the eighteenth century destroyed the greater part of the church. The subject, the dedication of the Carmine, was taken directly from contemporary life, hence Masaccio could develop his own tendencies untrammeled by religious tradition. It was only to be expected that, as Vasari tells us, the group of bystanders was composed of portraits of the Florentine citizens who had been present at the actual ceremony.

The artist's private circumstances during the years in which he was engaged on the frescos of the Carmine were far from prosperous. We learn from the tax-register that he and his younger brother Giovanni, also a painter, lived in a little hired house with their widowed mother, and rented a part of a studio from the Badia. One apprentice, at least, they had, but his salary, though small, was in arrears. They had a number of debts, among them several little sums owed to pawnbrokers. Altogether, we may guess that the young artist, in spite of the recognition of such men as Brunelleschi and Donatello, found himself often in hard straits. Hence we are not surprised to learn from Vasari that, before the Brancacci Chapel was finished, "feeling himself ill at ease in Florence, he went off to Rome." The journey must have taken place at least as late at 1426. In the tax-register for 1427, Masaccio's name is entered with that of his brother, but it is cancelled, and above it, in a different hand, stands the note, "Said to have died in Rome."

Thus ends the short life. It had no impressive events to chronicle, and apparently the painter rather shunned than courted the notice of his fellow-citizens. Vasari pictures him to us as follows: "He was very absorbed and absent-minded, a man who had thrown himself heart and soul into his art, and lived for that alone, and so thought little about himself and less about others. He never cared to trouble himself in the least with the things of this world, not even with his personal appearance, hence used to put off collecting his debts till he was reduced to the direst straits. So not because of any vicious habits (for he was a man of innate goodness), but merely on account of his excessive neglect of himself, everybody called him not Thomas, his real name, but Masaccio [a rough English rendering would be 'that poor wretch of a Tom']. For all that, his readiness and courtesy in helping others left nothing to be desired."

The artist in him had completely overshadowed the man. Even his burial-place is unknown. As an epitaph written many years after his death says,

> "If one should seek my monument or name,
> Behold a church my tomb, yon chapel spells my name.
> I died, for nature envied me that brush
> Whose skilful touch art sighs for now in vain."

NOTE.—The relation of Masaccio to Masolino is a question which criticism has not yet solved. Vasari says that while in Rome Masaccio decorated the chapel at the left of the entrance in San Clemente. The frescos there contain many archaisms and resemblances to the work of Masolino which can be accounted for only in one of two ways Either the frescos at San Clemente are early works of Masaccio, and were painted before the beginning of the Brancacci Chapel, that is, before 1422 or 1423 — in that case, we should have to assume that the painter, when hardly twenty-one, was called from Florence to execute an important commission, and that he finished it in a remarkably short space of time — or we must assume that these frescos and certain kindred works (for example, the 'Madonna in Glory,' and the 'Madonna of the Snows' at Naples) are not, as Vasari asserts, the work of Masaccio, but rather of Masolino. Those who hold the first view — among them Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Burckhardt, and Schmarsow — consider also that the surviving work in the Brancacci Chapel is all by Masaccio (with the exception of that completed by Filippino Lippi). Masolino's part they would limit to the vaulting and four other scenes, presumably the lunettes, seen by Vasari, but destroyed in the eighteenth century. Modern criticism seems on the whole (Taussig, Berenson, and Venturi may be cited among others) to tend toward the second alternative, and attributes to Masolino the work in San Clemente, and in the Brancacci Chapel at least the 'Adam and Eve in Paradise' and the 'Healing of Tabitha.'

The Art of Masaccio

JACOB BURCKHARDT 'DER CICERONE'

MASACCIO'S simplicity and grandeur in composition, his correctness of proportion, both in the single figures and in the relation of the figures to the surrounding landscape and architecture, and his serious effort to master anatomy and perspective, mark the beginning of a new age. As the Eve in the 'Fall of Man' is the first undraped female figure that attains complete beauty, so the figures in the 'Baptism of Peter' are the first fully vitalized male nudes, while the two figures in full motion in 'The Expulsion' show a complete mastery of line. In the remaining pictures, too, a power of unconstrained and noble characterization reveals itself with a richness and force hitherto undreamed of. Giotto and his school already loved to enrich their scenes with a countless throng of interested by-standers; and now Masaccio brings the Florentines of the day into the scene as onlookers and sharers in the action. He separates and brings together his episodes, his groups, his single figures, no longer as an architect, but as a painter; he places them in a natural setting. His attainment of the purely pictorial vision of his subject was in itself a great victory. Yet in winning it he did not forget the highest qualities. His chief actor, the Apostle Peter, is endowed with a dignity and power in pose and gesture that could have been bestowed only by the greatest of historical painters. Above all, to such a painter alone belongs the perfect simplicity of treatment. All succes-

sive painters down to the days of Leonardo show clearly their delight in the new means of artistic expression. Only Masaccio restrains himself and thus attains an harmonious whole. With how few touches he creates his draperies! Yet they are at the same time lofty in style and perfectly natural in cast. He does not court the difficulties of foreshortening; but where he finds them, he overcomes them.— FROM THE GERMAN

BERNHARD BERENSON 'THE FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

GIOTTO born again, starting where death had cut short his advance, instantly making his own all that had been gained during his absence, and profiting by the new conditions, the new demands—imagine such an avatar, and you will understand Masaccio.

Giotto we know already, but what were the new conditions, the new demands? The medieval heavens had been torn asunder, and a new heaven and a new earth had appeared, which the abler spirits were already inhabiting and enjoying. Here new interests and new values prevailed. The thing of sovereign price was the power to subdue and to create; of sovereign interest, all that helped man to know the world he was living in and his power over it. To the artist the change offered a field of the freest activity. It is always his business to reveal to an age its ideals. But what room was there for sculpture and painting—arts whose first purpose it is to make us realize the material significance of things—in a period like the Middle Ages, when the human body was denied all intrinsic significance? In such an age, the figure-artist can thrive, as Giotto did, only in spite of it, and as an isolated phenomenon. In the Renaissance, on the contrary, the figure-artist had a demand made on him such as had not been made since the great Greek days, to reveal to a generation believing in man's power to subdue and possess the world the physical types best fitted for the task. . . .

In sculpture, Donatello had already given body to the new ideals when Masaccio began his brief career, and in the education, the awakening, of the younger artist, the example of the elder must have been of incalculable force. But a type gains vastly in significance by being presented in some action along with other individuals of the same type; and here Donatello was apt, rather than to draw his meed of profit, to incur loss by descending to the obvious — witness his bas-reliefs at Siena, Florence, and Padua. Masaccio was untouched by this taint. Types in themselves of the manliest, he presents with a sense for the materially significant which makes us realize to the utmost their power and dignity; and the spiritual significance thus gained he uses to give the highest import to the event he is portraying. This import, in turn, gives a higher value to the types, and thus, whether we devote our attention to his types or his action, Masaccio keeps us on a high plane of reality and significance. In later painting we shall easily find greater science, greater craft, and greater perfection of detail; but greater reality, greater significance, I venture to say, never. Dust-bitten and ruined though his Brancacci Chapel frescos now are, I never see them without the strongest stimulation of my tactile consciousness. I feel that I could touch every figure, that it would yield a definite resistance

to my touch, that I should have to expend much effort to displace it, that I could walk around it. In short, I could scarcely realize it more, and in real life I should scarcely realize it so well, the attention of each one of us being too apt to concentrate itself on some dynamic quality before we have begun to realize the full material significance of the person before us. Then what strength to his young men, and what gravity and power to his old! How quickly a race like this would possess itself of the world, and brook no rivals but the forces of nature! Whatever they do—simply because it is they—is important, and every movement, every gesture, is world-changing. Compared with his figures, those in the same chapel by his precursor, Masolino, are childish, and those by his follower unconvincing and without significance. because without tactile values. Even Michelangelo, where he comes in rivalry, has, both for reality and significance, to take a second place. Compare his 'Expulsion from Paradise,' in the Sistine Chapel, with the one here by Masaccio. Michelangelo's figures are more correct, but far less tangible and powerful; and while he represents nothing but a man warding off a blow dealt from a sword, and a woman cringing in ignoble fear, Masaccio's Adam and Eve stride away from Eden heart-broken with shame and grief, hearing, perhaps, but not seeing, the angel hovering high overhead, who directs their exiled footsteps.

Masaccio, then, like Giotto a century earlier,—himself the Giotto of an artistically propitious world,—was, as an artist, a great master of the significant, and, as a painter, endowed to the highest degree with a sense of tactile values, and with a skill in rendering them. In a career of but a few years he gave to Florentine painting the direction it pursued to the end.

HEINRICH WÖLFFLIN 'DIE KLASSISCHE KUNST'

GIOTTO'S art was the art of a man of the actual world, of an observer, who never expresses himself with passionate heat, but always clearly and convincingly. It reached its climax in the utterly simple, elemental presentation of the scenes at Santa Croce. His immediate followers failed to understand him. Caring no longer for simplicity and concentration, they sought above all things richness and variety; they strove for a greater depth in the setting of the picture, and in doing so, became uncertain and confused in composition. With the beginning of the fifteenth century comes a new painter, who forces the current of art back into its true channel—Masaccio. . . .

Vasari has given us a characterization of Masaccio that sounds trivial. "He recognized," says the biographer, "that painting is nothing more nor less than the imitation of things as they really are." One may ask why that could not just as truly have been said of Giotto? But a deeper meaning lies below the sentence. That painting should reproduce the impression given by reality seems to us in these days obvious. Yet it was not always so. There was a time when no such claim was made, for the simple reason that every one took for granted that it was impossible to represent on a flat surface real space in all its three dimensions. Throughout the Middle Ages this view prevailed, and the public was satisfied with a representation that conventionally suggested objects and their relation to space, but could in no way be compared to reality.

It is a mistake to believe that a medieval picture was ever meant to be looked at from our point of view, that it was expected to produce an illusion on the beholder. Certainly, one of the greatest possible strides in the progress of civilization was taken when man began to feel the limitations of such symbolic pictures as a defect, and to believe that, in spite of the different means which nature and the painter use to produce an effect, a picture might give an impression like that received from real objects. No one man could effect such a transformation; no one generation could do it. Giotto had done a great deal, but Masaccio added so much to what his predecessors had accomplished, that of him above all others it may with justice be said, "He first attained to the imitation of things as they really are."

He surprises us in the first place with his complete mastery of the problems of space. For the first time the picture is a stage, constructed with regard to a given point of sight; a space within which men, trees, houses, all have their definite place, calculated by geometrical rule. In Giotto's work, all is still pressed together in flat layers. He puts one head above another without stopping to consider carefully enough whether there would be room for all the bodies. The architecture of the background is like the unsteadily swaying side-scenes of a theater, without any real relation to the size of the figures. Masaccio not only gives us possible, habitable houses, but makes the spatial relations of his pictures clear to the very farthest lines of the landscape. He places the point of sight on a level with the heads of the figures, so that, standing as they do on flat ground, all the heads are at the same height. What a powerful impression of solidity he produces by a row, say, of three profile heads, rounded out, perhaps, by a fourth in full face! Step by step the spectator is led on into the depths of the picture; the planes are clearly arranged one behind the other. If one would see the new system in its full glory, one should go to Santa Maria Novella and look at the fresco of 'The Trinity,' where, with the help of the architecture, and by availing himself of an arrangement in four distinct planes from the foreground, the artist has developed the strongest possible effect of depth. Beside such work as this, Giotto appears absolutely flat. His frescos in Santa Croce have the effect of a tapestry. The even blue tone of the sky in itself serves to bind the pictures together so that they affect us as a single decorative surface. It seems as if the artist had no thought of giving permanence to a bit of the real world: each section of the wall is filled as evenly as possible from the top to the bottom, as if the surface were to be covered by a decorative pattern. Around it run bands of mosaic-like design, and since the same designs are repeated within the field of the picture itself, we fail to grasp the differentiation between picture and frame, and the impression of a flat, tapestry-like wall-covering is inevitable. Masaccio, on the other hand, uses painted pilasters for a frame, and thus seeks to arouse the illusion that behind them the picture opens out into space.

Giotto used only faint shadows in the modeling of his figures, and in most instances ignores entirely the cast shadows. Not that he had not observed them, but he did not think it necessary to indicate them. They seemed to him chance phenomena, a disturbing element that could be of no use in aiding a

clear presentation of a situation. With Masaccio light and shade became elements of prime importance. His underlying purpose was to render the "actually existent" — that is, bodily realities — with the fulness of effect which they exert in nature. And this purpose is a thing distinct from his tendency to largeness of form, his handling of masses; it has nothing to do with the mighty shoulders of his figures, with his firm, close-knit groups; even in modeling a single head, with a few powerful strokes he gives an entirely novel impression. In such a head, in and of itself, spatial relations, the conception of volume, appeal to us with an unheard-of strength. The same is true of all his forms. It is only a natural consequence that the delicate tints of the earlier art here give place to a more "material" color-scale.

The whole conception of his scenes is firmer, more solid. Hence the significance of Vasari's observation that in Masaccio's work the figures for the first time stood squarely on their feet. — FROM THE GERMAN

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

WITH Masaccio, the observation of reality plays a far greater rôle than with his predecessors. He succeeds in a much higher degree in giving the illusion of reality. But does this justify us in placing him among the realists — that is to say, among the artists who copy without discrimination the good and bad qualities of the model (as far, we would say, as it is possible to copy in a work of art; for every artist interprets, translates, even if unconsciously)? To apply the name of realist to the painter of the Carmine would, we believe, be going too far. The truth is that if Masaccio takes as the basis of his figures the portrait, he does not limit himself to the literal reproduction of the model before his eyes, he ennobles and idealizes it. It is this that forms the essential distinction between him and his contemporaries, Paolo Uccello and Andrea del Castagno, who strive before all things to bestow on each scene and personage an individual character, without giving any thought to the spiritual expression. "Masaccio," as M. Delaborde has so well said, "has, then, the merit of not giving himself up simply, as he is said to have done, to the reproduction of the every-day world, but rather of having understood better than any of his predecessors the conditions under which the realities of this world may become a worthy subject-matter for art. Therein lies the real meaning of the reform wrought by the young master during the last years of his all-too-short life. In virtue of this quality he becomes, if not the rival, at least the ancestor, of the greatest painters of his native land." Compared with Uccello and Castagno, Masaccio appears to have had less familiarity with the rules of perspective, and less cleverness in rendering the distinctive traits of a face. The reason is that, unlike them, he had no need of *tours-de-force*. Nothing was more hateful to him than affectation; he found what he really knew enough for his needs, why then should he want to make a grand display of his knowledge? The main point, in his eyes, was that when occasion required he could resolve with an ease unknown to his rivals the most difficult of problems. For all that, no mighty throes of imagination, no brilliant virtuosity; instead, the simplicity of an artist sure of himself. The art of seeing and reproducing

things on a grand scale, sincere conviction, dignity in form and attitude,— it is such characteristics as these, rather than any technical progress, that have given the meed of immortality to the painter of the Carmine.— FROM THE FRENCH

CORRADO RICCI FROM 'MASACCIO: REPORT OF THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL AT S. GIOVANNI DI VALDARNO'[1]

MASACCIO was not merely a great artist, he was the deliverer of painting. The art of the trecento had accomplished wonders with Giotto and some few others, then was reduced to a system of formulas, both in technique and in sentiment. A new breath of life was needed to reinforce it, else Italian painting would have perished just as, for lack of such fresh energy, French sculpture died away after reaching such marvelous heights in the thirteenth century.

The first steps in the way of salvation were taken simultaneously in various parts of Italy. But the efforts of Masolino, of the brothers Salimbene, of Jacopo d'Avanzo, the Veronese, had not passed the stage of noble but incomplete experiments. The man who really led painting to new freedom, or rather, to the eternal norm of reality, was Masaccio. Historians and artists of all future ages recognized this. Above all others Michelangelo felt it — Michelangelo, who first began his study of painting in the Brancacci Chapel. Leonardo wrote it in the wonderful analysis that follows: "That painter will produce but poor stuff who makes the paintings of others his teachers, but he who learns from the actual world will bring to pass good results. We can see this from the painters after the days of the Romans, for they imitated one another, and from age to age art declined. Then came Giotto the Florentine, who was born among lonely mountains and lived solitary with goats and such-like beasts. Since his temperament inclined him to art, he began to draw from life the various poses of his goats, using a stone for his tablet; and the like he did with all the animals he found in his village. Thus, after much study, he surpassed not only all his contemporaries, but even all those masters who had preceded him for many centuries. After him, art declined again, for every one imitated the models he found ready to hand. It continued to sink lower from generation to generation till Thomas of Florence, surnamed Masaccio, showed with the perfection of his work that he who accepts any other guide except nature, the Master of Masters, toils in vain."— FROM THE ITALIAN

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

MASACCIO is not inferior to Giotto in his power of telling a story with simplicity; but he understands the value of perspective for realizing the circumstances of the scene depicted. His august groups of apostles are surrounded by landscapes tranquilizing to the sense and pleasant to the eye. Mountain lines and distant horizons lend space to his compositions, and the figures of his men and women move freely in a world prepared for them. . . . [Yet] in comparing Masaccio with Giotto, we must admit that with so much

[1] Title abridged and anglicized. See Bibliography.

gained, something has been sacrificed. Giotto succeeded in presenting the idea, the feeling, the pitch of the event, and pierced at once to the very ground-root of imagination. Masaccio thinks overmuch, perhaps, of external form, and is intent on air effects and coloring. He realizes the phenomenal truth with a largeness and dignity peculiar to himself. But we ask whether he was capable of bringing close to our hearts the secret and the soul of spiritual things. Has not art beneath his touch become more scenic, losing thereby somewhat of dramatic poignancy?

JOHN RUSKIN — ADAPTED FROM 'MODERN PAINTERS'

IN the art of landscape painters, the first great innovator was the author of the Carmine Chapel, in his landscape background of the fresco of 'The Tribute Money.' That background, with one or two other fragments in the same chapel, is far in advance of all other work I have seen of the period, in expression of the rounded contours and large slopes of hills, and in the association of their summits with clouds. . . . It was [also] a complete recognition of the laws of aqueous structure, asserted. . . . in the boldest opposition to the principles of rock drawing of the time. It presents smoother and broader masses than any I have shown as types of hill form; but it must be remembered that Masaccio had seen only the softer contours of the Apennine limestone. . . . It is, however, only as an isolated work that it can be named in the history of pictorial progress, for Masaccio died too young to carry out his purposes; and the men around him were too ignorant of landscape to take advantage of the little he had done.

O. SCAVALCANTI — FROM 'MASACCIO: REPORT OF THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL AT S. GIOVANNI DI VALDARNO'

TO further the organic development of the possibilities which lay dormant in the art of the Giottenschi was the effort of Masolino da Panicale, Parri Spinelli, and Paolo Uccello; but they were very much like those luminaries of science who catch intuitive glimpses of the truth and draw near to it without really apprehending it in all its fulness. Thus these artists reveal by their works that they had felt where the imperfections of art lay and what was needed ere it could express thoughts more instinct with life and represent a wider scale of emotions. But they do not quite succeed in carrying out their vast program. I say "vast," because it required a new naturalness of gesture and attitude, the posing of the figures firmly on the ground instead of on tip-toe, the imparting to them of greater vivacity of expression, and, as it were, new life, the correction of the amusing ingenuities of a perspective in its first infancy, and finally the search for grandeur of conception. Now, while Masolino, Parri, and Paolo Uccello approached those fortunate heights whence art was to enter on a new road to perfection, broader and surer than the old, Masaccio attained them. He had an irresistible instinct for reality, an imagination open to the impressions of nature, wisdom in the selection of material, a hand that obeyed the impulses of his glowing, vivid brain. Hence Vasari's dictum that Masaccio "did away with the hardnesses, imperfections, and difficulties of art,

and first made possible beauty of pose, vigorous movement, and a really correct and natural relief.". . .

For his figures he used quiet, serious draperies, composed of a few natural folds. He was frank and daring in foreshortening, varied in attitude, and so great a lover of reality as not to shrink before its most difficult manifestations. . . . If we add to such power as a draftsman his perfect blending of color, his vigorous brush-stroke, his genius in divining the proper tones for shadows, every one will understand why, with such rare endowments, Masaccio is justly considered one of the great leaders and pioneers in art. And to go further into the subject of figure-painting, I may be allowed to call attention to the S. Paolo in the Church of the Carmine in Florence (now lost), which the Valdarnese painted "to show what he could do." Vasari writes that "in the head of the apostle one sees a sternness and majesty so great that it seems as if only speech were lacking to make it live; and even if one knew nothing about St. Paul, as he looked at this, he would feel in it all the fine qualities of the Christian civilization, combined with the unconquered strength of that devout soul, so utterly absorbed in its cares for the maintenance of the faith.". . . Before so virile a figure Michelangelo must have paused to salute in Masaccio a predecessor in his forceful and statuesque style. . . .

In perspective, too, he had much to create. Yet he succeeded wonderfully well in designing spacious buildings, adorned with statues in niches and majestic intercolumniations in which shadow and light alternate as in the actual world. He met and overcame one of the greatest difficulties of that form of art,—i.e., the foreshortening of views seen from below,—and showed therein such mastery that it seemed as if he had given his whole life to this one study. . . .

Thus the art of Masaccio, which proved its strength wherever there were difficulties to overcome, imperfections to remove, new principles to introduce, or unexplored horizons to traverse, was an art at once forceful and polished, bold but not rash, carefully planned but not artificial, rich in significance and simple in form, eloquent but restrained, frank but not rude, devoted to the ideal in the actual, not to the actual without the ideal. With this art, Italy added a new note to the triumph-song of her fame, a new gem to the splendor of her crown, another name to those which had already bestowed on her immortality in the cult of beauty.—FROM THE ITALIAN

The Works of Masaccio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. ANNE' PLATE 1

THIS painting, perhaps the earliest existing work of Masaccio, impresses one at first sight with its timidity and ecclesiastical stiffness. Its subject is not one that suggests any obvious action, and the grouping is almost primitively simple. On a throne draped with a rich brocade in red and gold sits the aged Anne. Her right hand is laid on the shoulder of the Virgin, who sits

at her feet; her left is extended, as if in blessing, above the head of the Child in Mary's lap. All three figures are erect and motionless as if at a religious ceremony, with draperies falling in lines as well ordered as of firm architectural members. But beneath this monumental solemnity are three human beings, large-limbed and strong of body, and, though dominated by the common religious mood, individualized in character. The Child, all eager, with head thrown up and little pouting lips half open, its hand raised in gesture more like unconscious interest than blessing; the firm-throated young Virgin gazing out into the distance, level-eyed, calm, absorbed; St. Anne, who, still noble and unshattered though with face scored by age, looks down on the two with brooding tenderness—where could one find a subtler rendering of the three generations of the Holy Family? The little angels, in their turn, are characterized with equal suggestiveness. Flower-like and slender, light in pose and less plastic than the central figures, they seem molded of a more delicate essence than flesh and blood.

The coloring is somewhat dimmed, and has been restored in places, especially in the drapery of the Virgin and of the angels. The background and the three halos are of gold; the prevailing colors in the draperies are soft rose and a rich, dull blue. The flesh of the Virgin and Child is done in pale golden tones, with a faint flush in the cheeks, and a warmer one in the shadows of the Child's body; the face of St. Anne is darker and more ruddy.

The painting is in tempera on panel.

'THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE' PLATE II

THE Brancacci Chapel, whose decoration was Masaccio's noblest work is a plain, rectangular room, opening from the right side of the choir in the Church of the Carmine at Florence. As one enters from the well-lighted church with its pale wall-decorations, the first impression is one of gloom. Around the lower part of the walls runs a wainscoting of dark wood; above are two series of deep-toned frescos. A heavy baroque altar occupies much of the wall opposite the entrance; a window high above the altar gives the only direct light. In each series of paintings there are six separate scenes—two large ones, filling the whole length of each side-wall; four narrower ones, two on the wall opposite the entrance, to right and left of the altar, and one on each of the strips of side-wall, which, jutting out slightly from the two sides, serve to mark the entrance. The lower series, with the exception of the two paintings to right and left of the altar, have been executed almost wholly by Filippino Lippi; the upper belongs to Masaccio and Masolino.

The first composition on the left as one enters is the 'Expulsion from Paradise.' Across a bare landscape in soft grays and olives hasten two nude figures, the man bent with grief, the woman with head raised as if to wail out her despair. Behind them is the gate of Paradise, a narrow, austerely plain opening, barely seen at the left side. Above hovers an angel garbed in soft orange-red like a subdued flame against the gray sky. In his right hand is the flaming sword; his left is outstretched rather in protection than in menace. For power of expression obtained with the sternest simplicity of means, this presentation of the scene has no rivals, not even Michelangelo's.

'THE TRIBUTE MONEY' PLATE III

THE long painting on the left-hand side of the Chapel is the famous 'Tribute Money.' The incident on which it is based is told by St. Matthew in the following words: "And when Jesus and His disciples were come to Capernaum, they that received the half-shekel came to Peter and said, Doth not your master pay the half-shekel? He saith, Yea. And when he came into the house, Jesus first spake unto him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? the kings of the earth, of whom do they receive toll or tribute? from their sons, or from strangers? And when he said, From strangers, Jesus said unto him, Then are the sons free. But, lest we should cause them to stumble, go thou to the sea, and cast in a hook, and take up the first fish that cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a shekel: that take, and give unto them for me and for thee."

Masaccio has united into a single composition three distinct scenes. In the center stands the Christ, pointing with a gesture of quiet command to a stream at the left. Around Him are grouped the disciples, awaiting His response in various attitudes of expectation. The eagerness culminates in the figure of Peter on the right. With eyes gazing out at the Master from under knitted brows, he flings out his right arm toward the stream, as if echoing Christ's gesture and saying, "What, wouldst Thou bid me seek it there?" His figure finds its counterpart and contrast on the left, in the sturdy peasant-like figure of the tax-gatherer, who watches the scene with bewildered doubt, and points anxiously toward the loggia, where payment should be made. In the distance on the left, one catches a glimpse of Peter bending forward by a clear brookside and drawing the money from the fish's mouth. The apostle's mantle is laid aside, and the majestic figure of the central scene has sunk back into the poor fisherman, with the homely intentness of his pose caught from life. Vasari even calls attention to the fact that his face is flushed with stooping. To the left rises a Renaissance building, under whose loggia Peter, again clad in his mantle with its broad folds, again the "Prince of the Apostles," stands making payment to the tax-collector, who holds out his hand with unrestrained alacrity.

Masaccio's marvelous power in composition is nowhere more clearly revealed than here. The three scenes are distinct, yet welded into a dramatic and decorative whole by the gestures of Peter and the tax-gatherer at the right and left of the main group. And the secondary scenes, though above the level of the mere background flourishes they would have been in an Umbrian painting, and brought into a real unity with the center, are not unduly emphasized. They are subordinated to the main group, and the whole is dominated by the figure of the Christ.

The scene is set in a wintry landscape of grays and gray-greens, with a few bare gold-brown tree-trunks cutting across it. The deep peacock blue of the sky is half-hidden by driving clouds. The central group stands out in soft reds in all shades from rose to flame-color; only in the tunic of Peter and the mantle of Christ is repeated the deep green-blue of the sky.

'CHRIST' [DETAIL FROM 'THE TRIBUTE MONEY'] PLATE IV

THE detail reproduced in this plate gives a better conception of the great central figure of 'The Tribute Money.' The Christ stands between two figures driven by opposing impulses: the tax-gatherer, who presses forward with anxious yet firm insistence on his right to the half-shekel, and Peter, whose readiness to obey the Master only half conceals his indignation at the other's unexpected demand. The central figure alone, says Schmarsow, is "perfectly calm and untroubled, at one with himself, dignified in attitude. It is His will that solves the conflict ere it reaches its height." As in the inner dramatic meaning, so in the line-composition He forms the central point of rest to which the eye returns constantly. "He alone is seen in complete front view, and appears free and untrammeled by the surrounding figures. An additional source of power lies in the fact that He stands at the central point of the central group—the point on which all the lines of the perspective converge. He is a full-grown man, yet with all the strength and beauty of youth,—such an ideal of the Saviour as could only be formed by a combination of the worthiest heritage from the trecento with the spirit of the new generation. He stands before us strong and serious in the broad folds of His drapery; with perfect elasticity He turns His head and right arm toward Peter, while His left arm hangs quietly, grasping the mantle with a dignity and calm that seem to hold in check the importunity of the tax-gatherer. The type of head, the hand, the broad garment drawn flat over the breast, betray a close relationship to the work of Agnolo Gaddi and Don Lorenzo Monaco. Yet for all the eager quattrocento delight in reality here revealed, this figure was far more successful than its trecento predecessors in the portrayal of an ideal personality."

'ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN HEALING THE SICK WITH THEIR SHADOWS' PLATE V

THIS fresco and that representing St. Peter and St. John giving alms are grouped on the dark wall opposite the entrance of the chapel, where they cannot be seen without great effort.

The lower one on the left of the altar has for its subject the following words from the Acts of the Apostles: "And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people, and believers were the more added unto the Lord, multitudes of men and women, insomuch that they even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them."

Along a city street, overshadowed by bare, solidly-built houses, moves the Prince of the Apostles. It is a majestic figure, amply built and powerful, with mighty forehead and eyes gazing straight forward, sternly concentrated in its own cares. Its approach seems steady and resistless as the movement of a great cloud-mass or a full stream, but withal so quietly dignified that the folds of the heavy yellow mantle are not even stirred. Behind follows the slighter, more youthful figure of St. John. He, too, is absorbed and heedless of what passes around him, but the delicate beardless face and dreamy eyes suggest a seer of visions rather than a director of the Church's life and thought. At the side of

the street are the sick folk, huddled close against the buildings, waiting for the plenitude of health and strength which, without the effort, even without the knowledge of the apostles, will flow from their mere presence. In the foreground a crippled lad with homely peasant features lies almost prone on the pavement; beyond sits an old man hugging his rags about him; and further yet, a man in the prime of life, on whom the healing shadow has already fallen, stands erect, gazing after the apostles with clasped hands and intense eyes. Again, as in the 'Madonna with St. Anne,' each individual is convincingly characterized, yet in the composition as a whole reigns the severest simplicity.

'ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN DISTRIBUTING ALMS' PLATE VI

THE scene on the right-hand side of the altar represents St. Peter and St. John distributing alms. The two apostles, who, as in the scene of the healing of the sick, are characterized by an air of absorption in thoughts remote from the scene in which they are taking part, stand at the right of the picture. Around them press beggars, young and old. One has thrown himself on the ground before them to kiss their feet; another, a woman with a heavy child on her arm, leans eagerly forward and fixes her eyes on Peter's face, while he slips a coin into her hand. In this scene the bare-walled houses of the background stand a little apart, so that one sees the gray sky above, and catches a glimpse of distant hills with a little square castle like those that still meet one's eyes in looking off from S. Miniato or Fiesole.

The landscape is in olive-green, the architecture in delicate grays and browns, and the figures wear draperies of dull yellows and fawns, or of Masaccio's favorite subdued flame-color.

'ST. PETER BAPTIZING' PLATE VII

THIS fresco, which has its place in the upper series, just at the right of the altar, has aroused the enthusiasm of painters from the earliest times. Vasari says of it: "In the scene where St. Peter baptizes, especially praiseworthy is the figure of a nude man among the group who have been already baptized, who trembles and is fairly stiffened with cold. It is painted with the most brilliant modeling, and with great charm of style, and it has always been held in reverence and admiration by the men of the craft from that day to this." Such nude figures, usually introduced seated on the banks of the stream, dressing or undressing, were common in the early quattrocento representations of the ceremony of baptism, and the artist delighted in the liberty they gave him to display his skill in handling the nude. But one cannot but agree with Mr. Berenson that such figures are "not only without real significance, but positively distracting in the representation of a baptism." In an artist of Masaccio's serious fiber, such an emphasis on technical skill at the expense of spiritual meaning is rare enough to be felt with surprise.

'THE TRINITY' PLATE VIII

THIS most important of Masaccio's single works, seen by Vasari on the aisle wall of Santa Maria Novella, and highly praised in his life of Masaccio, was, until some fifty years ago, believed to be lost. It would seem

that Vasari's admiration for the picture had not hindered him from accepting a commission to paint an altar-piece which was to be put up just over the old fresco and conceal it entirely. During an alteration of the church in the last century, the altar-piece was removed and the fresco brought to light. Sig. Cavalcaselle, who saw it soon after its discovery, speaks of its good condition at the time. But unfortunately the authorities in charge of the church, wishing to preserve both this and Vasari's work, decided to move the fresco from the entrance-wall to a position on the left as one faces the main door. In the process of removal it suffered very much, and restorations have further disguised its original character. Yet even in its wrecked condition it is one of the most powerful pictures in Florence.

The subject, the visible representation of the Trinity, was frequent in the fourteenth century, and was usually rendered as an unsubstantial vision, appearing in the heavens or against a mystic background of rainbow tints. Masaccio has given one more proof of his power in *realizing* abstract thoughts by giving the vision a "local habitation" and bringing it into touch with humanity, without thereby doing violence to its mystic solemnity. As a setting Masaccio has chosen a deeply vaulted niche of the well-ordered classic forms that his friend Brunelleschi was bringing into use. They are on so massive a scale as to seem an actual chapel, opening from the church wall. Beneath the far end of the vault is a pedestal on which stands the figure of the Almighty Father, a grandly proportioned old man in ample blue mantle, perfectly plastic, yet kept supernatural and aloof by the immobility of His pose and the medieval conventionality of His oval face. He supports with outstretched arms the heavy cross whose foot reaches down to the floor of the niche. The figure of the crucified Son, though it, too, is rigid in the stillness of death, has in the droop of the head, the bend of the knees, even in the very fact of its necessary representation as a nude human figure, something softer and gentler, more akin to humanity. Above the head of the Crucified, just below the face of the Father, hovers the dove of the Holy Spirit. In the old representations of the Trinity these closely-knit forms would have composed the whole of the picture. But here, just within the edge of the niche, stand the Virgin and St. John, as they are wont to stand to witness the crucifixion on Calvary. The Madonna, a dignified matron robed in heavy black mantle, raises one hand to point quietly to the cross, and turns her face half outward to the beholder; St. John, with compressed lips and clasped hands, gazes upward, absorbed in his own grief. Below, on the bare ground outside the chapel, kneel the figures of the unknown donor and his wife, close pressed against the great pillars that support the entrance. With their sober garb, quiet, well-ordered postures, intent yet half-timid eyes, they are one of the earliest embodiments of the dignified yet child-like piety of the early quattrocento that breathes through Vespasiano's biographies, and was to find its expression again and again in the donor-figures throughout the century.

The arrangement in space is the perfect counterpart of the gradations of spiritual significance. From the devout humble worshipers, a man and woman like our own neighbors, we are led onward and upward through the

saints, themselves once humble as those others, but now made intercessors for mankind, through the Redeemer, Human and Divine, to the Eternal Godhead.

'THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI' PLATE IX

THIS painting, with the two represented in the following plate, is now in the Berlin Gallery. The three once formed the predella of an altar-piece in Pisa, finished by Masaccio in 1426. The main part of the picture, according to Vasari, represented the Madonna and Child, at whose feet were angels playing on musical instruments. At the sides were St. Peter and St. John the Baptist, St. Julian and St. Nicholas. "Below," continues the description, "in the predella, are scenes on a small scale from the lives of these Saints, and the three Magi bringing their gifts to Christ."

Of the central scene, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' Schmarsow says, "At the left rises the straw roof of the open shed, underneath which stands the ass, while the ox lies beside him chewing the cud. In front, by the supporting post, is the heavy saddle. The Madonna has taken her seat just beneath the shed-roof, on a low stool. She is shown in profile, facing toward the right, and is wrapped up closely in her mantle. On her lap, the well-grown Child, covered only by a loose cloth thrown about its loins, is turning with a quick gesture to his guests, while Joseph stands with bowed head at one side. The first king, an old man with a long white beard, has bared his head and thrown himself on his knees to touch with his lips the Child's little bare foot. The second, a man with dark hair and a full beard, who is raising his hands in adoration, stands as yet at a distance from the Messiah. Behind him a page holds the crown just taken from his master's head, and lets it glide through his fingers, looking at it dreamily. Turning somewhat away from the main action, he thus carries the eye back to the third king. This last is a beardless youth, who moves towards the center with adoring gesture, while his chamberlain lifts the golden circlet from his head. Close beside him stand two men in the dress of distinguished citizens in the quattrocento. Vasari calls them the escort of the king, but it is evident from their prominent position in the foreground, and the individuality with which, despite the small scale, their carriage and features are portrayed, that they are thought of as privileged onlookers of the painter's own day. They doubtless represent Ser Giulano di S. Giusto, who ordered the work, and his father, Niccolino. . . .The farthest section of the picture is filled with things of secondary importance that serve as a setting for the main scene, as does the shed on the opposite side. Here stand waiting richly caparisoned horses held by grooms in various poses. . . .

"Across the whole width of the picture along the farther side of the road in the middle distance runs a line of low hills, only a trifle higher than the heads of the standing figures in the foreground. But the heights themselves back into the very farthest distance are flooded with a pale light, as if the travelers had reached their goal just as the evening sun was touching all things in a last greeting. The light playing across the picture from the left gives the little painting a special charm which can be felt perhaps more keenly in the photograph than in the faded original. The level rays skim along the ground so that the

ox and the ass in the darkness of the shed are lighted by reflections from below; and the standing figures cast long shadows. The Holy Family in its place of refuge remains modestly in the shadow, contrasting with the clear light that falls on their splendid adorers, who bow humbly for all their pomp. The quivering play of broken lights over all gives the scene the fascination of some 'light that never was on land or sea.'"

The picture is in tempera, and measures twenty-four inches by eight and three-eighths inches.

'THE MARTYRDOMS OF ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST' PLATE X

IN the predella of the Pisa altar-piece, the 'Adoration of the Magi' had its place under the Madonna, forming the central section, while to right and left, under the figures of the saints, were sections of half the width, representing the martyrdom in one instance of Peter, in the other of John. These little pictures are framed together in their present position in the Berlin Gallery. As Schmarsow observes, they are strongly lighted from the left, probably with reference to their original position in the chapel of the Carmine at Pisa.

The one at the left represents the martyrdom of St. Peter. According to tradition, the execution took place at Rome outside the gates, by the two pyramids. The latter, so prominent in Giotto's 'Martyrdom of St. Peter' in the Vatican, are here merely hinted at—two strong masses of masonry framing in the composition to right and left. Through the space between them can be seen the prison with its open door, and in the right-hand corner a bit of hillside under a cloudy sky. The foreground is filled with the figure of the aged saint stretched on the cross with head downward, as he himself desired. Two executioners in close-fitting jerkins are still at work driving the nails through his hands, but the feet are already made fast, and we feel that the agonizing strain on muscles and joints has already begun. Masaccio, with a scientist's penetration into the physical effects of the torture, has even remembered to indicate the rush of blood to the head; the face is heavily flushed, as in his stooping St. Peter in the 'Tribute Money.' At the right stand three Roman soldiers, two of them gazing over the edges of their great red shields with idle curiosity, the other turning with a smile to say something to his comrades. On the left, behind the executioners, are two officers, one of the characteristic Masaccio type, with deeply cut, level brows, and heavy beard. They watch the progress of the work with an expression of questioning pity. Small as the composition is, it is composed with all the breadth of feeling that we find in the frescos. Here, as in the 'Peter and John Healing the Sick with their Shadows,' the fact that only a fragment of the buildings appears within the frame carries the mind out beyond the little surface to the suggested world under open heaven. And the cleverly foreshortened figures of the executioners, stooping directly toward the beholder, coöperate with the broken lines of the pavement, and the play of light along it, to lead the eye back into the depths of the picture. In the firm symmetry of the composition, too, and the austere simplicity of the grouping, one cannot fail to recognize the master of the Brancacci frescos.

The second scene, less successful, perhaps, than the 'Adoration' or the 'Martyrdom of St. Peter,' shows the beheading of St. John the Baptist. The execution takes place in an open space by the side of the prison, with a rocky desert landscape appearing to the right. On the prison step kneels the Baptist, bending forward with head bowed over his clasped hands, his long matted hair falling about his face. To the left stands the executioner, swinging his sword with a powerful sweep. He seems to act in obedience to the command of a portly, bearded man in richly embroidered doublet, who holds a baton in his right hand, and points with his left to the saint. At the opposite side, a soldier, leaning on his lance, seizes a lock of the saint's hair in his left hand, ready to place the head, when severed, in the charger at his feet. Behind him stands a courtier, looking eagerly over his shoulder, while another lovely youthful figure with drooping head is half-concealed by a parapet. Here, as in the preceding picture, the types and the seriousness and directness with which the scene is rendered are not unworthy of Masaccio.

The pictures are in tempera, and measure each one twelve inches by eight and three-eighths inches.

A LIST OF WORKS ATTRIBUTED BY GENERAL CONSENT TO MASACCIO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. VIENNA, OWNED BY COUNT LANCKORONSKI: St. Andrew. — ENGLAND. LONDON, OWNED BY MR. C. BUTLER: Four Saints — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Adoration of the Magi (Plate IX); Martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. John the Baptist (Plate X) — ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Madonna, Child and St. Anne (Plate I) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL (frescos): Expulsion from Paradise (Plate II); Tribute Money (Plate III); St. Peter and St. John Healing the Sick with their Shadows (Plate V); St. Peter Baptizing (Plate VII); St. Peter and St. John Distributing Alms (Plate VI); in the Raising of the King's Son: the middle group and a part of St. Peter, and scene to the right; St. Peter Enthroned — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA: The Trinity (fresco) (Plate VIII) — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, OWNED BY MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER: Bust of Young Man.

A LIST OF WORKS ATTRIBUTED BY SOME CRITICS TO MASACCIO

ITALY. EMPOLI, CATHEDRAL: Pietà (fresco) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL: Preaching of St. Peter; Healing of Tabitha — NAPLES, MUSEUM: Madonna and Christ in Glory; Founding of Santa Maria Maggiore — ROME, CHURCH OF SAN CLEMENTE: Episodes from the lives of St. Clement and St. Catherine of Alexandria; Crucifixion.

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MASTERS IN ART

Teniers the Younger

FLEMISH SCHOOL

U of M

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE SMOKER
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
TENIERS'S CHÂTEAU AT PERCK
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Scanned with CamScanner

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY
BERLIN GALLERY

Scanned with CamScanner

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE PRODIGAL SON
LOUVRE, PARIS

Scanned

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
PROCESSION OF THE ARQUEBUSIERS GUILD AT ANTWERP
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

DRAFT

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE DINNER OF APES
MUNICH GALLERY

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE FLEMISH KERMESS
BRUSSELS MUSEUM

Copy

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE KITCHEN
THE HAGUE GALLERY

Scanned

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE PAYMENT OF THE BILL
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

TENIERS THE YOUNGER
THE LIBERATION OF ST. PETER
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

PORTRAIT OF TENIERS THE YOUNGER BY HIMSELF
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Teniers was very fond of painting his own portrait, sometimes alone, but more often with either his first or his second wife and some of their children, invariably finely clad. He has represented himself as an alchemist, aged and infirm, in a picture painted ten years before his death (now in Munich), but this picture shows the painter in his youth, in the height of his powers.

He has chosen here to paint his own portrait in the figure of a young man seated in the interior of a tavern, glass and jug in hand, evidently about to pour himself a glass of beer. It shows us a very artistic face, with eyes set far apart, low forehead, and long, curling brown locks, but of a decidedly Flemish type.

David Teniers the Younger

BORN 1610: DIED 1690
FLEMISH SCHOOL

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER (pronounced Ten'yerz) ranks first, without doubt, amongst the genre-painters of the Flemish Low Countries. He was born in Antwerp in 1610, and was baptized on December 15, in the Church of St. Jacques. His mother was Dympne Cornelissen di Wilde, or simply Dympne Hendrix, daughter of Cornsille Hendrix, surnamed Platvoet, or flat-foot, who was a captain on the Escaut, and was afterwards made an admiral. His father was the painter known as David Teniers the Elder. He, in his turn, was a child by a second marriage of Julien Tenier or Teniers, who was made a citizen of Antwerp in 1558, and plied the trade of mercer. Tenier is a Flemish version of the Walloon Taisnier, the name of his grandfather, who came originally from Arth in Hainault. Dr. Bode claims that his earliest pictures were signed Tenier, omitting the final *s*, and it is under this signature that his father, brother, and four sons were inscribed in the Guild of St. Luke.

Teniers the Elder was a pupil of Rubens and Adam, of Frankfort, known as Elzheimer. There is no record anywhere of when Teniers the Younger began his apprenticeship or who were his teachers, but we must decide the question from internal evidence. As one biographer has said, "This, however, was no doubt his father, of whose style the son's is, in fact, a sublimation." Some of his earlier pictures can scarcely be distinguished from those of his father.

Other critics have tried to prove that he was a pupil of Adrian Brouwer and of Rubens. But as the first cannot be proved, it is in all probability as Smith and Wauters think,— that he simply tried to imitate the style of a painter whose works were much in vogue in his youth. And although not a pupil of Rubens, he owed him the direct inspiration of his art.

As Michiels, writing of Teniers, has said, as regards "the obligations of Teniers towards the author of the 'Descent from the Cross,' they are certainly very strong. Peter Paul must exercise in all directions a fertile influence: the light which spread over his genius did not touch any point without carrying there light and heat. His Kermesses, his landscapes, his sketches, light and harmonious, inspired Teniers the Younger, furnished him the elements of his style; it is to Rubens that he owes in particular his effects of

color, the transparence of his tones, the fineness of his touch." There are in fact some early pictures by Teniers of an historical or religious character, more or less mediocre, which show an evident imitation of Rubens. Such are 'The Holy Family' in the Château of Schleisshem and a series of pictures illustrating the 'Life of the Virgin' in the same château, a series of religious pictures in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, some cartoons done in conjunction with his father for some tapestries representing the Turriani of Lombardy, from whom are descended the house of Tour-Taxis. But in much better taste and of much finer quality are 'Perseus and Andromeda,' 'Achilles recognized by Ulysses,' 'St. George and the Dragon,' 'Latona revenged,' scattered in various private collections.

Michiels has pointed out two landscapes in the Louvre which establish the indebtedness of Teniers to Rubens. One by Rubens represents a figure of a peasant in a broad landscape, illuminated by the morning light; the other, a group by Teniers, seated drinking before the door of a rustic inn bathed in the soft evening light. Both have the same misty atmosphere, the same autumn tints, red, yellow, and dull blue, and the same light and facile technique.

In 1632–33 he was admitted as master to the Guild of St. Luke, in the quality of the son of a painter. Some critics have tried to prove that he was unsuccessful in the very beginning of his career, because of the popularity at the time of the more dramatic compositions of the school of Rubens, and was obliged to go to Antwerp to sell his pictures. This seems scarcely probable, for he was so far established in his profession as to be married in 1637, and long before this date he had painted some of his most charming pictures.

Henri Hymans, conservateur of the Bibliothèque Royale of Brussels, in his article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' says, "A group of topers in the Munich Gallery, as well as a party of gentlemen and ladies at dinner, termed the Five Senses, in the Brussels Museum . . . are remarkable instances of the perfection attained by the artist when he may be supposed to be scarcely twenty. His touch is of the rarest delicacy, his color at once gay and harmonious."

On July 22, 1637, he was married to Anne Brueghel, a daughter of Jan (Velvet) Brueghel and a ward of Rubens, who was one of the witnesses at the marriage. Anne had been baptized in 1620, so that she was only seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage. Teniers was said to have had very pleasing manners, and these, together with his talents, enabled him from the first to associate with men of note and position. He occupied a much higher social position than was customary with painters of genre. He seems to have been on very friendly terms with the family of Rubens, for Helena Fourment, Rubens's second wife, acted as godmother to his first child, who bears the name David Teniers Third in the history of art.

He was slightly over thirty when the Guild of St. George of Antwerp ordered him to paint for them 'The Jubilee Meeting of the Civic Guards, in honour of their old commander, Godfrey Snyders' (see plate v). This picture is one of the most considerable our artist ever painted, and is considered

by many to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. After passing through many hands, it finally found its way to the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.

In the same year, 1643, he painted a picture now in the National Gallery, London, known as 'Le Fête aux Chaudrons,' an equally beautiful repetition of which, dated 1646, belongs to the Duke of Bedford. "A work like this," says Waagen, " stamps its author as the greatest among painters of this class."

In 1644 the Common Council of Antwerp made him Dean or Doyen of the Guild of St. Luke. His election to this office was largely due to the success of two beautiful pictures painted by him and now in the Louvre, 'The Prodigal Son' (plate IV) and 'The Smoker' (plate I). But perhaps the most significant event in the painter's career was the fact that the archduke, Leopold William, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, made him Groom of the Chambers and Court Painter, including the directorship of his picture-gallery installed in the palace at Brussels. These duties required the painter's removal from Antwerp to Brussels, which took place between the years 1648 and 1652. In Antwerp the painter had lived with his family on the Longue Rue Neuve at the house of the Sirène, so named, as it was the custom in his time to designate houses in some such way. This house is said to have sheltered three generations of painters. Jan Brueghel, the father-in-law of Teniers, inhabited it in the first place, then Teniers himself, who ceded it again to his son-in-law, Jan Erasme Quellin.

In Brussels at first he seems to have built himself a fine house near the palace in the Rue des Juifs in the parish of Coudenberg. A legal document states that it was a spacious residence with stables and other dependencies, where doubtless many of the illustrious people of the day were wont to assemble. He seems to have soon abandoned it for the château and estate of Dry Toren (Three Towers), near Perck, between Malines and Vilvorde, which he purchased of Helena Fourment, widow of Peter Paul Rubens. Its three slender towers become very familiar to us through the many pictures in which he places it in the background. He often represented it as the main theme in his landscape (see plate II), where he and his wife and children, elegantly dressed, appear upon the canvas, with the peasants doffing their caps before them.

Among his duties as director of the archducal picture-gallery was the purchase of pictures. He was sent to England by the Duke of Fuenseldagna, Lieutenant of Leopold William, on the dispersal of the collection of Charles I. and the Duke of Buckingham, to buy all the Italian pictures he could lay his hands on. Teniers also set himself to make copies of the originals. Some historians claim that his copies were such faithful reproductions that the authors of the pictures, could they have seen them, could hardly have distinguished the copies from the originals. On the other hand, it is affirmed that his "touch alone, independent of the expressions, would suffice to show the deception." He also made engravings of the originals, and in 1660, after the Archduke Leopold William had been sent from the Low Countries to Vienna, whither he took his collection of pictures, Teniers issued these engravings

under the title of 'The Théâtre of the Pictures of David Teniers.' Two hundred and forty-six subjects were represented, for the most part rather mediocre, for the handling lacks clearness, the artist having sought above all to render the effects of chiaroscuro. At least three times Teniers painted the interior of this picture-gallery, with minute copies of the individual pictures, which it has been the delight of connoisseurs ever since to try and identify. In the one in Brussels, the duke and his attendants have just entered the gallery, and our artist is showing him some plates of the pictures, which he has made. In the one in Vienna a picture is placed upon an easel, to which the archduke is pointing and seems to be asking Teniers who was the artist. In still a third, an old peasant is posed in the gallery and the artist has depicted himself as painting his portrait.

The Archduke Leopold William was superseded by Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Philip IV. of Spain. He confirmed Teniers in his office, and according to Corneille di Blie, a contemporary writer, took lessons in painting of David, and to show his gratitude painted a portrait of Teniers's son. He also sent the artist's pictures to Spain, and Philip IV. was so delighted with them that, so Di Blie tells us, he had a special gallery built for them, and acquired all the canvases he could from the hand of our painter. Certainly, to-day, the Prado is richer than any other museum in the works of Teniers. His fame spread all over Europe. Queen Christina of Sweden was in Antwerp after her abdication in 1654, and Teniers offered her all the plates of his Théâtre which had been already engraved. When she passed through Brussels on her way to cross the Alps she presented him with a chain of gold, from which was suspended her portrait in medallion. The Elector of the Palatinate sat to David for his portrait, also Antoine Triest, Bishop of Ghent, an able connoisseur and patron of art, and the latter's representative acted as sponsor for one of David's children.

Among others who frequented his studio were the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, sons of Charles I. of England. Teniers painted the portrait of the former in 1651, when he was eighteen years of age. He is represented as amiable and naïve, and his likeness gives no indication of the troubles that were to come to him as King James II. Another important individual who posed for Teniers was Condé, who in 1652 entered the service of Spain. His portrait was painted a year later, when he was thirty-one, and shows us a long and bony figure with elaborately curled locks, and a rather disagreeable countenance suggesting the wolf a little in its characterization.

Teniers seems to have made himself unhappy the latter part of his life through his ambitions and desires to be ennobled, to become of equal rank with those with whom he associated. He first in 1655 solicited ennoblement, and again in 1663 made application to the privy council of Philip IV., and claimed that his family was of honorable origin from Haynault, and had always carried armorial bearings. The Spanish king finally granted his wish on one condition — that Teniers should not exercise his profession for gain, as his new rank would demand. This was no doubt a disguised refusal; the price asked was too great a sacrifice, and we hear no more about the matter.

But upon his second wife's tomb, who died before him and was buried in the church of Perck, was sculptured, together with her family arms, the chimerical coat-of-arms which he claimed for his family. Moreover, the Abbé de St. Michel d'Anvers, Jean Chrysostome Teniers, a nephew, carried this escutcheon from 1687 to 1709.

In 1663 Teniers was Director and Dean of the Guild of St. Luke in Antwerp, and wished to make of it a royal academy similar to those of Rome and Paris, where only painters and sculptors could be members, and not craftsmen. Louis XIV. had that same year restored the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture, had given it a habitation, definite laws, and a means of revenue. Teniers took advantage of his friendship with the Marquis de Caracena, successor to Don Juan as Governor of the Netherlands, and asked Philip IV. to take the new academy under his protection and grant it letters of franchise which he, Teniers, could resell. This last demand appealed to the Spanish monarch, and to meet the expenses of the new academy he empowered the Dean of St. Luke's Guild and his colleagues to enfranchise eight persons of the ordinary rank of bourgeois, each of the said eight to be held responsible at intervals for the duties of public almoner and police officer. The magistrates of Antwerp gave the academy the free use of rooms on the east side of the Bourse, and they solemnly took possession on the fête-day of St. Luke. The next year public instruction in perspective, and in drawing from the living model, began, and the Fine Arts Academy of Antwerp was established.

Michiels has pointed out that Teniers's life was not passed in tranquillity by any means. Although he was born in a time of peace, during the greater part of his life Belgium was ravaged and pillaged by the English, the French, and the Spanish. Under Don Juan, after his defeat in the Battle of the Dunes, the French troops came within four leagues of Brussels. The troopers could not live except by highway robbery, and traveling from place to place was rendered most precarious. Teniers died shortly before the bombardment of Brussels by Maréchal de Villeroi.

We find several pictures by him entitled 'The Misfortunes of War.' Sometimes, instead of representing his scenes in a tragic manner, he made them ridiculous. For instance, the Brussels Museum possesses one of a guard-room, where the Spanish soldiers are represented as monkeys, seated at two tables, playing cards and dice, and drinking and smoking with all the airs of soldiers so diverting themselves. A poor cat, representing a Fleming, who had been out in the evening enjoying himself, is brought in half dead with fear by two ourang-outangs, to be roughly judged and punished by the officer of the guard, dressed as a dog, while an owl upon the top of the door looks on disdainfully.

Anne Brueghel, Teniers's first wife, died in May in 1656, and was buried in the collegiate Church of SS. Michel and Gudule, in the parish of Coudenberg; she had borne him seven children. He very quickly consoled himself for her loss, however, for six months later, in December of that same year, he married Isabella de Fren, daughter of the Secretary of the Council of Brabant, who was the mother of four children. Soon after his second marriage

the children of his first wife claimed a part of his fortune and property, which gave rise to interminable law-suits. Twenty-six years after the death of Anne Brueghel, in 1682, he was still in possession of the manor; but upon the marriage of the eldest daughter of Isabella de Fren to Jean-François Engrand, he sold the property in litigation to his son-in-law. The latter was finally obliged to resell it, but it is thought not until after the death of Teniers.

Of the eleven children of David, four were sons and followed their father's profession. The eldest, known as David Third, was a painter of some repute. He was sent to Spain to complete his studies, and seems to have won the favor of Philip IV., who demanded his works after he had left the country. He, also, like his father, had many patrons among the nobility. He married, in 1671, Anne Bomarens, at Lermonde, where he lived for a little time, and then removed to Brussels. His eldest child was named David, and was likewise a painter. It is thought to-day that it was David Third, and not his father, who signed his pictures, David Teniers, Junior. His pictures have probably become confused with his father's and are some of those doubtful ones which critics think to be copies or pasticcios. One authentic picture painted by him of St. Dominic kneeling before the Virgin is still in its original position in the church at Perck, and is signed as above. He died five years before his father, and expressed a wish to be buried beside his mother in the collegiate church at Coudenberg.

A second son joined the order of St. Francis at Malines and painted nineteen pictures of the martyrs of Gorcum, but of much greater merit than the pictures were the frames, representing garlands of flowers which his father had painted for another artist.

Both Waagen and Smith consider that our artist's best works were produced between 1645 and 1650, when he had substituted for his first golden tone a beautiful silver one. Later he adopted the golden tone again, but the shadows in his very latest pictures are apt to be brown and opaque. After 1654 his works seem to be less carefully painted and to lack earnestness. He took to painting what are known as his 'afternoons.' This name refers only to the time taken in which to paint them, and generally represented a few figures painted in a broad landscape, but they at least demonstrate the facile technique of his brush.

Smith, in his 'Catalogue Raisonné' has described nearly seven hundred pictures by Teniers, scattered throughout the public and private galleries of Europe, but he had many imitators who did not hesitate to forge his name. Their works can be distinguished from his only by a lack of fine quality, especially in their tones and in their technique.

Not only did David make engravings of the Italian pictures in the archduke's collection, but he engraved some original plates, which are considered on the whole rather mediocre and not equal to the work of his contemporaries in that line. Like his father, he also made designs for tapestries, and the product of the looms in Brussels came into much greater vogue and popularity after he began to furnish the cartoons for them. Teniers was not slow to aid his fellow painters. He often added figures to their landscapes, thereby

greatly enhancing their price. He even went so far at times as to retouch their entire pictures. Josse de Momper was especially under obligations of this sort, and one finds in the catalogue of the effects of Duke Charles of Lorraine mention of "a couple of landscapes and figures by Teniers in the manner of Mompers."

One of his last canvases was of his lawyer surrounded by his papers, whom he had employed, doubtless, in the law-suit with his children. The anecdote is told, that while the lawyer was posing for him Teniers said to him, "Up to the present, I have employed ivory white, but to paint you I have burned my last tooth." M. Wauters has placed his death in 1694, but it has been proved by some recently discovered documents that he died four years earlier, on April 25, 1690, and was buried beside his second wife in the church of Perck. "Properly speaking, he is the last representative of the great Flemish traditions of the seventeenth century."

The Art of Teniers the Younger

F. T. KUGLER 'HANDBOOK OF PAINTING'

TENIERS was one of the first, and also one of the most remarkable, of those painters who, possessing the complete command of all the powers of representation which then flourished in the Netherlands, applied them to illustrate the subjects of every-day life, or even, when tempted into higher regions, included them under the same genre-like treatment; for though the animated delineation of the peasant world, under the most varying forms — from the single figure of a peasant smoking his pipe to the throngs which gather at fairs and festivities — was his favorite sphere, yet the influence of his uncle, Hell Brueghel, or of his father-in-law, Velvet Brueghel, appeared in many a scene from the realms of fancy, such as witches and incantations, and especially in the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' which he treated with charming humor. The mania also for discovering the philosopher's stone, which prevailed at his time, gave him occasion for those alchemist subjects in which he is unrivaled. The guard-house, with its old armor, drums, and flags, was another favorite sphere; also cattle-pieces and landscapes, wherein his delicate feeling for nature is strikingly evident. His talent was least adapted for sacred subjects, which, being invested by him with the same forms as those he gave his peasant world, are wanting in all elevation of feeling. These pictures therefore have little interest for the mind of the spectator, except occasionally of a humorous kind. . . .

The qualities which most attract us in the works of Teniers are his picturesque arrangement, his delicately balanced general keeping, the exquisite harmony of coloring in his details, and that light and sparkling touch in which the separate strokes of the brush are left unbroken — a power wherein no other genre-painter ever equaled him. On the other hand, all the charm of

his humor can hardly atone for a certain coldness of feeling, while his figures and heads have a degree of monotony which is especially obvious in scenes with numerous figures. Occasionally, also, too decided an intention is seen in his arrangements; so that upon the whole his greatest triumphs are attained in pictures of few figures. The different periods of his long life distinctly appear in his works. In those of his earlier time a somewhat heavy brown tone prevails; the figures are on a large scale — twelve to eighteen inches high; the treatment is broad, and somewhat decorative. The influence of Brouwer may be perceived here, though the idea that Teniers was a scholar of his is quite erroneous. Towards 1640 his coloring becomes clearer, continuing in this tendency up to 1644, when he had attained a very luminous golden tone, and changing again from that period into a cool silvery hue. With this there also ensued a more careful and very precise execution. Pictures of this class up to the year 1660, though occasionally we find him returning to his golden color, are prized as his finest and most characteristic works. After this he again adopts a decided golden tone, which is sometimes very powerful. In his last years the coloring becomes heavy and brownish, and the treatment is undecided and trembling.

HENRI HYMANS 'ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA'

ALTHOUGH the spirit of many of these works is as a whole marvelous, their conscientiousness must be regarded as questionable. Especially in the latter productions we often detect a lack of earnestness and of the calm and concentrated study of nature which alone prevent expression from degenerating into grimace in situations like those generally depicted by Teniers. His education, and still more his real and assumed position in society, to a great degree account for this. Brouwer knew more of taverns; Ostade was more thoroughly at home in cottages and humble dwellings; Teniers throughout triumphs in broad daylight, and, though many of his interiors may justly be termed masterpieces, they seldom equal his open-air scenes, where he has without restraint given full play to the bright resources of his luminous palette. In this respect, as in many others, he almost invariably suggests comparisons with Watteau. Equally sparkling and equally joyous, both seem to live in an almost ideal world, where toil, disease, and poverty may exist, but to be soon forgotten, and where sunshine seems everlasting. But his subjects taken from the Gospels or sacred legend are absurd. An admirable picture in the Louvre shows Peter denying his Master, next to a table where soldiers are smoking and having a game at cards. He likes going back to subjects illustrated two centuries before by Jerôme Bosch — the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' the 'Rich Man in Hell,' incantations and witches — for the simple purpose of assembling the most common apparitions. His villagers drink, play bowls, dance, and sing; they seldom quarrel or fight, and if they do. seem to be shamming. His powers certainly declined with advancing age; the works of 1654 begin to look hasty. But this much may be said of Teniers, that no other painter shows a more enviable ability to render a conception to

his own and other people's satisfaction. His works have a technical freshness, a straightforwardness in means and intent, which make the study of them most delightful; as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, they are worthy of the closest attention of any painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art.

A. T. WAUTERS 'LA PEINTURE FLAMANDE'

HIS work is a world in itself. As the elder Brueghel of old, but with more elegance and delicacy, Teniers recounts to us the life of the Flemish peasants, its domestic intimacy and its substantial, familiar joys. His people go to market, they clean stables, milk cows, draw nets, grind knives, shoot arrows, play at skittles and at cards, dress wounds, pull teeth, salt bacon, make puddings, smoke, sing, dance, caress the young girls, and above all drink like the Flemings that they are. How far the cowherds and the fishmongers transport us from the gods of Olympus and the people of the Bible! And yet, who would believe it? Teniers has ventured upon the ground of the religious painting: witness, the 'Christ presented to the People' (Museum of Cassel), the 'Crowning of Thorns' (cabinet of Lord Ward), and the 'Sacrifice of Abraham' (Museum of Vienna). He has likewise rashly attempted heroic painting; for proof, the twelve pictures relating the 'History of Armide and of Renaud' (Prado). We do not think that he has succeeded there. Of the rest, he has tried his hand in all manner of genre: popular fêtes, fantastic representations, markets, landscapes with flocks, hunts, the life of the nobility, incidents of the guard-room, comic scenes of monkeys and cats, rustic interiors, kitchens, shops, laboratories, — he has painted everything, and always with that lightness of execution, that fine and quick touch, whose spirit has not been surpassed by any one. . . .

It is above all in his spirit, his color, and his execution that Teniers asks to be studied and admired. His rapid and facile talent derived at the same time from Brueghel and from Rubens: in the first place, by the manner of what he sees; in the second place, by his coloring, with its bold tones, with its refined harmonies, and by the astonishing virtuosity of his brush, he lays hold of and renders the humble spectacle of things naïve and rustic. Take him in some of his small, choice productions — for example, in 'The Country Doctor' (Brussels), 'The Prodigal Son' (Louvre), 'The Kitchen' (The Hague), 'The Rustic Interior' (Basle), 'The Violinist' (Turin) — his manner of painting is there inimitable. No one better than he has known how to give to color fine and delicate transparencies; no one has combined with more art and apparent simplicity the play of softened shadows and of luminous impastos. We do not ask of his representations of the humble classes of the society of his time the mocking accent of the elder Brueghel nor the caricatured gaiety of Adrien Brouwer, both more profound and more powerful than he, but we recognize that the song of his homely muse accompanies well his little scenes of domestic interiors, and of sweet village joys.— FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN RUSKIN[1] 'MODERN PAINTERS'

WE have to stoop somewhat lower in order to comprehend the pastoral and rustic scenery of Cuyp and Teniers, which must yet be held as forming one group with the historical art of Rubens, being connected with it by Rubens's pastoral landscape. To these, I say, we must stoop lower; for they are destitute, not of spiritual character only, but of spiritual thought. . . .

But in the pastoral landscape we lose, not only all faith in religion, but all remembrance of it. Absolutely now at last we find ourselves without sight of God in all the world.

So far as I can hear or read, this is an entirely new and wonderful state of things achieved by the Hollanders. The human being never got wholly quit of the terror of spiritual being before. Persian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hindoo, Chinese,— all kept some dim, appalling record of what they called "gods." Farthest savages had — and still have — their feather-idols, large-eyed; but here in Holland we have at last got utterly done with it all. Our only idol glitters dimly, in tangible shape of a pint pot, and all the incense offered thereto comes out of a small censer or bowl at the end of a pipe. "Of deities or virtues, angels, principalities, or powers, in the name of our ditches no more. Let us have cattle, and market vegetables."

This is the first and essential character of the Holland landscape art. Its second is a worthier one,— respect for rural life.

I should attach greater importance to this rural feeling if there were any true humanity in it, or any feeling for beauty. But there is neither. No incidents of this lower life are painted for the sake of the incidents, but only for the effects of light. You will find that the best Dutch painters do not care about the people, but the lusters on them. . . . But no effect of fancy will enable me to lay hold of the temper of Teniers or Wouvermans, any more than I can enter into the feelings of the lower animals. I cannot see why they painted — what they are aiming at — what they liked or disliked. All their life and work is the same sort of mystery to me as the mind of my dog when he rolls on carrion. He is a well-enough conducted dog in other respects, and many of these Dutchmen were doubtless very well-conducted persons: certainly they learned their business well; both Teniers and Wouvermans touch with a workmanly hand, such as we cannot see rivaled now; and they seem never to have painted indolently, but gave the purchaser his thorough money's worth of mechanism, while the burgesses who bargained for their cattle and card-parties were probably more respectable men than the princes who gave orders to Titian for nymphs, and to Raphael for Nativities. But whatever merit or commercial value may be in Dutch labor, this at least is clear, that it is wholly insensitive.

The very mastery those very men have of their business proceeds from their never really seeing the whole of anything, but only that part of it which

[1] John Ruskin, eminent critic in many respects, does not seem to understand or appreciate the Dutch and Flemish Schools. He is more to be trusted when he praises, though he exaggerate, than when he blames. I include this excerpt by way of contrast, as most critics give to Teniers so much praise, if not adulation.

they know how to do. Out of all nature they felt their function was to extract the grayness and shininess. Give them a golden sunset, a rosy dawn, a green waterfall, a scarlet autumn on the hills, and they merely look curiously into it, to see if there is anything gray and glittering which can be painted on their common principles. . . . I do not think it necessary to trace farther the evidences of insensitive conception of the Dutch school. I have associated the name of Teniers with that of Wouvermans in the beginning of this chapter, because Teniers is essentially the painter of the pleasures of the ale-house and card-table, as Wouvermans of those of the chase; and the two are the leading masters of the peculiar Dutch trick of white touch on gray or brown ground; but Teniers is higher in reach and more honest in manner. Berghem is the real associate of Wouvermans in the hybrid school of landscape. But all three are alike insensitive; that is to say, unspiritual or deathful, and that to the uttermost in every thought,— providing, therefore, the lowest phase of possible art of a skilful kind.

ALFRED MICHIELS 'HISTOIRE DE LA PEINTURE FLAMANDE'

ONCE established in his country residence, everything became for Teniers subject for a picture. He did not give himself the trouble to choose between the thousand incidents of nature and of rustic life. The first occupations of the year as the last — labor, seed-time, cutting of the hay, harvest, work of the thrashers and the winnowers, hunts of the autumn, effects of snow, somber landscapes, which a rough and impetuous north wind torments — have been faithfully reproduced by him. Of a spirit simple and just, he painted the men, the trees, the fields, the sky, the clouds, the ground, the costumes, the manners, the inside and outside of houses, as they offered themselves to his view — no preconceived idea, no effort to attain the ideal, to ennoble his models. He did not even try to compose. A village street, a free space between some cottages, where the grass shoots up as in the broad country, the borders of a pool, the edge of a wood, the enclosed paling of a public-house, a common road without original incidents, the first room of a tavern that he happened upon,— all was good material for him. Provided his canvas found itself filled fairly suitably, he asked nothing more of it. It has been remarked that his trees are ordinary; that is to say, they have not the beautiful bearing, the distinguished forms, they do not offer happy anomalies, sought with anxiety by the landscapists who beat about the forests to find these exceptions. Teniers occupied himself little with such refinements. If he saw a group of sycamores, or ash-trees, or lindens, he copied it without modifying it. But his trees have a natural air, their foliage is well rendered, light, easy; as though we could hear them whispering in the breeze.

Teniers did not put more coquetry into his manner of painting the heavens, though others note the rare splendors of the firmament, the unusual play of light, the strange forms which the clouds occasionally take. . . . An ordinary sky, with clouds, whitish, flaky, like wool, and sweetly bathed in silvery gleams of light, suffices him ordinarily. When he puts into them more workmanship,

through caprice and at long intervals, his admirers are astonished. But the eye loses itself in spaces which he opens above the cottages and orchards; one imagines that one sees far beyond the objects which really limit the view. And elsewhere how the pigeons balance themselves on high! How they appear to strike with their agile wings a real atmosphere!

The people of Teniers are as real as the scenes where he places them. Many art-lovers, many critics, are astonished to see them so short and so stocky. They ask why the artist has given them these heavy proportions, what human race has furnished him with such types. You see that he has not been very far to find them, for he holds to the soil of his fatherland, as old oaks to the Forest of Soigne. Three years of consecutive sojourn in Brabant have permitted me to find his models. The good men of Teniers are in fact the Brabant peasants; he paints quite simply the villagers who people the country around his château. They have remained the same since his time; they have always the thick-set shoulders, strong limbs, great heads, large eyes, clear complexions, and sufficiently regular features. They are mild, joyous, good companions — they dance, drink, smoke, as of old. Only they wear clothes of glossy cloth, hats and neckties. The public-houses have no longer palings, but the green hedges do not let us regret the old fences. Often even they dance, drink, play, in the open country. . . .

In some works of Teniers the figures are more svelte, more elegantly proportioned; I do not at all hesitate to say that they date from the time when he lived in Antwerp. The Antwerp race is, in fact, larger, more slender, than the population of Brabant, properly so-called. You see walking in the streets, promenading on the quay, some beautiful young girls, who surpass the common level of their sex, and display a full bust above a figure supple and slender. When they were before his eyes, Teniers, the faithful observer, copied them exactly. Once far from the borders of the Escaut, he forgot these beautiful models, and set himself to reproduce the little Brabançonnes, with their large heads and their red cheeks.

The manners depicted by the brush of Teniers, the actions of his people, deserve the same eulogies, have the same reality, as the backgrounds of his pictures. It was not for him to dream of the swains of the opéra-comique and of the shepherdesses dressed in satin, as did Sergais, Madame Deshoulières, Fontenelles, Boucher, Watteau, Florian; he did not represent village coquettes with dainty feet, with hair curled, casting murderous glances, heaving sighs, and leading with a red ribbon sheep as white as snow over the short grass. His country women are great rustics, cowherds, laborers, harvesters, swineherds, milkers, venders of cheese and of fish, tavern-keepers, fisher-women, and farmers' wives. Their attitudes, their gestures, are in harmony with their coarse natures; the truth of their movements strikes all spectators.

Teniers is perhaps the most perfect representative of the realistic school, an imitator of the Flemings; his tranquil spirit had the impartiality of a mirror, and his pictures are, in their turn, the reflection of his spirit. Objects so strongly took possession of his intelligence that his talent offers nothing subjective; he had nothing peculiar to himself but his manner of painting; and

had not Rubens taught him this way of painting? . . . ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

PAILLOT DE MONTABERT 'TRAITÉ COMPLET DE PEINTURE'

THE great secret of Teniers is his great knowledge and his great feeling for perspective. He understood it from the very beginning, applying it not only to lines, but to tones, to tints, and to touch. Besides this knowledge, the most powerful in all painting, Teniers learned the art of combining light and shade, and, much more still, in my opinion, the art of combining tones, in all respects choosing what was pleasing to the sight — to such an extent that he places for his own pleasure a man dressed in white upon a white sky; to such an extent that he places gray upon gray, red upon red; nothing embarrasses him and he amuses himself, so to speak, in diversifying the combinations, because he holds in hand the first great principle; because he is certain to avoid the effect of small masses, interrupted and discordant; because, having great knowledge of optics, he knows how to avoid misconceptions, equivocations, all that which can finally embarrass and enfeeble the results.— FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Teniers the Younger

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE SMOKER' PLATE I

THIS is another of the early pictures by Teniers which has found its way to the Louvre, and is remarkable for its beautiful golden tone. We recall that it was partly due to this picture that he was elected Dean of the Guild of St. Luke. The composition is described as follows by Lafenestre:

"In the hall of an inn, to the left, a young man, with bare head and dressed in a gray costume, is seated upon a stool, three-quarters turned to the left, and smokes his pipe; his left hand rests upon his knee; his right elbow is leaning upon a table, where are placed a pot of beer, some paper, some matches, and a chafing-dish; to the right, in the middle distance, two men seated before a table are playing cards, and a third, standing, looks at them. In the background a servant enters an open door; upon the wall is hung an engraving carrying the date of 1643."

It measures about a foot square and is signed: D. Teniers.

'TENIERS'S CHÂTEAU AT PERCK PLATE II

IN this picture we get a near view of the château which figures so often in the backgrounds of Teniers's pictures of out-of-door life. Here we have a charmingly composed landscape with the manor-house surrounded by trees occupying the center of the picture.

Around the immediate gardens flows a stream, beyond which, on the right, we see the pleasant meadows of the estate. As is usual with our artist, he has here introduced figures into his landscape to give it life and vivacity. In the foreground are a group of men standing in the stream drawing a fish-net, whilst on the left one of their number has climbed up the hithermost bank and is offering a large fish to a group of elegantly dressed people, without doubt portraits of the artist, his wife, daughter, and younger son, a lad in his teens and who is accompanied by a finely bred greyhound. A secondary figure of a fisherman in the distance seems to be carrying a string of fish up the foot-path to the château.

This is the most considerable of his pictures in the National Gallery and has been called "a large study freely painted."

'TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY' PLATE II

THE 'Temptation of St. Anthony' was a favorite subject with Teniers. The version in the Berlin Gallery is considered the most masterly in treatment. The scene takes place in a deep cave, through the door of which we get a glimpse of a smiling and beautiful country. Two peasants on the left are looking on and leering at the tribulations of St. Anthony, so well described by Kugler: "The poor saint kneels full of anxiety before his stone altar, the corners of which are just shooting out into heads of monstrous beasts; beside him stands a demon in the shape of a Brabant beauty, holding a goblet of wine; all kinds of imps, some in the shape of goats, others like apes or fishes, are twitching at his garments; others again form a circle round the picture and appear to make the most horrible uproar by singing, screaming, or croaking; one blows a clarionet which he has stuck into the hole for a nose in his skull. In the air above, all is wild tumult; there are two knights who ride on fishes, and tilt at one another; one is a bird cased in an earthern mug for a coat of armor, and with a candlestick with a burning light in it stuck on his head by way of helmet; he pierces the other combatant with a long hop-pole through the neck, and this knight, who resembles a dried-up frog, seems to set up a fearful scream while he tosses his arms aloft. All kinds of reptiles are flying and creeping about. It would be difficult to match the mad conceits and wild genius of this picture."

The beautiful woman so charmingly painted in a black silk dress is said to be a portrait of the painter's first wife, Anne Brueghel. The picture measures two feet eight inches in height by three feet ten inches in breadth, is signed and dated, 1647.

'THE PRODIGAL SON' PLATE IV

'THE PRODIGAL SON' is one of the earliest as well as one of the finest works from the brush of Teniers. As Kugler says of it, "In composition, refinement of harmonious gold tones, and spirited touch, this is a work of the first class."

We see seated at a well-spread table before the door of an inn, the prodigal son between two women. He turns towards a small boy who is pouring him something to drink, while he presses the hand of one of the women, who is seated facing us, dressed in a blue dress and white cape; the other woman, in a red skirt and a black overdress, is talking to a beggar. Behind them, leaning against the paling, are two musicians, while a waiter is bringing them food, and a woman servant is writing the expense upon a tablet. In the foreground on the left, resting upon a bench, are the sword, cloak, and plumed hat of the Prodigal Son, while on the right a jug of faience and some glasses stand beside some flasks which are cooling in a bronze basin. In the background is a stream, and upon the opposite bank is the Prodigal Son on his knees before a cattle-shed.

This picture brought 29,000 francs in 1776, and again in 1783 was acquired by the French crown for 25,000 francs, and is now in the Louvre. It seems to have been part of a set, for in the Dulwich Gallery is the Prodigal Son as swineherd, and in the collection Schneider, the Prodigal Son at table in an interior. It measures about two feet two inches by two feet ten inches, is signed and dated upon the stone in the corner, 1644.

'PROCESSION OF THE ARQUEBUSIERS GUILD AT ANTWERP' PLATE V

"IN 1643 the painter of Kermesses executed a picture which we rank among his best works. It represents the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, and the grand place, where the crafts and corporations defile, in their costumes of ceremony, in the midst of a curious crowd; the heads of all the members of the guild were, according to tradition, portraits. We distinguish especially the Confraternity of the Crossbowmen, for whom this canvas was painted. Forty-five people, in figures of from eight to ten inches high, are united in the foreground; all are finished with the minutest care and in a style which, without removing itself from the natural, is removed less from the grotesque. The arrangement of the prospective is marvelous, as the rendering of all the details. The air circulates among the animated groups, where we think we catch the movement of life." (From Viardot, les Musées d'Allemagne et de Prussie.)

The above picture, considered by many critics the master's *chef-d'œuvre*, is, says Hymans, "correct to the minutest detail, yet striking in effect; the scene, under the rays of a glorious sunshine, displays an astonishing amount of acquired knowledge and natural good taste."

It was painted for the Confraternity of St. Sebastian of Antwerp, who sold it in 1750, together with a 'Venus and Mars' by Rubens, for 5,000 florins, on condition that the latter be replaced by a copy by the buyer. The former also has been so replaced. Smith tells us that "D. Teniers represented himself in the figure of the halberdier who, holding a hat ornamented with plumes, salutes an old man who is none other than the father of the painter; the servant, who is behind the old man and who carries a silver tray, is one of the De Vos family."

Later, this picture passed into the gallery of the landgrave of Hesse at Cassel. It was carried off by the French in 1806, afterwards was in the gallery at Malmaison, and finally was acquired by the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg. It measures about four feet five inches by six feet, and is signed and dated, 1643.

'THE DINNER OF APES' PLATE VI

HERE we have an excellent example of those comic pictures of apes which Teniers was so fond of painting, dressed like men and imitating their manners. We see again the interior of a tavern, but rather of the better sort. Seated at a round table covered with a handsome table-cloth are two old apes and two younger ones. One with a clay pipe stuck through his hide looks out at the spectator and raises his glass of wine; the other is about to cut a loaf of bread, while a young ape holds out his pewter dish for some of the *pièce de resistance*, which fills a huge platter in the center of the table, while still a fourth is draining his glass. In the foreground in the center sit three apes on the floor eating raw oysters, while another on the left is opening them and putting them on the grill ready to broil. As is usual in Teniers's tavern pictures of men, there is a secondary group around the fire, where one old ape in kitchen apron and cook's cap is stewing something in two big kettles over a blazing fire. Shelves and hooks, supporting bottles and jugs, line the walls, and there are evidences of former accounts having been chalked upon the walls — details one soon becomes very familiar with in Teniers's pictures.

This little picture so naïvely and charmingly painted, with high-lights upon the white table-cloth, feather plumes, the hoary beards of the apes, and upon their jackets, caps, and aprons, is now in the Munich Gallery. It measures only about ten and a half by fourteen inches, and is signed but not dated.

There is an amusing anecdote told by Michiels which is quite *à propos* of this picture: "Influenced by public admiration, a favorite chamberlain of Louis XIV., named Bontemps, wished to give the monarch an agreeable surprise. He bought for the cabinet of the prince several pictures of Teniers and placed them there without saying anything. The king enters, looks at them, and exclaims: 'Remove all those baboons!' Bontemps was very disappointed. But the stocky Brabançons of the Flemish painter, habitually drunk, more than rustic, could not please the majestic patron of Racine and Boileau."

'THE FLEMISH KERMESS' PLATE VII

MICHIELS, in his 'Histoire de la Peinture Flamande,' thus naïvely describes plate VII: "It is one of those village fêtes which the author produced, but I doubt if he has executed one more beautiful. Before a public-house, where a magnificent tree stands erect between two buildings, a player of the bagpipe has climbed up upon a cask and blows with all his might. To the right and left the people are seated at table amusing themselves. The peasants have danced a part of the day, two by two, one couple following another, not to tire themselves too much at first, and afterwards to have time to

drink, eat, and refresh themselves in the interval — an excellent custom which permits the Flemings, as of old, during I know not how many hours, to absorb so much solid food and so much liquid. In the midst of these pleasant alternatives, the sun has set, the light has taken golden tones which embellish all objects. It is no matter! Two rustics still frisk to the sound of the music. A couple seated in the foreground watch them with much attention; the peasant, who has for his whole costume a shirt fastened at the waist by the girdle of his pantaloons, has passed his left arm behind the neck of a young girl in a red jacket; and both in this familiar attitude are only occupied with the steps, more or less light, to which the dancers are devoting themselves. But a young countryman, enamored without doubt of the belle, does not at all approve of the liberty which she allows his rival to take in public. Seated on a bench, his back leant against a cask, he casts from under his hat somber glances at them, which express his jealousy. An incident, happily, is going to distract his attention, to throw into the fête a little variety.

"Upon the left, near a bridge, rises the Château of Tours, a château which has at least one tower and two annexes; it borders upon a river with sinuous currents, gleaming in the warm rays of the sun. It is behind the manor-house, in fact, that the sun has disappeared, illuminating the whole sky. The noble family who inhabit it have leisurely partaken of a good meal, conversed freely upon a thousand subjects, and feel the need of breathing the fresh air, of taking a little exercise: they have proposed going to see the Kermess, and have set out. The young man with the blonde locks, his wife, elegantly dressed, and their children are just leaving their heavy coach; they enter from the right with an air of distinction quite remarkable; the lady is followed by a young page who carries the train of her dress. They have not been seen yet, and the attention of the crowd has not been directed toward them.

"Such is the simple episode of which Teniers has known how to make a *chef-d'œuvre*. In spite of the golden tone of the color, we read upon it the date of 1652, as upon the beautiful picture of the Belvedere, 'Archduke Leopold shooting Birds.' It was for the painter a happy year. The color has an exceptional vigor; the shadows are very strong, with approaches to brown. We can imagine nothing more beautiful than the effect of the sun setting behind the manor. The people and the accessories have an extraordinary relief. As if to show all his dexterity, the painter has juxtaposed, without the least transition in the foreground, the shirt of the amorous villager and the clear red jacket of his sweetheart, giving them a marvelous fineness of tone and a surprising brilliancy. With the gray breeches of the countryman and the brown skirt of the peasant woman, this forms a group of colors so brilliant, so distinguished, so original, and so harmonious that nature has not produced any combinations more suave and more striking.

"The canvas is of large dimensions for a work of Teniers; it is a little more than two meters in width by a meter and a half in height. I have seen this picture, in 1866, at the house of Mme. Boxhaert, at Antwerp; since then the Belgian government has acquired it for the Museum of Brussels, for 125,000 francs."

'THE KITCHEN' PLATE VIII

HERE we have the interior of a well-furnished kitchen. In the middle is seated a housewife with a basket of apples by her side, which as she peels she places in a pan which a small boy holds up to her. To the left is a table upon which, amongst other things, is a magnificent meat-pie surmounted by a swan. Upon a bench and upon the floor are a hare, game, a quarter of meat, and a skewer of little birds, waiting to be cooked; from the ceiling are suspended some fowl; while on the right are fish, a kettle, and some liquor cooling in a metal basin. In the background are several servants, one of whom is basting fowls cooking upon spits.

"This picture," says Smith, "is above all interesting for the details. The fish, the fowls, the pots, the basins, are treated with a minutiæ quite remarkable when we consider the small dimension of the canvas." (It measures about one foot ten inches by two feet seven inches.) "The shadows and the lights are happily distributed; the background alone is perhaps too clear; the figures are, as often happens with Teniers, a little grim; only the small boy who holds the plate for his mother is certainly a portrait of the time, lively and amiable." The canvas is signed and dated, 1644.

'THE PAYMENT OF THE BILL' PLATE IX

WE see represented here one of the most characteristic subjects of Teniers, the cabaret or tavern scene. In a vaulted room the light falls from the left upon a group of five men seated and standing around a table in the foreground, whilst a servant on the extreme left chalks the account upon the wall. One of the peasants while he grasps his stein in one hand is making up the bill for himself on the table. The others look on most interestedly, and the one standing on the right evidently thinks the bill has come to too much, for he stands with clenched hands and his clay pipe lies broken on the floor. The middle distance is more or less in shadow, but the room has a deep recess, and in the background on the right we have one of those secondary groups which Teniers is so likely to introduce. From a high window a light falls again on a group of men chatting with a servant, or possibly the proprietress, before the chimney-piece. She apparently is cooking, for she holds a spoon in her hand and has a bowl of batter by her side.

The accessories of a shelf with bottles and pots placed upon it, some jugs hanging on hooks, and a wine-glass in a recess, to say nothing of the jug that stands on the floor and the pots and pans which catch and reflect the light from the foreground on the right, are often repeated in his pictures; in fact, almost the identical details and the general arrangement of the composition are found in at least three pictures in the Dresden Gallery.

The original is in the Dresden Gallery. The artist's signature, D. Teniers, can be read on the floor in the extreme right-hand corner of the picture.

'THE LIBERATION OF ST. PETER' PLATE X

THIS so-called 'Liberation of St. Peter' is an example of the absurdity of Teniers's religious pictures. It is really a misnomer, and should be called 'A Guard-room,' of which subject it is a most excellent and realistic presentation. Nothing could be better individualized than the expression and attitudes of the different soldiers gathered round the table playing trick-track, of the one asleep and leaning against the chimney-piece while his companion looks up the chimney. The way the figures stand out in relief shows the marvelous draftsmanship of our painter. All the details of the armor, lantern, jugs, and the usual clay pipe on the floor are painted with great care. Only the figure of the angel awaking St. Peter and pointing the way of escape, seen in the background, seems fantastic, and more like a vision than a reality.

This picture, also in the Dresden Gallery, measures about one foot ten inches by two feet ten inches, and is signed.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY TENIERS THE YOUNGER WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA GALLERY: The Archduke Leopold William bringing down the Bird; The Archduke Leopold William's Picture Gallery; The Old Man with the Kitchen Maid; Village Wedding; Robbers plundering a Village; Peasants shooting with Bows and Arrows; The Sausage-maker; and others — BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Panorama of Valenciennes; Flemish Peasants drinking; Morning; Afternoon; Old Woman cutting Tobacco — BRUSSELS MUSEUM: The Five Senses; The Village Doctor; Flemish Landscape; The Flemish Kermess (Plate VII); Interior of the Archduke Leopold William's Gallery; Temptation of St. Anthony; Portrait of a Man in Black — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: A Music Party; Boors regaling; The Misers; Players at Trick-track; An Old Woman peeling a Pear; Teniers's Château at Perck (Plate II); The Four Seasons (four pictures); River Scene; The Surprise; Dives, or the Rich Man in Hell; The Village Fête (Fête aux Chaudrons); The Toper — LONDON, BRIDGEWATER GALLERY: Alchemist in his Laboratory; Village Wedding; Kermess; Peasants playing Cards; Boors playing Cards; Same Subject; A View in Flanders, Winter — LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Dutch Peasants merry-making; Boors playing Cards; Kitchen Interior; Landscape with a Château and Figures; Le Tambour Battant; The Alchemist; and others — LONDON, ST. JOHN'S LODGE: Robbers plundering a Farmhouse; Card-players; Landscape with Peasants carousing — LONDON, DULWICH GALLERY: The Prodigal Son as Swineherd; Brick-making in a Landscape; Figure of a Pilgrim; Figure of a Female Pilgrim; A White Horse with a Chaff-cutter; A Castle and its Proprietor; The Guard-room — LONDON, HAMPTON COURT PALACE: Interior of a Farm, and several copies and pasticcios — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: St. Peter's Denial; The Prodigal Son with Courtesans (Plate IV); The Seven Works of Mercy; Temptation of St. Anthony; Village Festival; An Inn by a River; Peasants dancing before an Inn; Alehouse Interior; The Same Subject; Heron-hawking; The Smoker (Plate I); The Knifegrinder; The Piper; Portrait of an Old Man; The Soap-bubbles; and Twenty-one in the La Caze Collection — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: An Alchemist in his Laboratory; The Backgammon Players; Teniers and his Family; Temptation of St. Anthony (Plate III); The Sacrament of the Miracle of St. Gudula; A Party at Table; Kermess; The Rich Man in Hell — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: A Village Fair (signed and dated 1641); Peasants in an Alehouse; A Young Man sitting near an Overturned Cask; Liberation of St. Peter (Plate X); Peasants drinking and playing Cards; Great Kermess; Peasants at Dinner; The Payment of the Bill (Plate IX) — MUNICH GALLERY: Scene in a Tavern; The Same Subject; The Alchemist (a portrait of himself); Four Views of

the Archduke Leopold William's Gallery; Great Fair before the Church of Santa Maria dell'Imprunata, Florence; A Peasant smoking; The Dinner of Apes (Plate VI); The Cat Concert; and others — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, ROYAL MUSEUM: The Guard-room; The Hour of Rest; Village Inn; Temptation of St. Anthony; Kermess; The Farm; The Players — THE HAGUE GALLERY: The Alchemist; The Kitchen (Plate VIII) — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Hustle Cap; Peasants merry-making — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: St. Peter weeping (pasticcio); Man and Old Woman at an Inn — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Procession of the Arquebusiers Guild at Antwerp (Plate V); Guard-room; Village Festival; Wedding Feast; The 'Angel' Inn; Kermess; Card-players; and very many others — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY: Peasants playing Skittles — GLASGOW GALLERY: Woody Landscape; Flemish Landscape; Milking-time; A Hunting Party; The Miseries of War; Jealousy; A Surgical Case; St. Jerome; Peasants before a Fire; Landscape with figures; and three others, pasticcios — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: The Ninepins' Players; Village Festival; Le Roi Boit; The Alchemist; A Surgical Operation; Temptation of St. Anthony; Picture Gallery of the Archduke William; The Story of Armida, in twelve pictures; and many others.

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MASTERS IN ART

Tiepolo

VENETIAN SCHOOL

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

TIEPOLO
INSTITUTION OF THE ROSARY
CHURCH OF THE GESUATI, VENICE

Mail

TIEPOLO
THE MADONNA AND THREE DOMINICAN SAINTS
CHURCH OF THE GESUATI, VENICE

TIEPOLO
MADONNA WITH CHILD AND ANGELS
SCUOLA DEL CARMINE, VENICE

TIEPOLO
THE EMBARKATION OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA
LABIA PALACE, VENICE

Mail

TIEPOLO
THE BANQUET OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA
LABIA PALACE, VENICE

NOT MICROFILMED

TIEPOLO
BELLEROPHON ON THE HORSE PEGASUS
LABIA PALACE, VENICE

Uof N

TIEPOLO
NEPTUNE AND VENICE
DUCAL PALACE, VENICE

Scanned with CamScanner

TIEPOLO
ASCANIUS PRESENTED TO DIDO
VILLA VALMARANA, VICENZA

Digitized by Google

UofM

TIEPOLO
SATURN
VILLA VALMARANA, VICENZA

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNDERMANN
[315]

TIEPOLO
INVESTITURE OF A FRANKISH DUKE BY FREDERICK BARBAROSSA
IMPERIAL PALACE, WÜRZBURG

This portrait of Tiepolo, traditionally painted by himself, is typical of the eighteenth century, the century of wit. It represents the artist as young and handsome, with regular features. The pose is in itself a lively one, while the well-developed forehead and keen eyes are balanced by the sensitive nostrils, full lips, and chin of one who took a sensuous delight in things beautiful. He is dressed in the usual powdered wig, lace stock, and cloak of his century.

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo

BORN 1696: DIED 1770
VENETIAN SCHOOL

THE last great name in the illustrious roll of Venetian painting was Giovanni Battista (Giambattista) Tiepolo (pronounced Tee-ā'pō-lō). He was born in Venice April 6, 1696, in the parish of San Pietro a Castello, and was the fifth child of Domenico di Giovanni Tiepolo, a ship's captain and merchant of marine goods, and of Orsola (Orsetta) Jugali, his wife. His father died when he was only a year old, but left a considerable fortune to be divided between his six children. He and one brother, from whom come all those who to-day bear the name, were the only children who left descendants. About 1721 he married Cecilia, sister of the celebrated painter Francesco Guardi, and was the father of five sons and four daughters, and resided, it is said, in a fine house, in the parish of Santa Trinità, near the bridge of San Francesco della Vigna.

In his later years he often retired in the autumn to rest from his labors in a little villa, situated at Zianigo, near Mirano, decorated with frescos by his son, Domenico; and in the church of that town is one of the most beautiful altar-pieces by Tiepolo, representing 'A Miracle by St. Anthony.'

As is often the case, there is a question as to who were his first masters and teachers. Tradition places Lazzarini, a painter highly esteemed in his own day, as his first teacher. This has every probability, as the house and studio of Lazzarini were in the same island of San Pietro, only two or three calle removed from the house of Tiepolo's mother. Some frescos in the chapel of Santa Teresa in the Church of the Scalzi at Venice are thought by some critics to be early works of his, and bear a resemblance to the manner and color of Gian Battista Piazzetta. Sebastiano Ricci, also, has been mentioned as exerting an influence upon Tiepolo, while Della Rovere, a clever young Venetian critic, from internal evidence, has satisfied himself and De Chennevières that Sante Piatti, and none other, was the true master of Tiepolo, known by an altar-piece, representing the Epiphany, in the Church of San Moisè, in Venice, and the ceiling of the Church of San Giovanni Crisostomo.

But, whoever was his first teacher, he owes his inspiration to the careful study of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, of whom he was a most

worthy though by no means servile follower. In fact, his art may be said to have been formed upon that of Veronese, though he excelled his master as a ceiling decorator, in which field he has never had a rival. The amount of wall-space he covered with his magnificent frescos is nothing short of stupendous, besides altar-pieces, etchings, and finished sketches for so many of his works.

Although numerous altar-pieces and church decorations have been assigned to Tiepolo's early years, the first considerable work by his hand was the decoration of the ceiling of the Church of the Gesuati on the Zattere at Venice, otherwise called Santa-Maria del Rosario (see plate I). The church had formerly belonged to the Monastery of the Gesuati, an order established at Venice in 1393, but came into the possession of the Dominicans in 1688, who wished to honor their founder, St. Dominic. Tiepolo received the commission for this work in the year 1737, and from February, 1738, to September, 1739, there are constant references of payments made him in the church accounts preserved in the archives of Venice. He received in all for this work 12,400 Venetian lire, worth 6,200 francs. This in itself would have been a rather modest compensation for so great a work had it not brought him much renown, and was a fortunate début for him as a ceiling decorator.

Eight years later these same Dominicans ordered an altar-piece for the Chapel of St. Catharine of Sienna for the sum of 2,200 lire (see plate II).

The wonderful ceiling of the Gesuati inspired the other religious orders with desires for similar decorations in their churches, and in December, 1739, the Brothers of the Scuola del Carmine commissioned him to paint in oil the ceiling of the grand hall of their Scuola (see plate III), which had previously been ornamented in stucco by Abbondio. A very detailed scheme was inserted in the order given Tiepolo, and he was four years in finishing the work, as the public inauguration did not take place until June, 1743.

Following upon this work for the Carmini, Tiepolo painted a ceiling for the convent church of the Franciscans, representing 'St. Helen finding the True Cross,' which can be seen to-day upon the ceiling of one of the rooms of the Academia in Venice. For the Ducal Palace he painted the 'Neptune and Venice' (see plate VII). For the Church of Sant' Alvise three pictures in oil — 'The Flagellation,' the 'Crowning with Thorns,' and the 'Christ on the Way to Calvary;' the latter especially is justly renowned. As Molmenti says, although the first two are "most bravely executed, that sense of wonder and admiration is not aroused that is shown before the Calvary. . . . Seldom has the genius of Tiepolo been more severely and poetically inspired; the spirit is inflamed by that sacred terror which dominates the whole scene." For the Church of the Apostles he painted 'The Communion of St. Lucy,' and many other altar-pieces for other churches, which have found their way to the various museums in Europe.

In 1743–44 he painted another great ceiling decoration, this time for the Church of the Scalzi, representing the 'Transportation of the Holy House of Loreto.' A group of angels in a mass of nebulous clouds are transporting the house across a vast expanse of heaven, while God the Father in another

group above looks on, directing. It has been criticised for the way the Holy Family clings to the roof as it is borne through the air, but this seems to us to be hyper-criticism, when we consider its marvelous grouping and technique. De Chennevières writes of it: "It has a movement, an ardor of life, a tumult of flying lines, an envelope of brilliant atmosphere quite unique. . . . The harmony of the blues, pinks, yellows, makes an unspeakable joy in the ensemble; it is a fête for the eyes, an enchantment."

Still another church which owes its wonderful ceiling decoration to his hand is that of Santa Maria della Pietà on the Riva degli Schiavoni, where he represented the 'Triumph of Faith,' another composition wonderfully adapted to the vault of the church, yet rather more tumultuous than the former. "Quite in the background of heaven, the Eternal Father blesses the church militant; the Celestial Dove, the divine inspirer of grace, hovers near Him; Christ the Redeemer shows the Cross to the world. Below, very far below, St. Dominic, the great defender and propagator of the faith, prostrates himself before the thrice glorious Holy Trinity. But indescribable, incapable of analysis, with no precision, are the groups, the myriads of angels in this paradise. There does not exist another example of an equal density of figures in an analogous space. The 'Last Judgment' of Tintoretto, in the Palace of the Doges, the 'Paradise' of Vasari at Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence, have worlds of figures, but is the limited cupola of the Pietà comparable to those extended wall-surfaces with their immensities?

"This radiant vault of the Pietà," continues De Chennevières, "is perhaps, of all the works of Tiepolo, the most profitable for study. Our contemporaneous decorators should hold a meeting under this cupola to learn how to decorate a ceiling — a science, alas, almost lost to-day."

His ceiling frescos, where the subject is a secular one, show the same striking arrangement of masses as in his religious compositions. He nearly always introduces a four-horse chariot into these ceiling decorations, the spirited horses rearing and careering across the vaults of the sky, showing his marvelous powers of foreshortening, as in the ceiling in the Palazzo Clerici at Milan, now the Court of Appeals, painted in 1740. The ceiling in the Canossa Palace at Verona, dated 1758, whether it be the work of Giambattista or largely that of his sons, shows the same spirit; also one of the ceilings in the Rezzonico Palace, of late known as the home of Robert Browning when he resided in Venice. The rearing horse, Pegasus, in the Palazzo Labia (see plate VI) is of like character. And of all his pagan pictures in Venice those of the Palazzo Labia are justly the most celebrated; two sides of the grand salon are decorated with historical scenes taken from the life of Anthony and Cleopatra (see plates IV and V), which are considered by many critics to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of all his works.

But Tiepolo's work is not confined to his native city. As early as 1733 he was called to Bergamo to decorate the walls of the chapel of the Colleoni family, that same family of famous condottiere, one of whom was immortalized in the statue by Verrocchio, which stands in the little piazza in front of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice. The contract signed by the artist, the

Count, and the members of the Pietà provided for the sum of 7,040 Venetian lires, to be paid Tiepolo, for the three frescos of the 'Baptism of Christ,' the 'Preaching in the Desert,' and the 'Beheading of John the Baptist,' besides figures for two lunettes in the choir. One of the stipulations was that he should leave Venice immediately to carry out the contract. "In this majestic chapel," writes De Chennevières, "doubly imposing both for the great spirit of the famous condottiere sleeping under his gilded equestrian statue, and for the *chef-d'œuvre* of Omodeo, this tomb is truly worthy of the terrible man of war; the frescos of Tiepolo have a strange smiling quality, are of a contrast completely unheard of and poetic. Never could the hero of iron foresee that he would repose in these surroundings so blond and so gay."

Molmenti tells us, however, that they have been so ruined by recent restorations as to give to-day no just conception of the master.

Again, in 1737, he was called to Vicenza to decorate the villa and casino of the Villa Valmarana, or, as it was formerly called, the Villa San Sebastiano, situated on the slope of one of the hills in the environs of Vicenza. This villa, up to 1725, belonged to the celebrated Venetian jurist, Giammaria Bertolo, and founder of the library of Vicenza. It was then bought and some additions made by the Counts of Valmarana, and in 1737 Tiepolo was commissioned to decorate the grand salon and four other rooms in the villa, and seven rooms in the casino, intended for the entertainment and housing of guests. It has ever since remained in the possession of the family of the Counts of Valmarana; and although occupied by the Austrian soldiery in 1848, who caused much destruction, the frescos were left intact — doubtless because the marauders had no idea of their value — and are preserved in all their freshness and vigor of coloring, as if painted yesterday. It is probable that the cultured owner chose the subjects for the painter, as they comprised scenes from 'The Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' 'Jerusalem Delivered,' 'Orlando Furioso,' and the 'Æneid' (see plate VIII).

"He painted them with an inventive grace, a firmness of color, a passion of form, altogether amazing." He had doubtless assistants in this great work. It seems scarcely probable, but his son, Domenico, at this time but a child of ten, is thought to have assisted his father, judging from an inscription upon one of the ceilings. Likewise the sculptor and architect Mingozzi Colonna assisted him here in the architectural portions of his frescos, as he did in so many of his ceiling decorations.

In 1748 he painted the Apotheosis of the Pisani family on the ceiling of their villa at Strà. "For this patrician allegory, the artist, full of recognition of a family which had been very encouraging to his first début, redoubled the charm of his imagination in the figures and the color."

Twice Tiepolo was called outside of Italy to execute work for foreign potentates. In 1750 the Prince Bishop of Würzburg sent for him to decorate his palace, modeled upon that of Versailles. Above the grand staircase he painted an 'Olympus,' and in the royal salon three large compositions, representing the 'Marriage of Barbarossa,' the 'Investiture of a Frankish Duke' (see plate X), and 'Apollo carrying in his Chariot the Fiancée of Barbarossa.'

Tiepolo and his son Domenico remained here three years, and for these pictures the master was paid 1,800 florins, and for two altar-pieces for the cathedral, the 'Assumption' and the 'Fall of Lucifer,' 3,000 florins, while 2,000 more were given him for the expenses of his journey.

The last great honor paid him was to be called to Spain to decorate the Royal Palace in Madrid for Charles III., who had lately ascended the throne. Accompanied by his two sons and his model, Christina, he started for Spain in March, 1762, arriving there on the fourth of June. He lodged at first with his ambassador, and later near the Royal Palace, in the parish of Saint-Martin, upon a little square which to-day bears his name. After the expenses of his journey had been paid he was allowed 2,000 rubles of gold a year, and 500 ducats more for a carriage. Immediately upon his arrival his health began to fail him, and he made his will and deposited it with the royal notary. During the next ten years he superintended some vast works for the Royal Palace, and is said to have incurred the jealousy and hatred of Raphael Mengs, who had been made Court Painter under the preceding monarch.

Just how far in these works the execution was actually his is an open question. Upon the ceiling of the Guard Room was painted 'Vulcan forging the Arms of Æneas at the Request of Venus;' upon that of the royal antechamber, 'Spain leaning upon a Lion in the Midst of Olympus;' while in the grand royal salon, an immense allegorical representation of the Spanish provinces and the attributes of the Spanish monarchy, besides a series of religious pictures for the convent church of Aranjuez, most of which are scattered to-day in public and private collections.

In addition to the great works which occupied the latter years of his life, he executed some lesser commissions in the interims about 1755. On his return from Würzburg he executed the large painting, 'St. Fidelis destroying Heresy' for the Capuchin convent at Parma, which has now been removed to the municipal museum, a finished sketch for which is in the gallery at Turin.

In the same year he was elected president of the Academy of Fine Arts in Padua, formed there the preceding year. There seems to be more or less irony in this appointment, when we consider how totally he was outside the pale of academic rules. There is no mention anywhere that he ever attended any of its meetings. In 1760 he sent one of his pictures to Louis XV., King of France, receiving a handsome present from that monarch in return.

No account of Tiepolo would be complete without some mention of his two models, who appear so frequently in his pictures. Most important was the beautiful Christina, daughter of a gondolier, who accompanied our artist in all his journeys, even to Spain, and is said to have lodged in his house. "She had a rare perfection: large and svelt, with a queenly carriage, an exquisitely outlined profile, oval face, eyes of a Circassian,— piquant, one could say, the neck of a swan, the hands of a patrician, form supple and full." In fact, Tiepolo never used any other female model, and we find her image alike in the altar-piece and on the vault of some ducal palace; she appears as a saint, an historical character, or as a mythological personage.

Tiepolo's other model was the Moorish slave, Alim, who was brought to

Venice among some Corsair prisoners. Tiepolo bought him, instructed him in the Christian religion, and on December 18, 1741, when he was about seventeen years old, he was baptized in the Church of Santa Trinità under the name of Zuane (Giovanni) Domenico Martin. Eight years later he died, and a certain French collector claims to own his portrait painted by Tiepolo. It is his portrait we see, without doubt, in the man who holds the greyhound by the collar in the 'Embarkation of Anthony and Cleopatra' (see plate IV), and who presents the glass to her in the banquet scene.

Two of Giambattista's sons were painters, Domenico and Lorenzo; the youngest child was at the same time an engraver. Both accompanied and aided their father in his work. Another son took orders, and belonged to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. He was of great assistance to his father in looking after his affairs during his numerous absences. Tiepolo must have amassed a considerable fortune. His wife, although she had many domestic virtues, had one unfortunate characteristic, an insatiable love for gambling, and was accustomed every evening in her husband's absence in Madrid to frequent the noted casino in Venice, known as the Ridotto, where every one went masked. An anecdote is told of how one evening, having lost all the money she had brought with her, she rose to go, when her opponent said he would play for the sketches in her husband's studio. She played again, and lost. Again her wily opponent said he would play for her country villa at Zianigo. A third time she lost; but fortunately her son Domenico returned to Venice in a few days and was able to cancel her debt of honor, but not without dispensing with a goodly number of his father's sketches.

The death of Giambattista came suddenly, March 27, 1770, when he was full of years and of honor, and in the midst of a great undertaking. He was buried in the Church of Saint Martin at Madrid.

The Art of Tiepolo

SALOMAN REINACH 'STORY OF ART THROUGHOUT THE AGES'

EVEN in the fulness of the 18th century Venice possessed one great Renaissance artist, Tiepolo (1696–1770). She was still the loveliest and the gayest city in the world, the trysting place of pleasure and elegance; as of old, the scene of magnificent processions and imposing ceremonies. Life there was easy and comparatively free, in a marvelous setting, enveloped in a transparent atmosphere, which first Canaletto, and then Guardi, the painters *par excellence* of the lagoons, rendered with such infinite truth and charm. Tiepolo gave final expression to these splendors. His genius is akin to that of Tin-

toretto, but he has more moderation, more elegance; he was the painter of a polished aristocracy, conscious of its superiority to the crowd whose religion, modified by Spain, the Counter-Reformation, and the Jesuits, was a subtle mingling of devotion and worldliness. Tiepolo, it has been truly said, was "the last of the old painters and the first of the moderns; nearly all the great decorators of the nineteenth century were inspired by him."

P. G. MOLMENTI IL CARPACCIO E IL TIEPOLO'

TIEPOLO is a name which fascinates and makes one fall in love with it, and recalls to the memory a thousand fantasies, which transport us into a kingdom all light and perfume.

Tiepolo was one of the most manifest proofs of how much powerful genius can do, aided by earnest study, joined to a very good memory. No one understood better than he the reason of light and shade; no one knew how to render light more splendidly in the difficult effects of the open air, of what Leonardo called the universal light of the air in the country. There are on his joyous palette, vivid transparencies, opaline distances, sunsets of the purple Venetian sky. His genius, open to all sensations, to all beauties, comprehended a kingdom, various, fantastic, gay, at the same time never removed from the real. He did not know how to contain the impetuosity of his inspiration, the irresistible need of giving life and color to his images, which effervesced in his brain, and in whom the ideal and the real, the form and the thought, are tempered by an ineffable harmony. . . .

Tiepolo is a giant, dangerous of imitation, like all talented innovators, but who knew how to reconcile the enthusiasm and the diligent study of the artist; to unite in mutual admiration all those who have the sense of great things.

Of him much was written while he was still alive, because his age felt how he went ahead of all his contemporaries and that his glory would be preserved forever. . . . His contemporary and friend, Antonio Maria Zanetti, in his book on 'Venetian Painting,' published a year after the death of Tiepolo, better than any other, has shown clearly in the following words the worth of the sovereign painter:

"A beautiful example of happy painting, of the sureness of the brush, and of ready execution was our Tiepolo, who found his hand always obedient to express upon his canvases as much as his intellect conceived. His genius was very vigorous, and one always conscious of itself from its earliest years.

"The so-called School of the Lazzarini, in which he had his first instruction, could not impede his rapid progress. His style was original from the beginning, and if as a youth he imitated the manner of shading with the force used by Piazzetta, and which was then in fashion, he soon made it more lively, and added to it delight, which he saw was lacking to it, and which must please every one. There has been no painter in our day who more than he awoke the lightly slumbering ideas of Paolo Caliari. Not less beautiful are the tones and the folds of Tiepolo than those of Veronese, and not less happily painted. The forms of the heads are not inferior in grace and beauty; but severe critics

do not permit it to be said that they have the same spirit and life as have those of the old master. Tiepolo was by nature a happy painter, but that did not prevent him from cultivating with great care his fruitful genius. I am witness of it. From nature he made his greatest studies, and above all he knew how to see with correct eye the more opportune accidents of light and shade and to represent them with marvelous skill. . . . The most beautiful works perhaps which we have in Venice by this master are his frescos. In this manner of painting, which needs only readiness and skill, Tiepolo went ahead of any other painter; and he introduced with marvelous art into his works a joyousness, a light, which has perhaps no example. To arrive at this stage all painters study to use the most beautiful colors which can be adopted for fresco, and make an effort to find new ones. But Tiepolo, on the contrary, used very much low and muddy tones, and colors rather ordinary, so that, putting these tones near other tones clearer and more beautiful, came those effects which it was unusual to see. He showed in this way how much he knew of the great art of juxtaposing one color upon another, and of using them with praiseworthy cleverness. . . ."

Posterity was less just to him than his contemporaries, and, after his death, Tiepolo was the victim of strange censures, against which to-day all those protest who have a true intelligence for beauty. In his time art was inspired by the classic manner; following certain models, it was not able to understand Tiepolo, too much outside of academic laws, and accused him of strange licenses, and of excessive technique.

Certainly he was a marvelous improvisatore, whose genius at times is somewhat excessive, but there are few who could equal him in knowing how to effect a union of boldness and studious care, to such a degree that the judgment of that man who said that Albert Dürer was Tiepolo's preferred model does not seem strange to me. . . .

In his 'Voyage en Italie,' Hippolyte Taine dedicates a long chapter to the Venetian school, several pages of which are models of style, of color, of criticism. But Taine does not occupy himself with Tiepolo, only to cite him in the preceding chapter, incidentally, when he wishes to demonstrate the decline of Venetian power in art as in politics: "With Palma the Younger and Padovanino," writes the French critic, "great painting falls; the contours become relaxed and round; spirit and feeling diminish, coldness and convention reign supreme; they no longer know how to make bodies energetic and simple. The last of the decorators of ceilings, Tiepolo, is a mannerist, who in his religious pictures looks for melodrama and in his allegorical pictures looks for movement and effect; who, without prejudice, overthrows his columns, overturns his pyramids, tears his clouds, scatters his people, in a manner to give to his scenes the aspect of a volcano in eruption."

"Mannerist" it is soon said, and such an artist is too easily judged. His works call forth universal admiration and have no need of defense. "This mannerist, this maker of melodramas, this seeker after effects," is not even the last among the great decorators in the order of time, but one of the first in merit, one of the most powerful painters who has ever existed. No one has

perhaps better than he understood decoration, and although he has profoundly studied the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Paolo, his genius is not inferior to that master. But the times were different: Veronese, born amidst the delights of the cinquecento, belongs to the luminous age of Venetian painting, and is one of the most splendid glories of that most splendid time. Tiepolo, born at the end of the seventeenth century, knew how to rise with the originality and independence of genius above the artistic taste of his day; knew how to keep himself full of freshness and vigor in the midst of a society old and relaxed, which sought to dull its senses in festas, to forget its weakness.

. . . What has been said of his execution can be repeated of his composition. In Tiepolo it seems that the idea is fixed upon the canvas or the wall the same instant that it is born in the brain of the artist. No painter has revealed so much genius and fertility of expedients in the art of varying the motives of decoration, whether he wishes to adapt them to the forms of architecture, which it was sometimes necessary for him to paint, or whether he makes those forms serve his ideas.

Taine had judged Tiepolo too lightly. But the French critic gives an impression and not a judgment, and wishes in every way that the light of the sixteenth century should completely dim the eighteenth century, without regard for the great fatigue of an artist who can by himself alone render glorious the age in which he lived.

Also Signor I. E. Wessely wishes to throw a little stone at Tiepolo, from the pages of a great work, directed by Professor Dohme and entitled 'Kunst und Künstler, des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit.' The writer finds that the compositions of the Venetian painter, painted with the greatest audacity and much neglect of details, speak more to the eye of the spectator than to his heart. And indeed the Tiepolesque creations are not only a delightful festa of color; in them not only are the light and shade admirably disposed, but the shadings well understood and the lines sweetly varied. The eye is fascinated by so great beauty, but the spirit does not remain empty. Also in the midst of the fancies and whims of the painter there is revealed a certain colossal greatness of thought which makes us consider, an exuberance of life, a delight to the soul.

Signor Wessely continues to notice how, in the pictures of the Canossa Palace at Verona, the figures are contorted, Mercury makes sport of equilibrium, and the genii are entangled in the clouds, causing a disagreeable impression. Finally, the grave critic is scandalized in seeing how in the 'Martyrdom of Christians under Trajan,' painted by Tiepolo in 1745 in the Church of Saints Faustino and Giovita at Brescia, the bizarre painter had put a pipe in the mouth of the Roman Consul. But of these last licenses we find very abundant examples in the great Venetian masters, and Tiepolo, as his ancient predecessors of the cinquecento, seized upon these licenses to the damage of historical exactness.

But Cleopatra in the Labia palace, one of the most attractive figures that ever issued from the brush of an artist — is she less so, because clothed in sumptuous Venetian garments? From the superb curve of the full bust,

from the hair bound with gold, her whole royal person breathes the irresistible power of beauty. If there is lacking an historical truth, there is present the wonderful and eternal truth of art. To ask of Tiepolo severity, an exactness of costume, esthetic philosophy, and artistic rhetoric is not to understand that powerfully original imagination which was pleased to run after ideas more bizarre.

It has been said, and it has not been badly said, that his conceptions have something in them theatrical and mocking, that his Venuses and his sacred gods recall certain burlesques, his goddesses have sometimes the appearance of poor wenches, and thrust out their limbs in the air, taking pleasure in their evident roundness. The artist is free from every scruple, every exactness; in him imagination reigns supreme.

Another critic and historian of the art of painting, Charles Blanc, prefers to Tiepolo, in whom indeed he recognizes "a certain genius," such an artist, whose painting, empty and pompous, has certainly not the impress of originality. To give little importance to the last Venetian artists, especially when one wants to compare them to their great predecessors, is an opinion which can be sustained, although unjust in many respects; but to place Raphael Mengs above Tiepolo, to put the author of the 'Parnassus' of the Villa Albani higher than the author of the frescos of Casa Labia, this is the injustice and error of Blanc, so excessively benevolent to the German painter — perhaps because Mengs, writer on art himself, was the friend and inspirer of Winckelmann. Blanc, in his 'Histoire des peintres de toutes les écoles,' greets Raphael Mengs as "a grave and worthy painter, attached to the great traditions, and entirely so to the philosophy of art," where Tiepolo is not only "an unwholesome and bizarre genius, but an improvisatore lax and incorrect, a decorator without bridle, measure, and suitableness;" in fine, to put it all in one word, "an extravagant."

To Blanc victoriously replies another Frenchman, M. Paul Leroi, a good critic of art. Leroi, with noble enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Master of the decadence, yes, that is incontestable; but master, and much superior to his time, where the Venetian school counts after him not more than two great names, Guardi and Canaletto. Giambattista . . . is certain of immortality, and his name can only increase in the estimation of all those who sincerely love painting, because he possesses the primordial quality of the artist: originality. . . ."

RICHARD MUTHER 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

THE spirit of the age took the most characteristic form in the works of Tiepolo. He is the prince, the radiant god, of the Venice which arose like an enchanted island in an artistic world.

Tiepolo painted everything and is a stranger to no subject, to no technique. Just at that time a great building activity developed in Venice. Baldassare, Longhena, Cominelli, and their pupils created those Baroque buildings which at the present day give the city of the lagoons its fantastic, glittering character; the façade a wild conglomeration of hermæ and atlantes, of columns and

cartouches, the interiors bare and empty. Tiepolo's activity consisted in filling this interior space with the sunshine of his bright, radiant art.

He ranks with Veronese as the greatest Venetian decorator, as the heir, user, and squanderer of an ancient culture. The tremendous ability of a mighty artistic ancestry is revived in this frivolous child of the eighteenth century; but he uses it for the expression of quite new ideas. Veronese's art was a daughter of the sixteenth century, clear, serene, and classic; of rigid composition and carefully considered geometrical lines. Tiepolo sings in no majestic stanzas, but bold, sparkling songs. The rhythm and repose of Veronese is replaced in his work by freedom, nonchalance, and nervous moods. The Venetian spirit, then so solemn, has become a subtle juggler, lies, leaps, and dances caprioles. All heaviness has disappeared; deprived of all corporality, the figures soar through the clear, silvery ether. All the past masters of perspective, Mantegna, Melozzo, Correggio, and Pater Pozzo, appear clumsy and struggling compared with Tiepolo. He is the aptest of the apt, a man who again and again prepares new fêtes upon this earth; a prestidigitator whose hand, as if in a logical reflex, follows every flash of his eye.

But he is even more than this. These frescos form only a part of his enormous life-work. In addition to his decorations, his etchings and oil-paintings must also be considered. His etchings, the Carpriccios and the Scherzi di fantasia, cannot be described in words. They are a witches' Sabbath of magic fantasy and oriental enchantment. Here beside an antique sarcophagus an old magician conjures a snake; there one sits upon a pagan gravestone, burning a skull; another leaning against an altar of Dionysus thoughtfully examines a skeleton, while a maiden is caressing a satyr. Even in these works the black-and-white figures seem radiant with glowing sunlight. His oil-paintings reveal him from another side. The novelty does not consist in the subject; for Tiepolo, unlike Piazzetta and Longhi, seldom painted scenes from modern life. Most of his easel-pictures are altar-pieces: visions, martyrdoms, and conceptions, in which cruelty is mingled with hysterical sensuality and Catholic mysticism. Dead eyes stare hopelessly at us, pale lips murmur prayers, and wan hands are raised aloft to the Cross. It is no accident that in Venice alone, even at the close of the eighteenth century, these ancient subjects of the Counter-reformation recur. But what an indescribable pathological refinement Tiepolo has given them! How in the Berlin picture he has transformed the ancient theme of the Martyrdom of Agatha to suit the nerves of the Rococo! As a colorist he loves only light, dainty, pale harmonies, such as one would expect from the son of the eighteenth century. He softens and subdues the color, and delights in soft, fading combinations, in the gloomy black, delicate white, and pale, refined rose and lilac nuances. To him alone belongs this female type of exquisite sensuality and oriental dreaminess, of pale, dark-eyed weariness and trembling joy in life.

It is not certain whether Tiepolo was descended from the ancient, noble house of that name, which for several centuries bestowed upon the Republic of St. Mark doges, procurators, and military heroes. But so great is his horror of everything commonplace and plebeian that one loves to think of

him as a descendant of an ancient and noble house. As the last child but one of an aged father, he passed his youth under the guardianship of his mother, and the aristocratic dandy soon became the favorite of women. This explains the feminine trend in his character, the morbid delicacy of feeling with which he expresses feminine charms. In contrast to the earlier Venetians, who loved a royal, powerful, and animal beauty, Tiepolo, the abstracter of the quintessences, plucked pale tea-roses of enchanting fragrance. As Beaudelaire relates: "Two women were introduced to me, one obnoxious in her healthfulness, without carriage or expression, in short, simple nature; the other one of those beauties who dominate and oppress the memory; who make their toilette contribute to their deep individual charm; mistresses of their bearing, conscious rulers of themselves; with a voice like a well-tuned instrument and glances which only express what they wish." Thus Tiepolo also loved, not the healthy, but a morbid autumnal, fading beauty; a volcano in whose interior glowing lava seethes; the charm of *La dame aux camelias*.

He seldom assigns to the charming brown maiden of the people the rôle of the Madonna, but usually depicts as his saints ladies of the highest circles; pale countesses with tired laughter and with wonderful white hands, who know the excitement of gambling and all the sensations of an over-refined love. His perception of movement and gesture is as sharp as his rendition of the play of countenance. In the sixteenth century movements were round and majestic; in the seventeenth, exaggerated and pathetic; but an almost imperceptible crook of the finger, a shrug of the shoulders, a quick turn of the head, is sufficient for Tiepolo. Quite indescribable is the charming grace with which his ladies raise the train of their stiff, brocaded dresses. Only the descendant of ancient, over-refined culture which required many centuries to prepare could have such a refined sense for delicate shadings.

But even for this ancient culture the grave had been prepared. Tiepolo's activity signifies only the "passing of beauty." It is no accident that his finest works treat themes of the Roman decline; for the same time had come for Venice. The odor of decay, the livid atmosphere of a sultry but pale autumn day, pervades his works. They are the products not only of an ancient but of an over-ripe and decayed culture, and, as in the days of the Germanic invasion, the world once more needed barbarians.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

DELIGHTFUL as Longhi, Canale, and Guardi are, and imbued as they are with the spirit of their own country, they lacked the quality of force, without which there can be no really impressive style. This quality their contemporary, Tiepolo, possessed to the utmost. His energy, his feeling for splendor, his mastery over his craft, place him almost on a level with the great Venetians of the sixteenth century, although he never allows one to forget what he owes to them, particularly to Veronese. The grand scenes he paints differ from those of his predecessor, not so much in mere inferiority of workmanship as in the lack of that simplicity and candor which never failed Paolo, no matter how proud the event he might be portraying. Tiepolo's people are

haughty, as if they felt, to keep a firm hold on their dignity, they could not for a moment relax their faces and figures from a monumental bearing. They evidently feel themselves so superior that they are not pleasant to live with, although they carry themselves so well, and are dressed with such splendor, that once in a while it is a great pleasure to look at them. It was Tiepolo's vision of the world that was at fault, and his vision of the world was at fault only because the world itself was at fault. Paolo saw a world touched only by the fashions of the Spanish Court, while Tiepolo lived among a people whose very hearts had been vitiated by its measureless haughtiness.

But Tiepolo's feeling for strength, for movement, and for color was great enough to give a new impulse to art. At times he seemed not so much the last of the old masters as the first of the new. The works he left in Spain do more than a little to explain the revival of painting in that country under Goya; and Goya, in his turn, had a great influence on many of the best French artists of our own time.

The Works of Tiepolo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'INSTITUTION OF THE ROSARY' PLATE I

THE Church of the Gesuati at Venice was built anew by the Dominicans in the eighteenth century, after they came into possession of a property that had once belonged to the order of the Gesuati. When near its completion, Tiepolo was called upon to decorate the ceiling in three compartments in honor of the founder of the Order, St. Dominic. That nearest the altar represented 'St. Dominic blessing a layman of the Order;' that nearest the door, 'St. Dominic in Glory;' while in the larger central division, represented in our plate, the Virgin appears to St. Dominic, inspiring in him the creation of the rosary as an aid to worship. Against a pale blue sky are masses of clouds, luminous, amber colored above, cool gray below. Above is an angel with large gray wings and soft orange-red drapery, upborne by little cherubs. Supported by a host of angels a little below, seated on the gray cloud against the luminous one, is the Virgin and Child. He holds a rosary in His hand, while a little cherub flies towards St. Dominic with two rosaries for distribution. The Virgin is clad in delicate gray-blue and salmon pink, and the angel below her is in soft sea-green and rose, with light gray wings. In the center of the picture, in the strongest light, rises a ghostly white temple, while St. Dominic, in his Dominican robes of white and black, hands a rosary to some of the faithful clustered on the steps of a terrace, who eagerly hold up their hands to receive it.

The fresco becomes heavier in mass and color as we come nearer the other end; the woman holding the child in her arms wears a dress of intense blue,

the two soldiers seated on the cornice are in deep brownish red, and the three allegorical figures at the bottom of the composition, who are being hurled to destruction, have ghastly olive green and ruddy brown flesh-tints. The nude figure with the serpent in his hand doubtless stands for heresy put down by St. Dominic, and the dog introduced in the left corner is perhaps used symbolically, as the Dominicans, the defenders of the faith, were called "Canes Ecclesiæ."

'THE MADONNA WITH THREE DOMINICAN SAINTS' PLATE II

THIS picture, ordered by the Dominicans for the altar of St. Catherine of Sienna, is placed to-day over the first altar to the right as we enter the Church of the Gesuati from the Zattere. Under a broad arch against a green baldachuin enthroned upon a deep amber-colored cloud, the Virgin is seated, clad in an intense blue robe over a coral red dress and dull gold drapery thrown over her head. Her right hand rests lightly on the head of an angel. At her feet stands St. Catherine, crowned with thorns and holding a crucifix in her right hand. She gazes devotedly at the Christ-Child who is carried by Saint Rose of Lima. To the right of the picture sits St. Agnes of Montepulciano, whose black robe is sprinkled over with white crosses, and who is regarding a chain with a cross which she holds in her hands, while some lilies lie on the ground at her feet. There is a beautiful silvery tone to the whole picture, which lights up the white garments of the nuns, while a light flush tinges the faces of St. Rose and the Christ-Child and the heart of the rose He holds in His hand.

De Chennevières enthusiastically writes of this picture: "There is in the expression of the heads and in the manner of the work an infinite sweetness, and we do not know how to get away from it. In our different sojourns at Venice, a happy chance has made us lodge upon the canal San Gregorio; we went, every morning, to see again this 'St. Catherine,' attracted by an irresistible love of its exquisite inspiration and its admirable color. It seemed impossible to better open our eyes for the marvels of the day."

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS' PLATE III

AT a deliberation of the Confraternity of the Scuola del Carmine in December, 1839, Tiepolo was unanimously chosen to decorate the ceiling in eight compartments, in oil, on canvas, as he was "considered the most celebrated amongst virtuosi," and the following January the painter submitted a memorial in writing explaining how he expected to fulfil this great decoration. Two schemes were suggested, and the second one was selected. This provided that in the largest, central panel, the Holy Virgin, attended by the Holy prophets, Elijah and Elisha, and a great multitude of angels, should descend from heaven with the sacred scapulary in her hand, and offer it to San Simeone Stoch, while he, in an attitude of supplication, should implore her for some sign of his particular patronage; and in the seven other compartments the Christian virtues, two to each section, were planned for, with minute details of the attributes of each.

Our detail gives us the group of the Madonna holding the Christ-Child and the half nude figure of the lower supporting angel. (In spite of the contract, the two prophets seem to have been left out of the picture.) They are in the full light, and the Madonna's superbly painted white satin robe catches and refracts the light in a wonderful way. About her shoulders is thrown a blue mantle shading from pale blue over her right arm to deepest sapphire blue on her left, where it falls in the shadow. This, with its lining of old gold, the canary-colored scarf thrown over the Virgin's head, together with the salmon-pink and gray draperies of the angels just suggested in our detail, all against a greenish-gray sky, gives a very soft and harmonious effect.

For this work Tiepolo received three hundred ducats in gold, and the brothers, to further show their appreciation, made him a member of their order.

'THE EMBARKATION OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA' PLATE IV

AT the moment when Tiepolo had executed some of his most successful and marvelous religious pictures he received the order to decorate the grand salon of the Palazzo Labia. In this rectangular room one side is occupied with windows, two opposite sides with the frescos of Tiepolo, each composed of a central scene and two narrower panels, affording us apparently a lively picture of the out-of-doors life of the period. These are seen through the openings of a carefully similated architectural scheme of columns, pilasters, and arches, corresponding to the actual architecture of the fourth side of the room.

Signor Molmenti has described them as follows: "There are among his most celebrated frescos, 'The Banquet of Cleopatra' and 'The Embarkation of Cleopatra and Mark Anthony,' compositions scintillating with life and spontaneity, which are still preserved in spite of the injuries of time and the negligence of the owners of the Palazzo Labia. In one of the large frescos Cleopatra proffers her hand in a dignified attitude to Anthony and, above à gang-plank, stands ready for embarking on the swift-sailing galley; a centurion carries a trophy in his hand, a high priest bows obsequiously, Roman and Egyptian warriors gather in a throng around them, and in the foreground a Moorish page holds a greyhound by the collar.

"This is a good example of Tiepolo's charm of color, in blending so many pale opalescent tints into an harmonious whole. The light over this fresco seems to be that of early morning, the warm buff of the architecture contrasts pleasantly with the pale blue sky with its clouds of painted rose and violet, the white sail just tinged to cream by the full sunlight. Cleopatra's face and breast are flushed, her hair is powdered and decorated with pearls, and she wears an eighteenth-century robe of palest lilac brocade. Anthony's doublet is green; his mantle of watered silk is of a soft red like faded church hangings. To the right the negro slave is in a livery of royal purple with dull olive-green sleeves, and to the left a servant is in a strong, bright blue, while in the background a page carries a crown upon a clear blue cushion. The colors

grow rapidly softer and more misty as the group recedes, palest buffs, salmon pinks, greens and blues."

'THE BANQUET OF ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA' PLATE V

"IN the second fresco," continues Molmenti, "a humpback mounts the staircase, upon which Anthony and Cleopatra are seated at a banquet, while an obsequious Moor hands a tray to the Queen, who is about to immerse a gem in a goblet; round about are most beautiful figures of legionaries and Egyptians; above, on a loggia, are players who have put themselves in various attractive attitudes. Cleopatra is there in her superb beauty, clothed in a gown of embroidered brocade; the model Christina is truly transformed into the voluptuous Queen of Egypt and is aroused by a mingled sense of admiration and love. There is a sentiment altogether modern in the expression of the various figures, a singular technical ability of grouping, an infinite richness in the gradation of the tones; and the whole scene, in which no minutia is overlooked, demonstrates how from reality springs strong ideality, how it is possible to be truthful without losing majesty and greatness."

Cleopatra is dressed, here, in a magnificent rose brocade, while behind stands a turbaned servant in softest yellows. The Moorish slave presenting the glass upon a salver is in a deep violet doublet, with green lining. Anthony and the group of figures on the left are in dull Indian reds, browns, and blue; the dwarf upon the steps in red and grayish green. The charm of the coloring lies, however, more in the amber and violet of the sunset sky, the creamy-colored architecture, the dull green of the clipped cypresses, and the soft pastel shades in which the musicians on the balcony are clothed.

'BELLEROPHON ON THE HORSE PEGASUS' PLATE VI

THE frescos on the ceiling of the salon of the Labia Palace are also the work of Tiepolo. The architectural ornamentation is due to Mingozzi Colonna. The round central panel illustrated in our plate is very characteristic of Tiepolo's style, and is especially remarkable for its massing and the foreshortening of the large white horse, which, however unpleasing, is still a remarkable feat. The allegory here represented has been variously interpreted. The youthful figure on Pegasus has been called Fame or Genius. De Chennevières calls the fresco 'The Triumph of Genius over Time.' "Genius, carried by Pegasus, parts the clouds, menaced in his flight by the impotent lance of Time. Immortality, in the midst of a swarm of putti, covers him with her protecting hand."

Whatever the meaning may be, the color is exceedingly pleasing. Blown across a pale blue sky is a great cumulus cloud, mauve above and touched with gold on the under side. The graceful female figure seated on the upper edge, at the foot of a pyramid, is clothed in delicate violet and yellow draperies; Bellerophon on his shining horse wears a mantle, flung out to the winds, of salmon pink shot with yellow lights, and there is a bit of intense blue on the saddle. The man with the pike, and the kneeling figure of a woman about the edge of the opening, are draped in a dull olive green and deep red.

'NEPTUNE AND VENICE' PLATE VII

THE first room one enters after having passed up the Scala d'oro of the Ducal Palace in Venice is the 'Sala delle Quattro Portale' (Hall of the Four Portals). The two long walls are painted by Titian and his pupils, the stucco-work of the ceiling is by Sansovino, while the magnificent frescos are by Tintoretto. He also painted the picture over the large window at one end of the hall. The original of this plate is over the opposite window at the other end, and was ordered of Tiepolo to replace one that had formerly been there, but had become ruined. It is the only work of Tiepolo's in the Ducal Palace. It represents Neptune pouring his conch-shell of gold at the feet of Venice, and has always seemed to us conceived rather in the spirit of Paul Veronese. The painting measures perhaps nine feet long by four feet wide, and is a study in golden brown. The background is a deep turquoise blue. The light falls from the left upon the bronzed skin of Neptune as he pours out his glittering treasure, and full upon the large, blond figure of Venice as she reclines, leaning her sceptered arm upon the head of a tawny lion. Her royal ermine cape with its yellowish salmon-pink lining falls over a robe of richest pale gold brocade, while the cushion on which she sits and the curtain behind her are of the same color, but of deeper tones.

'ASCANIUS PRESENTED TO DIDO' PLATE VIII

THE Villa Valmarana is as noted for its splendid series of frescos by Tiepolo as for its superb situation and magnificent view across the plain of Vicenza, extending as far as Padua.

Our plate is a reproduction of one of the frescos upon the walls of the fourth room of the villa; all the subjects here were taken from the 'Æneid.' It represents the anecdote told in the first book, where the young Ascanius, disguised as Cupid, is presented to Dido. It is a most graceful and well-balanced composition. The stately figure of Dido with her extended arm recalls the figure of Venice in the 'Neptune and Venice.' Molmenti, speaking of this series of frescos, says, "We would search in vain in these pictures for ethnographical and archæological erudition and authenticity of manners; the painter cared only to transfuse life into his creations; and the life of Venice, attractive and gay, splendid and voluptuous, truly animates these antique scenes. The versatile nature of this unique artist knew how to render with a lively and copious style subjects of every kind, and his inexhaustible fancy passed from Homer to Tasso, from Ariosto to Virgil, preserving always a freshness and novelty of conception, vigor of form, and a solid blending of color."

'SATURN' PLATE IX

THE rooms in the "foresteria" or house for guests of the Villa Valmarana were variously decorated, and it is thought by some critics that here, at least, Tiepolo was assisted by Domenico, Colonna, and perhaps a third hand, as the paintings are of very unequal merit.

The frescos in the fourth room, representing the gods, are the finest in the

foresteria. There is no doubt but the fresco from which our plate is taken is the work of Tiepolo himself. It has been said by one critic that nowhere does the genius of Tiepolo show itself better than in this picture. He has laid aside all hampering details and come close to nature. In conception and picturesque quality it is unsurpassed by any other product of his hand. The reproduction shows quite well the contrast of light and shade, and gives some idea of the masterful brushwork, especially noticeable on the lining of the mantle; but one must see the original to enjoy the deep violet color of the mantle against the snowy brilliance of the adjacent cloud.

'THE INVESTITURE OF A FRANKISH DUKE BY FREDERICK BARBAROSSA' PLATE X

THIS subject, painted between 1750 and 1753, shows Tiepolo in still another light — that of a painter of a grand historical composition, in which he is by no means deficient as a composer and delineator of character. This painting, with its companion picture, 'The Marriage of Barbarossa,' decorated the ceiling of the Imperial salon in the bishop's palace, the central oval of which represented Apollo bringing in his chariot the fiancée of Barbarossa.

In our reproduction we see the bishop of Würzburg kneeling before Barbarossa, who is conferring the rank of Duke upon the former in addition to the clerical rank he already holds. The characters depicted here are very varied, from the pages, notary, bishops, sword-bearer, and the halberdiers on the left of the two central figures to the group of courtiers standing around the grand old figure of the chancellor on the right. The scene takes place in the open air, and the atmosphere is throbbing with light and motion.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY TIEPOLO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. BUDA-PESTH, GALLERY: God the Father; Warrior Saint on Horseback; Madonna and Saints — VIENNA, ACADEMY: Sketch — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, M. LÉON SONIZÉE: Sacrifice of Polyxena — ENGLAND. BADGER HALL (Shropshire) Mr. F. CAPEL-CURE: Small Finding of Moses; Ceilings; Bride and Groom; Allegory — BRIGHTON, MR. CONSTANTINE IONIDES: Apotheosis of a Pope — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Two Sketches; Deposition — LONDON, LORD BATTERSEA: Sketch of Madonna, Saints, and Angels — LONDON, THE MISSES COHEN: Sketch of Esther and Ahasuerus — LONDON, MRS. MARTIN COLNAGHI: Assumption — LONDON, SIR W. M. CONWAY: Allegory of the Overthrow of Paganism — LONDON, DR. RICHTER: Two Versions of Christ and the Adulteress; Two Legendary Subjects — RICHMOND, MR. HERBERT COOK: Esther and Ahasuerus — FRANCE. AMIENS GALLERY: Four Sketches — CAEN, GALLERY: Sketch for Ecce Homo — PARIS, LOUVRE: Christ at Emmaus; Standard painted on both sides — PARIS, MME. ANDRÉ: Reception of Henry III; Three Ceiling Frescos — PARIS, M. LÉOPOLD GOLDSCHMIDT: Crucifixion — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: After the Bath; Reception; St. Dominic and the Rosary; Martyrdom of St. Agatha — FRANKFORT A/M, GALLERY: Court Scene — HAMBURG, CONSUL WEBER: Christ bearing the Cross; Crucifixion — MAYENCE, GALLERY: An Encampment — MUNICH, GALLERY: Adoration of the Magi; Two Historical Subjects — STRASSBURG, GALLERY: St. Roch — WÜRZBURG, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE: Olympia; Marriage of Barbarossa; Investiture of a Frankish Duke by Frederick Barbarossa (Plate X); Apollo carrying in his Chariot the Fiancée of Barbarossa — CHURCH: The Assumption; The Fall of Lucifer —

ITALY. BERGAMO, CARRARA GALLERY: Two Sketches — LOCHIS GALLERY: Sketch — BERGAMO, SIGNOR BAGLIONI: Two Legendary Subjects — BERGAMO, SIGNOR PICCINELLI: Christ in the Garden; A Legendary Subject — BERGAMO, CATHEDRAL: Martyrdom of St. John the Baptist — BERGAMO, COLLEONI CHAPEL: Justice; Prudence; Faith; Charity; Three Frescos illustrating the Story of John the Baptist — MILAN, PALAZZO CLERICI: Chariot of the Sun — MILAN, NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: Frescos — MILAN, POLDI-PEZZOLI GALLERY: A Sketch; Madonna and Saints — MILAN, SIGNOR CRESPI: St. Anne presenting the Virgin to God — PADUA, GALLERY: St. Patrick curing a Sick Man — PADUA, IL SANTO: Martyrdom of St. Agatha — PARMA, GALLERY: St. Fidelis — PIAVE (near Padua), SAN NICCOLÒ: Franciscan Saint in Ecstasy — TURIN, GALLERY: St. Fideles — UDINE, GALLERY: Chapter of the Maltese Order — UDINE, SANTA MARIA DELLA PIETÀ: Ceiling — VENICE, ACADEMIA: St. Joseph, the Child, and Four Saints; Finding of the True Cross — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE, Sala delle Quattro Porte: Neptune and Venice (Plate VII) — VENICE, SEMINARIO, REFECTORY: Christ at Emmaus — VENICE, QUIRINI-STAMPALIA GALLERY: Portrait of a Procurator — VENICE, LABIA PALACE: Embarkation of Anthony and Cleopatra (Plate IV); Banquet of Anthony and Cleopatra (Plate V); Ceiling — VENICE, PALAZZO REZZONICO: Two Ceilings — VENICE, SANT' ALVISE: The Flagellation; The Crowning with Thorns; Christ on the Way to Calvary — VENICE, SANTI APOSTOLI: Communion of St. Lucy — VENICE, SANTA FAVA: The Virgin and Her Parents — VENICE, FRARI: The Stations of the Cross — VENICE, GESUATI: St. Dominic blessing a Layman of the Order; St. Dominic in Glory; Institution of the Rosary (Plate I); Madonna and three Dominican Saints (Plate II) — VENICE, SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO: Ceiling of Right Chapel — VENICE, SANTA MARIA DELLA PIETÀ: Ceiling; The Triumph of Faith — VENICE, SCALZI: Ceiling, the Holy House of Loreto — VENICE, SCUOLA DEL CARMINI: Ceiling Paintings — VERONA, GALLERY: Four Olivetan Saints — VERONA, CANOSSA PALACE: Phœbus upon Pegasus, preceded by Aurora; The Chariot of Apollo; Hercules between Force and Peace; Zephyr and Flora — VICENZA, GALLERY: Immaculate Conception — VILLA VALMARANA: Frescos in Villa and Casino (subjects from Homer, Ariosto, Tasso, and Virgil, also Costume Pieces and Oriental Scenes) — NEW BRUNSWICK. ROSSIC PRIORY, LORX KINNAIRD: Assumption — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, GALLERY: Finding of Moses; Anthony and Cleopatra — SPAIN. ARANJUEZ, CONVENT CHURCH: Annunciation — MADRID, ROYAL PALACE: Vulcan forging the Arms of Æneas; Spain leaning upon a Lion in the Midst of Olympus; Allegorical Representation of the Spanish Provinces — UNITED STATES. NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Sacrifice of Isaac; Triumph of Ferdinand III; Crowning with Thorns.

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MASTERS IN ART

Delacroix

FRENCH SCHOOL

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DELACROIX
JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL
ST. SULPICE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF DELACROIX BY HIMSELF THE LOUVRE, PARIS

M. Ernest Chesneau tells us that Eugène Delacroix "had bequeathed by his will this portrait to his housekeeper, Jenny Le Guillou, under the verbal condition of her giving it to the Louvre the day when the Orleans family should again take possession of the throne. That event never being realized, Jenny in her turn bequeathed the portrait to Mme. Durieu, who made a gift of it to the Louvre in 1872." It is the most famous of the portraits of Delacroix and is known as that of 'The Green Vest.' It gives us a very good idea of the virile character of the man and his nervous energy. The background is a deep, warm brown, the hair is chestnut colored and somewhat tumbled, and the artist is dressed in a black coat, green vest, and black stock. He painted it in 1829, when he was only thirty-one years old.

Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix

BORN 1798: DIED 1863
FRENCH SCHOOL

EUGÈNE DELACROIX (pronounced Deh-lä-krwä') was the leader of the so-called Romantic School in France during the first half of the nineteenth century. "The word 'Romanticism,'" says Salomon Reinach, "is a somewhat vague term; the movement to which it is applied was, above all, a protest against the tyranny of Greece and Rome, a vindication of the art of the Middle Ages and of modern times as against the unjust contempt with which it was treated."

Eugène Delacroix seems to have had no artistic antecedents, unless we can dignify by that name the profession of his maternal grandfather, Jean-François Oeben, cabinet-maker to the king. His father, Charles Delacroix, belonged to the most violent revolutionary faction. He was elected member of the National Convention, in 1792, and voted the death of the king without appeal or delay. He was later made minister to Austria under the Directory, and in 1800, prefect, first of Marseilles, and under the First Empire of Bordeaux, where he died, in 1805. The father was absent at the birth of Eugène (who was his fourth child), at Charenton-St. Maurice, near Paris, on April 27, 1798. Some friends of his father and his aunt signed the child's birth certificate.

Delacroix's father died when he was seven years old, and his mother placed him at school in the Lycée Impérial at Paris. He is said to have covered his copy-books with drawings, and even as early as six years of age to have made some childish drawings on an almanac. But the first drawing of his in existence dates from 1814, when he engraved upon the bottom of a saucepan a hunchback, a profile of Bonaparte, and an officer on horseback. Of the same year, but showing much greater firmness of hand, are some attempts at engraving upon the brass of an official letterhead belonging to his brother, the bust of an officer of the time of Henry II., two monks, and a man with curled locks, in whom it is thought one can trace the features of Murat. Furthermore, he perhaps furnished some of the caricatures which appeared in certain journals in the first years of the Restoration.

These first attempts were prior to his entering, in 1816, the studio of Guerin, author of 'Marcus Sextus,' in the Louvre, where his uncle, Henri Riesener, placed him, when the young man had decided upon the career of an artist.

The same year he was registered in the École des Beaux-Arts. The most celebrated teachers in Paris at this time were Guerin, Regnault, and Gros. David was in exile in Belgium, Prudhon was upset by a suicide in his family, and Ingres was in Italy; Guerin's studio has been called the "foyer" of Romanticism. Theodore Géricault (1791-1824), author of the 'Raft of the Medusa' in the Louvre, and properly speaking the first Romanticist, was a pupil in this studio, as well as Ary Scheffer, who was an antagonist to Delacroix throughout his life. "The choice of such a master," writes Maurice Tourneaux, in his life of Delacroix, "astonishes us to-day, when we know the path taken by the pupil; but if Guerin had no more influence upon him than upon Géricault, and if he never showed much sympathy for Delacroix, he did not in the least hinder the development of his faculties, which, we know, were still slumbering at this moment."

This same year our artist made the acquaintance of J. B. Soulier, who became one of his life-long and most devoted friends. The latter was brought up in England, where his father had emigrated at the time of the Revolution. Here the young man had learned the art of painting in water-colors of Copley Fielding and taught the same to Delacroix. The first money which Delacroix is said to have earned was done in conjunction with Soulier. Together they drew some designs for machines for the commission on inventions. "When I carried to Eugène," wrote Soulier, "the price of his work, he was perched in the grand salon (of the Louvre), on the top of an immense ladder, copying the heads in the 'Marriage of Cana,' by Paul Veronese."

In fact, Veronese and Rubens were the inspiration of Delacroix, and he doubtless learned far more from the study of their pictures in the Louvre than he did from the instruction received in Guerin's studio. To quote from Delacroix's own words in his 'Journal,' he calls Veronese "the inimitable man," and says he should be more studied, for he manages his chiaroscuro so well that his pictures, when seen near to, have not great differences in the values, but when seen from the right point of view everything in them takes its just place, and the right effect is produced.

Delacroix suffered from ill-health all his life. Even as a young man his health prevented him from taking part in many of the competitions at the École, although some sketches and compositions of this period are preserved. Besides the impediment of ill-health, our artist was under more or less financial strain in his early manhood. Much of the property of his father was invested in land which had to be sold. This left him a paltry income upon which, with economy, he lived, and continued to paint historical pictures which demanded large canvases and entailed considerable expense. Some have claimed that the reason some of his pictures have become so darkened with years was because he could not afford to buy a good quality of paint, while others claim that he tried experiments with his oils and was too impatient to wait for them to dry before varnishing them.

Delacroix's first début was in the Salon of 1822 with his now famous 'Dante and Virgil,' conducted by Charon, crossing the lake which surrounds the walls of the infernal city of Pluto (see plate 1). The picture raised a storm of debate.

Some said that Géricault had worked upon the canvas. The artist had painted it in his own studio, and when his master saw it he was disgusted with it. Thiers alone criticised it favorably in an article in the 'Constitutionnel,' the chief organ of public opinion in those days. It was painted with broad brush-strokes, which were contrary to the smoothness of technique then in vogue. Delacroix received two thousand francs for this picture, however, for it was bought by the administration of the Royal Household.

The story is told that the young artist had not money enough to frame his picture properly, but that a carpenter improvised a very rude frame for him out of laths. When Delacroix looked for his picture at the opening of the Salon, he could not discover it at first, but later found it hung in a place of honor in the Salon Carré (in those days the Salon was held in the Louvre, the collection of Old Masters being temporarily removed from the walls), and handsomely framed, through the generosity of Baron Gros, who was pleased with the picture and did not wish it refused because its rude frame had fallen to pieces. He urged Delacroix, nevertheless, to come to his studio and study drawing, which the young artist did for a short time.

That same year, 1822, on September 3, the anniversary of his mother's death, he began his 'Journal,' which he continued intermittently throughout his life. Besides furnishing a view of the inner life of the man, his passion for art, his friendships, it gives a valuable account of the Greeks' struggle for independence, which touched him deeply, and which he followed in his 'Journal' from day to day.

His next picture at the Salon, two years later, in 1824, deals with the struggle in Greece, and is called 'The Massacre of Scio' (see plate 11). It met with a much less favorable reception than the 'Dante and Virgil.' Gerard called it the 'Massacre of Painting.' Gros, who could not forgive Delacroix for not competing for the 'Prix de Rome,' said of him that "he runs above the house-tops." The government, however, bought this picture also for six thousand francs, and it was placed in the Luxembourg.

This picture of 'The Massacre of Scio' created as much of a sensation in the Salon of 1824 as Géricault's picture of the 'Raft of Medusa' had done in the Salon of 1819. Delacroix is said to have received word of the untimely death of Géricault whilst he was painting the child clinging to the breasts of its dead mother, and was so disturbed by the news that he laid aside the brush for some time. Delacroix was now assuredly the leader of the Romantic School and this last picture of his became, as Mrs. Stranahan says, "the rallying point of all earnest workers who by their originality had become innovators in the eyes of the old-time artists. He himself often railed against romanticism in some of its forms, and was a warm admirer of Ingres. He was always classic in his literary tastes and never renounced the influence of the antique. He maintained, however, that to understand the antique it was necessary to apply to other sources than the school of David. He wrote that that which characterizes the antique is an informed fulness of forms combined with the sentiment of life. It is the breadth of scheme and the grace of the ensemble. It does not consist in giving to each isolated figure the appearance of a statue."

The Salon of 1824 was likewise notable for the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence and the landscapes of Constable and Bonington, since the works of English artists had not been seen in France for many years, on account of the unsettled political conditions. These pictures had an immense influence on Delacroix, and the following spring he went to England to study their methods of execution; but he was not pleased with the life in London, and gave up the idea of settling there which he had entertained for a short time. But the influence of this visit on Delacroix can hardly be over-estimated. He saw Kean act in Shakespeare, and from this time on found many of the subjects of his pictures in the Shakespearian drama.

'Greece expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi' (see plate IV) and several minor works were exhibited for the benefit of Greek patriots in 1826, but the next Salon in which he exhibited was that of 1827, in which appeared 'Sardanapalus,' taken from Byron's drama, the 'Doge Marino Faliero decapitated at the Foot of the Giants' Stairway,' and nine lesser pictures. They were both badly received and remained unsold many years. The former is to-day in a private collection and the latter in the Wallace Collection, London.

He had, among other artists, received a commission to decorate the "Council of State," in the Louvre. His subject was 'Justinian composing His Institutes,' which was unfortunately destroyed by the Communists in 1871. But now, as M. Filat points out in his introduction to the artist's 'Journal,' "Delacroix was definitely put upon the index for the distribution of orders; every great work was forbidden him, and it is then that he threw himself, with a sort of fury, upon the little canvases." Delacroix wrote to some friends, "You may judge what this meant for me, without speaking of the question of money; like a respite in a moment when I felt capable of covering an entire village with paintings. Not that it had cooled my ardor, but there had been much time lost in little things, and that was most precious time." Nevertheless, almost simultaneously, he received orders from the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis-Philippe, for a 'Cardinal Richelieu Saying Mass in the Palais Royal,' which was destroyed in 1848, from the Duchess de Berry for a 'King John at the Battle of Poitiers,' from the Royal Household for a 'Death of Charles the Bold at the Battle of Nancy,' now to be found in the Museum of Nancy.

In 1830 came the revolution which put Louis-Philippe on the throne of France and made Thiers, Delacroix's first favorable critic, one of the ministry of the new régime. The new king declared that the Salon should be held annually, but he rather counteracted the benefit of this by again investing the power of the jury in the Institute. To the Salon of 1831 Delacroix sent nine pictures, most important of which were 'The Massacre of the Bishop of Liège,' bought by the Duke of Orleans, and 'The 28th of July,' or 'Liberty leading the People on the Barricade.' This was Delacroix's only attempt at a picture with a political theme or one entailing modern dress. It was bought by the government, and brought him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. To-day it reposes in the Louvre.

In the month of January of the following year, 1832, Delacroix made one of a diplomatic mission to Morocco, although his position was a minor one. Suf-

ficient money was provided to cover his expenses, and it was not until the following August that he returned to Paris. Delacroix was enchanted with all he saw, and he brought home numerous sketches and water-colors which provided him with materials for pictures from time to time throughout his life. 'The Women of Algiers' (see plate v) and 'A Street in Meking' appeared in the Salon of 1834, 'The Convulsionaires of Tangiers' in that of 1838, 'The Jewish Wedding' in 1841, and so on, every four or five years, appeared a picture whose subject was derived from the few months spent in those Southern lands.

For the next ten or fifteen years Delacroix continued to send large historical canvases to the Salon; sometimes they were accepted, but not infrequently refused. Among them were the 'Battle of Nancy,' to the Salon of 1834; 'The Battle of Taillebourg,' for the Museum of Versailles, to that of 1837; 'The Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople' (see plate vi) and 'The Shipwreck of Don Juan,' to that of 1841.

Meanwhile, in 1833, he received a commission through Thiers for the decoration of the ceiling of the salon of the king in the Chamber of Deputies — to the horror of Ingres it is said — for four allegorical figures representing Agriculture, Industry, War, and Justice, and pendentives representing the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rivers of France. The narrow limitations of the architectural spaces left for him to decorate did not allow him to give full play to his faculties. This work was finished in 1838, in which year he received the further commission to decorate the library of the same building. This was a much more monumental task; it included two hemicycles at the ends of the room, and five cupolas. In the first hemicycle he depicted 'Orpheus Coming to instruct the Greeks in the Arts of Peace,' and in the other, 'The Invasion of Attila;' the pendentives of the cupolas represented the history of antique civilization between the two events. Those of the first cupola represented 'Poetry;' of the second, 'Theology;' of the third, 'Legislation;' of the fourth, 'Philosophy;' and of the fifth, 'The Sciences.' This great work occupied Delacroix nine years, and he was assisted by some of his pupils, especially Lassalle-Bordes.

About the same time he finished the decoration of the cupola of the library of the Chamber of Paris, now the Senate, a commission which came to him in 1845. Its subject is taken from the fourth canto of Dante's 'Inferno,' and represents Dante meeting the poets Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan in the Elysian Fields, and Alexander depositing the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' in a chest of gold. The pendentives represent St. Jerome, Orpheus, Cicero, and the Muse of Aristotle. Unfortunately the magnificent frescos in these two buildings are quite inaccessible, and it is therefore difficult for one to get a complete idea of Delacroix's great qualities as a decorator. About this time he also painted the Pietà for the Church of St. Denis du Saint Sacrement, which M. Tourneux calls "the most pathetic religious painting of the modern French school."

Delacroix took no part in the Revolution of 1848, but retired to his little house at Champrosay. Charles Blanc, who now became director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, commissioned our artist to paint the central panel of the ceil-

ing of the Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre. The decoration of this room had been begun a century before by Le Brun, but left unfinished, and it was now determined to restore it. The different panels in the ceiling represented the different phases of the day: for the central panel Le Brun had planned the 'Triumph of the Sun' or 'The Hour of Noon.' As Tourneux says, "Le Brun had left no sketch of the 'Triumph of the Sun,' which he proposed to represent in this vast ceiling, and Delacroix in adopting the same theme had every liberty to interpret it in his own fashion; but he must also take account of the general decoration already executed in the eighteenth century. The difficulty of the program had something to tempt him, and to overcome it he resolved not to turn aside at all from the imagined idea given by his predecessor; instead of drawing an allegory of courtesans, in which Le Brun would certainly have completed it, he wished that the struggle of the god of day and the python should be that of light over darkness and of life over chaos. From this thought was born the admirable composition which became rapidly celebrated, was opened from the month of October, 1851, to the gaze of the multitude, and no longer buried, as the preceding, in some palace inaccessible to the public."

His devoted pupil, Pierre Andrieu, aided him in some of the preparatory work, as well as in his later work for the Hall of Peace in the Hotel de Ville and the Chapel of the Angels in St. Sulpice. Art criticism seemed to have been freed from its bonds in 1848, and this latest work of Delacroix's met with unprecedented success and popularity. For the first time in his life the picture-dealers came to his studio to purchase his pictures. He wrote to a friend: "It is truly not to be believed, and for my part I do not understand it. It seems now that my paintings are a novelty, and that art lovers would enrich me after having despised me."

In 1853 came the commission to decorate the Hall of Peace in the Hotel de Ville, which was opened to the public the succeeding year. These frescos, as well as the sketches for them, which he bequeathed to his pupil, Andrieu, were destroyed in the incendiary fires of the Communists in 1871.

A further honor came to Delacroix in 1855, at the Universal Exposition, where thirty-six of his canvases, loaned by the Luxembourg (since removed to the Louvre) and by private collectors, were hung together in a hall specially reserved for his pictures, and where for the first time the public could view his work *en masse*. Delacroix received one of the ten gold medals of honor awarded at this Exposition, and also the collar of commander. "But the ambition which he had most set his heart upon, and which it took twenty years to satisfy, was his admission into the fourth class of the Institute," writes M. Tourneux. He took the seat of an adversary, M. Delaroche. At least eight times Delacroix had sent in his name as a candidate, and he was only admitted in 1857, M. Viron claims, through the vote of the musical coterie in the Institute. Still another recognition which came to our artist, and which pleased him exceedingly, was being put at the beginning of Theophile Silvestre's book entitled 'L'histoire des Artistes Vivants,' which came out in 1856.

The last Salon in which Delacroix exhibited was that of 1859. To this he sent eight small pictures, and even at this point in his career criticism was for

the most part hostile. He continued to paint easel pictures until the end, some new subjects and some repetitions of old ones, but his last great work was the decoration of the Chapel of the Angels in St. Sulpice. This commission had been first given him in 1849, by Charles Blanc, was later taken away from him, and again restored. Upon the walls he depicted 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel' (see plate X), 'Heliodorus being driven out of the Temple,' and upon the ceiling, 'The Archangel Michael triumphing over the Demon.' The finishing of these frescos was much delayed by the serious state of health of Delacroix, as he was affected by the dampness of the church, and suffered from several attacks of lead poisoning. The Chapel was finally opened to public view in 1861. M. Tourneux writes: "Hostile criticisms were rare, and sympathetic ones sufficiently numerous to give the painter the joy of feeling that the definite judgment of the men of his generation and of the following generation would be, in the final count, that of the future."

All the friends of Delacroix bear witness to his love of music. M. Moreau relates that our artist had confided in him the effect that music had had on one or two of his pictures. When he was painting the 'Expulsion of Heliodorus,' in St. Sulpice, the organist in the church was playing the 'Dies Irae,' and he considered that the pose of the avenging angel was inspired by the fine music.

Delacroix was a man of very nervous temperament, he disliked visitors in his studio, and generally stopped working when any one came in. He was a brilliant conversationalist, however, and shone in society. M. Silvestre has given us a most interesting character-study of the man. He says in part: "Delacroix is of a violent and fiery temper, but full of self-control, and a perfect man of the world, a keen observer, attentive listener; he is prompt, sagacious, and prudent in a reply. . . . He breathes fire and flame like the little horses in 'The Massacre of Scio,' that sublime work of his youth. . . .

"Delacroix loved literature. He had a marvelous knowledge of the historians, poets, and the French and foreign romantic writers. Delacroix was extremely interesting in conversation by the turn of his phrases, the finesse of his observations, and the brilliancy of his repartee."

He never visited Italy, although he often talked of going there, but he had a feeling that too great familiarity with the Old Masters might impair the independence of his work. He never married, both from preference and because he felt the anxieties of an artist's life were incompatible with the cares of a family.

For some months before his end the malady which finally caused his death increased. He returned to Paris from Champrosay at the end of the year 1862, but in the following spring he grew worse and died on August 13, 1863. Four days later a grand funeral took place at St. Germain-des-Près. The honorary pall-bearers represented the Institute and the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and a military salute was given him as the painter of the Battles of Taillebourg, Poitiers, and Nancy. Two orations were delivered at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise—the first by the sculptor, François Jouffroy, in the name of the Académie, and the second, more personal, by Paul Huet. "The improvisation of Paul Huet, given in a voice trembling with emotion," writes M.

Tourneux, "was for the majority of those present a veritable relief and seemed the anticipated judgment of posterity, when he exclaimed: 'Profound thinker, admirable painter, who takes his place near Veronese and Rembrandt, by the side of Goethe and Byron, Delacroix is of the small number of artists who characterize an epoch and take possession of it; he will remain one of the glories of our France.'"

During the last year of his life he made a very detailed will. To his cousin Leon Riesener, and his housekeeper, Jenny Le Guillou, he left the bulk of his property, although not one of his relatives or servants was forgotten. To a number of select friends he left remembrances. Finally he decreed that there should be no reproduction of his features made after death, that he should be buried at Père-Lachaise, his tomb should be after the antique, with no statue, bust, or emblem, and authorized a sale of his works not already bequeathed to take place within two years of his demise. He also named a commission of friends to attend to this last matter. Over six thousand sketches, drawings, engravings, and water-colors were found in his portfolios. M. Burty, editor of his 'Correspondence,' was relegated to make an inventory, which occupied him four months. The sale realized 350,000 francs, sold in small lots, but few of them can be traced to-day.

On the anniversary of his death an exposition of his works was held on the Boulevard des Italiens; one hundred and seventy-eight pictures and three hundred and three drawings were exhibited. Many tributes were paid him in the years immediately following his death by those who had already been his friends and admirers, and by those who came with his years and his successes to understand and appreciate him. Finally, in 1885, through public subscription and another exhibition of his works at the École des Beaux-Arts, money was raised to erect a monument to his memory. This was given to Jules Dalou to execute, and was set up in October, 1890, in the garden of the Luxembourg.

The Art of Delacroix

CHARLES BLANC — 'LES ARTISTES DE MON TEMPS'

DELACROIX was an incomparable colorist, a thinker with distinguished and abundant inventions, a splendid and passionate decorator. . . . Another quality of Eugène Delacroix, a quality of the first order, is composition. It is the art of setting in order great, vast ordinances, of balancing them without affectation, of developing them without division, and above all conceiving them with a perfect suitableness, with a rare intelligence of the passions and the ideas of great men and great things. Yes, an original sentiment for all poetry, a high comprehension of history, it is that which distinguishes Eugène Delacroix among contemporary painters, including those of the other nations of Europe; it is by that that he redeemed the inequalities of his talent, the excessive incorrectness of his forms, his inaptitude to seize upon individ-

ual beauty, his powerlessness to model a portrait, and to express otherwise than by color — or by that which amounts to the same thing, by ensembles. By ensembles, we say, for Eugène Delacroix is a master who never thinks of a bit, does not stop for detail; he always embraces the synthesis of a picture; he always sees the whole at one time.

Eugène Delacroix was not only in possession of the mathematical rules of color, but he understood its moral harmonies, he knew better than any one in the world its dramatic language and its poetry. His methods of coloration are so sure that the smallest mistake never escaped from him; they are calculated with such rigor that if one should try to take away or add a single tone in his picture, if one should modify a shade, or if one should wish to change the place, the entire arrangement would fall to pieces. . . .

Harmony, Delacroix did not understand as the greater part of painters. He wished it splendid and stirring, irritated by discords, and, so to speak, deliciously bitter. One of his most precious resources is the introduction of black and white. Black and white, so to speak, are non-colors which serve, in separating others, to rest the eye, to refresh it, when it could be fatigued by extreme variety as well as by extreme magnificence. Thus the touch of white in the 'Barque of Dante' is an awakening in the midst of somberness; it shines as lightning which furrows the tempest. Other times, white is employed by Delacroix to correct that which would be brutal in the contiguity of two strong colors, such as red and blue. . . .Let us speak now of a principle of coloration known to the Orientals, and which Delacroix has not ignored: the modulation of colors. Even when they make a surface united in appearance the Asiatic fabricators of ceramics and carpets make the colors vibrate by putting tones upon tones in a pure state, blue upon blue, yellow upon yellow. Instructed in this law by intuition or study, Eugène Delacroix has taken care not to spread upon his canvas a uniform tone, even when he wished to have the aspect of unity in a sky or an architectural background. Not only did he make his surface thrill with tone upon tone, but his manner of working still added to this thrill. Instead of placing his color horizontally, he stopped it up with a brush upon a preparation of the same tint but more equal, which became everywhere a little transparent, enough to produce at a distance the impression of unity, in giving all a singular depth of tone, so modulated, so vibrant is indeed the word. . . . No, there is not a secret of color which Delacroix has not possessed. . . .

"All that I know," said Delacroix, "I took from Paul Veronese." In fact, 'The Marriage of Cana,' the 'Feast in the House of Simon,' 'Christ carrying his Cross,' 'The Daughters of Lot,' contain all the secrets of color, and in this respect it is indeed Veronese who has been the true master of Delacroix. If he loved in Rubens the warmth, the movement, the throw of the figures and the draperies, the freshness of tone, the life of the flesh, the magnificence and the pomp of the entire arrangement, he did not cease to admire in Veronese his bewitching manner of doubling the interest of his picture in coloring all the shadows, in detaching one from the other of his luminous heads, as those which are placed to the left of the spectator in the banquet of 'The Marriage

of Cana,' and putting the *tout ensemble* of these luminous heads against a clear background, in contrasting great portions of the sky, of architecture, or of the ground to masses of figures. . . .

Veronese had a quality which Delacroix lacked: the masterly surety of drawing, the constant and unalterable respect for the human form. With him not a touch which does not indicate the construction of a member, the presence of a bone, the relief of a muscle. It is the same in the figures of Rubens, a distinct body is always ready to come forth. Delacroix, preoccupied with the general harmony before all, often achieved it by arbitrary touches which did not take account of what was underneath. For him, the detail is nothing, the picture is the law supreme. In review, if he is inferior to those masters in the science of drawing, he has a value which they have not at all, at least in the same degree as he; it is the esthetic character, the poetry of color. This reflection came to us when we were visiting the museum at Munich. There are there, perhaps, the most astonishing pictures by Rubens, among others, 'The Last Judgment,' where the painter shows us precipitated in the infernal regions some groups or rather clusters of women, palpitating with life, fresh and rosy, who form a strange thing, a bouquet of superb tones quite ravishing. More penetrated by his subject, more moved by his own thought, Delacroix has expressed here terror at its height. To represent eternal desolation, the former has employed the tints of life, of grace, of spring. The painter of the 'Barque of Dante' and of the 'Shipwreck of Don Juan' has found upon his palette lugubrious harmonies of a nature to sear the heart. . . .

A religious poet, Delacroix comprehended the genius of Christianity, not in a human and popular sense as Rembrandt, but in a manner not less touching, very elevated, above all, very impassioned and with a sort of strange lyric feeling. His pictures of saintliness have not the sweet and calm character of evangelical humility and austere tenderness which we find, for example, in those of Hippolyte Flandrin; they are full, to the contrary, with a violent emotion; they appear conceived by a Christian savage, irritated, indignant. . . .

A painter who draws uniquely from color his means of expression, and who has almost never had a true part in chiaroscuro, would not be engraved either by others or by himself. Whatsoever should be the talent of an engraver, a print after Delacroix is hardly a hint, and more often it is a veritable treason. Deprived of its color, the painting of such a master is spring without the sun, a hero without glory.—ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

C. H. STRANAHAN 'A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING'

EUGÈNE was the true representative of the age so replete with ideas, but for its burning enthusiasms and activities he found other expression than the only previous one, the painting of battles. No one, more than he, felt its deep significance, no one more eloquently expressed it. He has indeed been judged as being too thoroughly imbued with the French spirit of 1830 to be permanently and universally interesting. But in thus being the expression of his age lies his merit, and in it are found the excuses for such extremes as he may show. He has been called the painter of the soul of his age, and it

was, indeed, not with externals that he dealt. He had the sensibilities of the true poet and an extremely emotional temperament; and becoming learned in the literature of many times and lands, he interpreted its fullest meanings, not simply illustrated. "To penetrate and express meaning, his genius set aside law and he early became drunk with the wine of intoxicating color," one of his critics says. He was a lover of music to such a degree that he derived some of his finest conceptions from its inspiration. . . .

Delacroix's great excellencies were now apparent: color, power of imagination, strength of expression. Not beauty, but emotion, dramatic action, the drama of life, were the field of his affinities; thus he does not charm so much as overwhelm. He depicts vividly time, place, season, the entirety of his subject, but perfect drawing was not a part of his equipment. He was rather a painter who constantly employed what is technically known as the *tache*, a word which recent painting has made necessary to its vocabulary, and perhaps is best translated as "patch." His instinct for color penetrated its most secret relations and bore thence the science of its combinations and reflections, its sentiments even. By the former, two strong colors in proximity are modified each by the other; by the latter, the modulations of color are made to harmonize with the feeling or action of the picture, as brilliancy with joy, somberness with sorrow. No tone in his pictures could be changed without loss. With him color dominated design. He chose his forms for his color rather than his color for his forms. He conceived his objects in color, instead of first drawing them and then coloring. Contemporaneous comment unconsciously acknowledged his skill, in accusing him in his 'St. Sebastian' (1836) of copying Titian; the 'Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross' was said to recall Rubens, and in 'The Women of Algiers' (1834) he was said to have imitated Veronese, to whom, indeed, he acknowledged himself indebted for all he knew of color. . . .

He may be called the painter of struggle and violence; famine, imprisonment, martyrdom, battles, the desolations of war, massacres, cruelties, orgies, tragedies, madness, melancholy love in its impassioned form (as of 'Romeo and Juliet'), the violence of crime, strength, combat—the combat for existence, or combat for pleasure, but always combat—form the inspiration of his brush. This he wielded with an "overpowering fury" that proved him to be truly the man of his violent national era. He has been called the Victor Hugo of painting. It was his practice to imbue his mind with the sentiment of his subject and study the lessons to be learned from his models and then set all aside and evoke from his own feelings thus aroused his picture.

Like Ingres, the great high priest of the opposing school, he was enabled eventually to speak *ex cathedra*, for he was made a member of the Institute in the chair of Delaroche in 1856. . . . At the International Exhibition of 1855, Ingres's forty and Delacroix's thirty-five pictures led to the comparison: "Ingres, like Plato, walks the groves of Academe; Delacroix drives swift steeds across the broken roads of an American forest—follow who can, fall into quagmire who cannot." At every gathering of artists, at every conference on art, even after they had passed away, these two leaders were present by

their influence. Ingres could be followed and copied, while Delacroix was inimitable. His winged nature had too high and rapid a flight for pursuit, but he aroused ambitious rivalries and would-be imitators. Ingres's point was the individual, Delacroix's the mass; Ingres was the portrait-painter, Delacroix the painter of the great *tout ensemble*. With the warmth of romanticism, Delacroix admired Ingres; with the severity of classicism, Ingres frigidly said to Delacroix, "Monsieur, drawing is the probity of art."

The Works of Delacroix

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'DANTE AND VIRGIL' — PLATE I

IN the Salon of 1822, as has been said, Delacroix made his début with this picture, which created so much discussion. We give first a contemporary notice of it by M. Thiers, which appeared in the 'Constitutionnel.'

"No picture has awakened me more, and in my opinion there has come to us a great picture by Delacroix representing 'Dante and Virgil' in the infernal regions. In this throughout one sees the mark of talent, the born superiority which revives our hopes, which have been a little discouraged by the too mediocre merits of the other painters. Dante and Virgil conducted by Charon are crossing the infernal river and writhing with pain; the crowd press around the boat to enter it. Dante is alive with imagination at the horrible complexion of the place; Virgil is crowned with somber laurel of the color of death. The unhappy, condemned to eternally desire the other side, attach themselves to the boat. One who tries in vain is thrown over by the rapid movement and is thrown back into the water. Another kicks and pushes those who will board the boat like himself; others are grinding with their teeth the boat that is escaping them. There is there the egotism of distress, the despair of hell. In this subject so nearly in the neighborhood of exaggeration, we find, nevertheless, a great severity of taste, a local fitness or propriety of a certain sort, which raises this picture to a dignity which no one could reproach as lacking in nobility. The brushwork is large and firm, the color simple and vigorous, although possibly a little crude. The artist has besides that poetic imagination which is common to the painter and the writer, that art imagination which might be called in some way the imagination of the whole design, which is quite a different thing from the preceding. He projects his figures, groups them, bends them at his will with the boldness of Michael Angelo and the wealth of Rubens."

The following interesting criticism by Mr. Charles H. Caffin, in 'How to Study Pictures' gives us the modern judgment on this first work of Delacroix's and corroborates the opinion of M. Thiers: "In this picture Delacroix has attempted to seize and convey by an immediate representation all the anguish

and the tumult that the poet's song renders by separate stages. It was the work of a youth of twenty-three, already a master. David, a veteran of seventy-four years, when he saw it, exclaimed, 'Where does it come from? I do not recognize the style.'

"For it does not depend upon line, as David's picture, but upon colored masses. It is true that the figures in the water are arranged so as to produce a certain wild rhythm of movement, like agitated waves, but none of the figures are enclosed in hard lines, the contours having neither the assertion nor the precision of David's. To repeat, it is an arrangement of colored masses; of dark greenish-blue sea, the pallid ivories of flesh tints, Virgil's drabbish green robe, and Dante's drab one; his crimson *becchetto*, and the echo of its color in the fainter distant glow of fire—a turbid harmony of color, wherein the nude bodies appear as a *motif* of pain and the crimson is a crash of wrath. It is the work of a man who feels in color as a musician does in sounds, and who plays upon the chromatics of color, somewhat as the musician upon the chromatics of sound. It is the work, not of one who uses color merely to increase the reality of appearances, as the majority of painters do, but of one of that smaller band, headed by the Venetians and Rubens, who make the color itself a source of emotional appeal. Delacroix was a colorist, and David, drilled in the Academic School which says line and form are the chief essentials, seeing the picture, asked, 'Where does it come from?'"

The picture was bought by the Government for two thousand francs. It hangs to-day in the Louvre, and measures nearly six by eight feet. It is signed and dated 1822 on the gunwale of the boat.

'THE MASSACRE OF SCIO' PLATE II

A FORTNIGHT before the opening of the Salon of 1824, in those days held in the Louvre, our artist saw some pictures by the English landscapists, Constable and Bonington, ready for exhibition in the Salon, which certain picture-dealers had brought to France as a speculation. Delacroix was so impressed with their transparent atmospheric qualities that he got permission to take down his picture of 'The Massacre of Scio,' already hung, to repaint it.

The picture represents scenes from the massacre in the island of Chios during the Grecian war for independence against Turkey. M. Chesneau writes of it: "Delacroix did not know Greece, where he had never voyaged when he painted 'The Massacre of Scio;' that has not prevented him from drawing from his subject a great effect of poetic verisimilitude, which amounts even to terror. The vigor of his hand has rendered faithfully the fever of thought which agitated all spirits in 1824 at the name alone of Greece. Pest, corruption, physical death, and death of the heart divides the troubled attention by its horrible scene of destruction, where old age is stupefied by madness, where famished childhood clings to the exhausted breasts of a corpse, where male vigor flows away in tides of blood from its gaping wounds, where virginal beauty is abandoned in its pure nudity to the bruises of a furious horse." "These horrible scenes, of which no academic management conceals the hideousness," said Théophile Gautier, "this feverish and convulsive drawing, this violent color,

this fury of the brush, excited the indignation of the classicists, whose perruque shuddered like that of Handel's, and roused with enthusiasm the young painters by their strange boldness and their novelty, which nothing had made them foresee. To-day 'The Massacre of Scio' has become classic in its turn; we copy it, we study it, we admire it. It is the Orient and its cruelty in man and nature: pest and murder."

This picture, which is also to be found in the Louvre, measures about thirteen by eleven feet, and is signed, and dated 1824.

'THE FURIOUS MEDEA' PLATE III

"HE has chosen the moment which precedes the crime; he has understood what terror inspired that disheveled magician who sees afar the sails of the ship where Jason is embarking, and who, feeling her fury mount in an atrocious inquietude, already stifles her children in her arms which are about to poignard them. Correggio, if he had not had repugnance to violence, if he had ever been furious, would not have painted such a scene otherwise, I imagine. This time the drawing of the figure is grand and very happily done. There is some choice in the amplitude of the forms and in the fierce tragedy of the head. The entire figure breathes love to the point of despair and rage upon the point of bursting. It is a lioness who, having been blinded by fury, would lick the feet of the traitor who abandons her. I do not speak of the color; it is at the same time brilliant and sinister, of a bitter harmony which suggests coldness," writes Charles Blanc.

A large canvas of this subject was exhibited at the Salon of 1838, and belongs now to the museum of Lille. The original of our plate was a reduction of the same picture with slight variations painted in 1862 and was bequeathed to the Louvre in the Thomy-Thiery Collection.

'GREECE EXPIRING ON THE RUINS OF MISSOLONGHI' PLATE IV

"GREECE, represented by a young woman in Hellenic costume," writes M. Chesneau, "is standing upon the ruins. She is about to succumb and shows her hands unarmed. Behind her, a Turkish soldier is planting a standard upon the rubbish of the city.

"This picture was bought by the town of Bordeaux from Eugène Delacroix in 1853, at the Exposition of the Société des Amis des Arts. He was paid twenty-five hundred francs."

It was first exhibited in 1826 for the benefit of Greek patriots. It measures about seven by five and a half feet.

'THE WOMEN OF ALGIERS' PLATE V

THE subject of this plate was inspired by Delacroix's trip to Morocco. Mrs. Stranahan, in eulogizing the color of Delacroix, says: "This picture so illustrates the mathematical certainty, as well as the poetic sense of effect with which he made use of hues, that its description will serve a double

purpose. It won the honor of a place in the Luxembourg *en route* for the Louvre, where his being deceased ten years has now placed it.

"Three women of the Seraglio, half reclining on the carpet, doing nothing, hardly holding their narghiles in their nonchalant fingers, present no prevalence of life and thought, more than flowers or jewels, and so leave the play of color undominated by any intellectual interest. He has pushed to their maximum of splendor, but has brought to a repose by a perfect equilibrium of intensities, the great brilliancy, opulence, and fulness of color of the accessories — stuffs and faience, and walls of wonderful combinations. He has made use of complementary contrasts and harmonies of tints, and of blacks and whites as amalgams, so to speak. A slight illustration of this management: the orange corsage of one woman allows its edge of the lining of blue satin to be seen; a skirt of violet silk is striped with gold. The negress who has served the women and is seen retiring into the background has a drapery of dark blue striped, a corsage of light blue, and a madras of orange color — three tints which enhance each the other's value, and the orange is still more accentuated by proximity to the dark skin of the negress. But a less palpable management is seen in the almost imperceptible manner in which he tempers contrasting tones by breaking one with the other. Thus one of the women wears a rose in her hair and a demi-pantaloon of green over which are scattered spots of yellow, and a loose garment of rose color about her shoulders is modified by an almost impalpable sowing of little flowers of green."

This picture was ordered by the Royal Household, and the price settled upon was three thousand francs. When Delacroix heard that a very inferior painter had received the sum of four thousand francs for a picture, he at first refused to deliver it, until he was informed that the king himself had set the price. Immediately afterwards he received the commission for the 'Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople,' to be placed in the Museum of Versailles. 'The Women of Algiers' is seen to-day in the Louvre. It measures about five and three quarters feet by seven and a half feet, is signed, and dated 1834.

'THE ENTRY OF THE CRUSADERS INTO CONSTANTINOPLE' PLATE VI

'THE Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople' is one of the masterpieces as well as one of the largest historical canvases painted by Delacroix. At the summit of a flight of stone steps on a broad platform overlooking the town of Constantinople and the surrounding country a band of six triumphant crusaders, armed and with pennants flying, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, have just arrived. They are led by Baudouin, Count of Flanders; on either hand are the wounded and dying. On the left an old man and young woman, presumably father and daughter, kneel and beg for mercy of the leader, who turns to listen to their appeal, while on the right the half nude figure of a beautiful woman is bending over the dead body of another. Further to the left a soldier is dragging forth from the portico of his house an old man, who raises his hand in supplication. In the background, we see the gray-white city of Constantinople smoking in various parts where the Crusaders have been guilty of incendiarism. The brilliant blue of the Bosphorus, the darker blue of

the further mountains, the clouds of smoke rolling across a deep sapphire sky form a pleasing contrast to the warm colors in the foreground. The draperies on the numerous figures are many and varied in color, rich and subdued; nothing strikes the eye especially, but all are harmonized with the skill of a Venetian.

A small study for this picture is in the Condé Collection at Chantilly. Our picture measures about twelve feet square. Painted originally for the palace at Versailles, it is now in the same hall of the Louvre as the other large canvases of Delacroix. It is signed, and dated 1840.

'CHRIST ON THE CROSS' PLATE VII

DELACROIX painted this subject a number of times, and each one quite different from the other. This one which our plate represents is painted on wood with the delicacy of a miniature. Delacroix painted it as a gift for an old friend, Madame the Baronesse de Forget, who at one time was very assiduous in aiding him to obtain the direction of the manufacture of the Gobelin tapestries which he desired. This idea, however, he soon abandoned.

M. Chesneau says of it: "Into this little canvas which he destined for a sincere friend, a woman of very delicate taste and of a very brilliant spirit, the master put all the magic of his execution. The effect is very sweet."

It is to-day in the Thomy-Thiery Collection at the Louvre. It measures only eight inches by six, and is the smallest of any of Delacroix's oil-paintings which we know, intended in all probability to be used for private devotions. It is signed E. D. on the foot of the cross.

'THE TWO FOSCARI' PLATE VIII

FRANCESCO FOSCARI, the Doge, had engaged in a series of ruinous wars, in which, however, he had lost three sons. The fourth, Giacopo, has been accused by his father's enemies of carrying intelligence to the enemy. "Such is the subject of the picture," writes M. Gruyer, which he so graphically describes as follows:

"The scene takes place in Venice, in one of those beautiful architectures that Delacroix knew so well how to construct, and to which he gives the depth of a decoration. The Doge Foscari holds here the place of importance. He is seated in a stoical attitude upon his throne raised by two broad steps covered by an Oriental carpet; and he fills by himself alone the foreground of the left side of the picture. Bonnetted with the cap of gold sparkling with stones and arrayed in cloth of gold, he bows his powerful head upon his breast with grief and humiliation. His long white beard is mingled with the ermine of the cape. Before him they bring his son, martyred, fainting, vanquished. Giacopo Foscari occupies the center of the picture. He has just been tortured and we see, by an open door at the back of the hall, the Room of the Confessions, with its instruments and executioners ready to take up again, if there is need, their sinister task; but the accused has avowed his crime—an imaginary crime perhaps. His body, which has been tortured, is naked and all trembling with pain.

"The same sunbeam which passes through the window to envelop the Doge in its rays of gold strikes Giacopo Foscari at the same time in a way to make him the luminous and vibrant center of the drama whose victim he is. Around the condemned and on the right side of the picture is the crowd, stirring and passionate; gentlemen, senators, magistrates, pages, warriors, lawyers, scribes, halberdiers, caps or hoods on their heads, all dressed in changing colors, in the tragic shadows which surround them. In putting the Doge and his son in the presence of each other and almost face to face, and in leaving between them an empty space which seems to separate one from the other, Eugène Delacroix shows with evidence the moral tie which confounds their two hearts. Never have his masterly qualities of composition and representation furnished better examples than in this picture. Never has Delacroix been a greater colorist; never has he clothed a subject in warmer tones, more harmonious and more restful. Never, also, has he made his forms more accurate and never has he crowded a design more nearly. Never, in fact, has he been inspired by a dramatic sentiment more profound and true. The emotion is poignant in all parts of this picture, which he has signed and dated. We read, in fact, to the right of the picture, upon the cloth of blue velvet which covers the table where the clerk of the council registers the confessions of the accused: Eug. Delacroix, 1845.

"Monsieur the Duke d'Aumale bought this picture in the month of June, 1873, at the sale of M. Faure, for seventy-nine thousand, five hundred francs. With one such picture Delacroix is admirably represented in the Condé Museum."

The picture measures about three by four feet.

'SKETCH FOR THE EDUCATION OF ACHILLES' PLATE IX

AS we have already seen in the life of Delacroix, in 1838, after he had completed the decorations in the Salon of the King in the Chamber of Deputies, he received the commission to decorate the library, which consisted of two hemicycles and five cupolas. The first cupola represented 'Poetry,' and the four pendentives represented respectively 'Alexander placing the Poems of Homer in a Chest,' 'The Education of Achilles,' 'Ovid with the Barbarians,' and 'Hesiod and the Muse.'

M. Chesneau writes at some length of both the fresco and the drawing: "'The Education of Achilles' is one of the most attractive parts of that magnificent decoration from which we have so much trouble to remove our gaze. The centaur, Chiron, charged with the education of Achilles, teaches him to draw the bow and points out to him with his finger the prey at which he must aim. The young man, mounted on the croup of the centaur and seen back to as the latter shoots an arrow, shows in his action a youthful form of charming beauty, which would be worthy of marble if they were changed from painting into statuary. I know and I have often looked at the drawing in pencil made by Delacroix of the centaur Chiron and his pupil, and I can affirm that the drawing is excellent; that it is firm with suppleness and that it shows knowledge without pedantry. Although devoid of his great means of expression, which is the palette, Delacroix has proved to us, in this first thought,

that he was not as a draftsman what they have generally thought him and what we ourselves have thought him. We see only, in looking carefully at the sketch of which I speak, how the painter has drawn it, planning to plunge his forms into the surrounding atmosphere."

'JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL' PLATE X

THE first chapel on the right of the nave of St. Sulpice is called the 'Chapel of the Angels,' and it is here that we find the subject of our plate on the left wall, while 'Heliodorus driven from the Temple' is the subject of the right wall. M. Chesneau has again well characterized this last work of importance by Delacroix. He says in part: "The 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel' and the 'Heliodorus driven from the Temple' are treated in the best decorative spirit. In spite of the obligatory perspective of the landscape in the first and of the architecture in the second, one feels behind the painting the resistance of a thick wall. The work of the artist veils the stone; it does not pierce the artificial opening. Mural painting does not obey the same laws as oil-painting; it is an ornament, nothing more. Delacroix has not then fallen into the fault of the greater part of our painters of chapels and city halls. Without diminishing in anything the expressive value of his admirable talent, he has known how always, and above all in this last creation of his genius, to remain the greatest of our decorators. . . .

"What grandeur in the strife of Jacob with the angel! All the decorative importance is here left to the landscape, a landscape solemn in its simplicity, formed by three oaks with immense trunks. The enormous vegetation opposes the powerful tranquillity of its peaceful shadows to the luminous dust of the train disappearing in the deep perspective of the winding valley, enkindled by the light of the rising sun.

"At the edge of a ford which he is about to leap across, at the foot of a knoll raised where the giant oaks interlace their branches, impassive witnesses of the dual mystery, the strife of Jacob and the angel takes place. A last time, Jacob, with head lowered, rushes like a ram against his unknown adversary. Without effort, with a simple gesture, the latter stops the combat; it suffices him to touch the sciatic nerve of the servant of Laban, that one who will be called henceforth Israel. It is this last gesture which Delacroix has represented; with what science one cannot judge by the engraving altogether. . . . We are far from the demoniac struggles of which a contemporary painter, taking again the same subject, has given us the base spectacle."

This work for this chapel occupied Delacroix the greater part of the time between the years 1853 and 1859, and is in a good state of preservation. The fresco is of large dimensions, measuring some twenty-three feet by sixteen.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY DELACROIX IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, HERTFORD HOUSE: The Execution of Marino Faliero; Faust and Mephistopheles — FRANCE. ARRAS, MUSEUM: Martyrdom of St. Stephen — BORDEAUX, MUSEUM: Greece expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi (Plate IV); Sketch of

Boissy D'Anglas before the Convention — CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: The Two Foscari (Plate VIII); A Moorish Guard; Entry of Crusaders into Constantinople — GRENOBLE, MUSEUM: St. George — LILLE, MUSEUM: Medea — LYONS, MUSEUM: The Last Words of Marcus Aurelius; Odalisque recumbent — MELUN, MUSEUM: Head of Actæon — MONTPELLIER, MUSEUM: A Mulatto Woman; Charge of Arab Cavalry; Algerian Women at Home; Daniel in the Lions' Den; Michelangelo in his Studio; Death of Cato; Portrait of Himself; Portrait of M. Bruyas — NANCY, MUSEUM: Battle of Nancy — NANTES, MUSEUM: The Halt — PARIS, CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES (Palais Bourbon): Decorations of the Ceiling of the Library and of the Salon of the King — PARIS, LOUVRE: Ceiling in the Galerie d'Apollon; Dante and Virgil (Plate I); The Massacre of Scio (Plate II); The 28th of July, 1830; Women of Algiers (Plate V); Portrait of Himself; The Jewish Wedding in Morocco; The Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople (Plate VI); The Shipwreck of Don Juan; Young Tiger playing with its Mother; Hamlet and Horatio (two versions); Christ on the Cross (Plate VII); The Carrying Off of Rebecca; The Death of Ophelia; Roger delivering Angélique; The Fiancée of Abydos; Lion with the Rabbit; Lion with the Wild Boar; Lion ready to Spring; Lion with the Alligator; Furious Medea (Plate III) — PARIS, SENATE (Palais de la Luxembourg): Decoration of the Ceiling of the Library — PARIS, ST. DENIS DU SAINT SACRAMENT: Pietà — PARIS, ST. SULPICE: Heliodorus driven from the Temple; Jacob wrestling with the Angel (Plate X); St. Michael overcoming the Demon — ROUEN, MUSEUM: The Justice of Trajan — TOULOUSE, MUSEUM: Muley-abd-el-Rahmann, Sultan of Morocco, leaving his Palace at Mequinez — TOURS, MUSEUM: Arab Musicians — VERSAILLES, MUSEUM: Battle of Taillebourg; Portrait of Marshal de Tourville.

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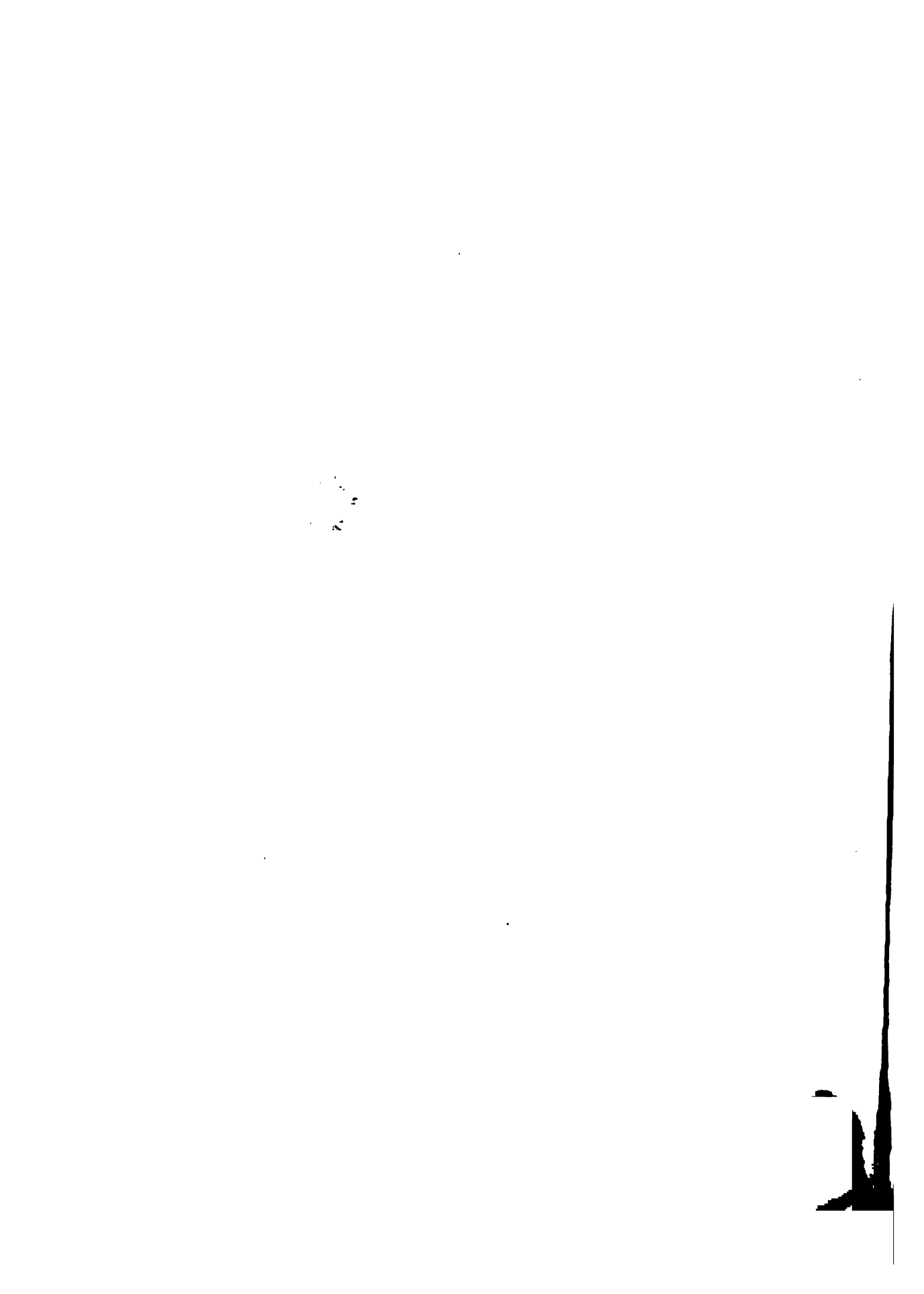
MASTERS IN ART

Breton

FRENCH SCHOOL

UofM

BRETON
THE BENEDICTION OF THE WHEAT IN ARTOIS
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS



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BRETON
THE BENEDICTION OF THE WHEAT IN ARTOIS
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

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GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY
PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

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THE BRETON WOMAN
CORCORAN ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON

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ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

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THE GLEANER
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

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RETURN OF THE GLEANERS
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

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BRETON
THE COMMUNICANTS
PRIVATE COLLECTION

BRETON
END OF THE DAY [DETAIL]
GALLIS COLLECTION, EPERNAY

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BRETON
THE SIFTER OF COLZA
PRIVATE COLLECTION

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BRETON
THE SONG OF THE LARK
ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

Jules Breton painted his own portrait twice, once as a young man, and this in 1895, when he was nearly seventy years old. It is unmistakably the type of an artist, and gives us a very good idea of the kindly, benevolent painter of peasants in his later years. It belongs to the Museum at Antwerp.

Jules-Adolphe-Aimé Louis Breton

BORN 1827: DIED 1906
FRENCH SCHOOL

ONE of the most popular painters of the French school of the nineteenth century was Jules Breton (pronounced Brĕ-ton′), who was born on the first of May, 1827, in the town of Courrières in the province of Pas-de-Calais, formerly known as Artois. Jules was the second of four sons. His father was steward of the estates of the Duc de Duras and away from home much of the time. His mother died of consumption when he was very young, her end hastened by the death of her only daughter, a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, two years younger than Jules, of whom he held a dim picture in his mind swinging from a ladder and singing a song in a sweet, childish voice.

He recalls how his mother's image came back to him when he saw certain colors and smelt certain odors. "Then," he says in his 'Life of an Artist,' "I saw again her languid beauty, her sweet pale face, her mouth expressing mingled melancholy and goodness, and her deep-set brown eyes circled with dark shadows, that shone with so tender a light under their white lids. . . . Again I see the straw hat trimmed with wild flowers, and the red and yellow shawl you wore in your languid walks in the garden where you were soon to bid farewell to the flowers you loved and that beheld you die!"

The children were evidently allowed to run at large in the fields and gardens, and the artist in his autobiography gives us in the opening chapters a delightful view of the garden of his childhood's home, and thereby unconsciously reveals his great and innate love of the country and rural life. "I have seen many magnificent gardens," he writes, "but never one that could make me forget my father's garden — for me the first and only garden. . . . A true French garden with its vegetable-beds and its flower-borders. . . . Here, among the flowers and the insects, my first sensations, my first reveries, had birth."

M. Vachon has so well characterized the family life and youth of the artist that we quote from him at some length: "His father's home was gay and joyous, with a patriarchal physiognomy. There was a maternal grandmother, widow of a country doctor, an old uncle who through devotion to the family taste for science and letters had given up a commercial life to become instructor of the children, two domestics, an old soldier of the Empire and his

wife, a gardener, and numerous people who came in by the day to assist in the work of the household. The father had organized a municipal band; the uncle, a chorus of young girls, who filled, each week, the house and the village with clamorous harmonies. At the patronal fêtes and at the *ducasses*[1] the relatives and friends arrived in crowds at Courrières, assured of a most cordial hospitality, and all abandoned themselves to the veritable nights of Gamache. The childhood of the future painter of peasants passed thus, entirely in the midst of gaiety, affection, and tenderness, with the liberty and exuberance of life in the fields.

"At ten, his father put him *en pension* in a little seminary in the neighborhood, where he passed three monotonous and useless years, which the study of drawing, that he insisted upon, alone made supportable to him; for, since he had seen an old painter work in the house, who came at each spring season to whitewash some Chinese figures and to retouch the panels and the decorations above the door, Jules Breton had declared that he would become a painter and win renown.

"He quitted the seminary for the college of Douai, and continued to study drawing there in a serious manner under the guidance of an old painter, who was not without talent and who, following provincial traditions, had continued to work at his profession with pride and conscience in the modest town where he was born.

"During the vacations of 1842, an incident occurred which must have had upon the life of Jules Breton a decisive influence to give scope to his vocation for art. In his remembrances, the master has recounted the incident with communicative emotion:

"'One evening, we, my brothers and I, were united around the family lamp when a stranger entered our dining-room, accompanied by M. D——, a notary whom we knew.

"'He was draped in an ample black cloak, and wore a long and thick beard such as we had never seen at our house. He had a striking and beautiful head, straight nose very slightly *retroussé*, the arch of the brow very prominent, and heavy eyebrows, raised towards the temples, shaded deep blue eyes. His handsome face was burnt a deep tan.

"'This unlooked-for apparition made a great impression on us. This man, at first sight, answered very well to the idea I had formed of a bandit chief. The explanation of M. D—— apprised us that we had to deal with M. Felix de Vigne, painter-professor at the Academy of Ghent. Learned archæologist at the same time, he had just published his *vade mecum* of the painter, a collection of costumes and arms of the Middle Ages, and was preparing a work upon the corporations of the trades of Flanders.'"

He had heard that the artist's uncle had a book on French costumes of different periods, and had made this visit with the object of asking permission to see it. The four volumes with their colored plates had been the delight of Jules and his brothers. The painter opened it at random at a place where

[1] The annual fête held on the patron saint's day in Flanders and some provinces of France.

Charlemagne is represented in the costume of the fifteenth century. A little disgusted, he closed the book and soon took his leave.

"A painter!" writes Breton. "That was a painter! Ah, if I had dared to retain him! to declare to him my passion! Perhaps he would have decided my relatives . . . but a stupid timidity had closed my mouth. He had departed. I returned sadly to college, where I returned to the Florentine and the evening visit of De Vigne, making for myself a romantic ideal which my imagination saw again more and more shadowy."

During the vacation of 1843 his uncle, returning from Lille, by chance met De Vigne in a railway-carriage, and spoke to him of Jules. In order to bring the artist to the house, his uncle generously ordered his portrait painted. De Vigne took only a mediocre satisfaction in Jules's drawings from the cast, although he had just received the first prize for them at college, but was much more interested in the lad's pencil-portraits and landscape sketches after nature. He consented to take Jules on a three months' trial. The delighted boy went to his room, threw his schoolbooks at the ceiling till they fell in tatters, and threw into the fire his vacation tasks. In October, then, of 1843, he arrived in Ghent; he took the regular courses at the Royal Academy under the clever instruction of Vanderhert, a mediocre painter but good teacher, who inspired his pupils with an ardent enthusiasm for the best works of the Old Masters. Breton also took private lessons in painting from De Vigne. Three years later, in 1846, the young art-student left Ghent and went to Antwerp to study at the Academy of Fine Arts under Baron Wappers, where he spent a great deal of his time in the churches and museums, absorbing much by contemplation and study. At the end of the year he fell ill, and was obliged to return to Courrières to recuperate. On his recovery the family decided to send him to Paris to complete his art studies.

It was a question in his father's mind with whom to place him. Therefore, on the day after their arrival Jules and his father went to consult a compatriot, one of the guardians of the Louvre, who said that Jules must study with a member of the Institute, and advised Drolling, because he had known a former care-taker in his studio. "When, my portfolio under my arm, always accompanied by my father, I timidly knocked at the door of his studio," writes Jules Breton, "it was Drolling in person who opened the door for us his palette in hand. He wore a woolen jersey and a red Greek cap, as his pupil Biennoury has represented him. His frank manner and air of a good child, a little morose, and his large white mustache made him resemble more a retired officer than an artist. Under that aspect, I presented a brave front and was emboldened to speak. I opened my portfolio, which contained, besides some drawings and still life in my manner, a torse painted by one of the strongest of the Antwerp Academy. . . . That flamboyant torse, which resembled an *omelette aux confitures*, at first revolted my future patron. 'Do you see that?' cried he. 'It is horrible!' Happily, I could say that that was not mine. I then put under his eyes a picture of still life which I had painted at De Vigne's studio without attaching much importance to it there, and which I had never had the pride to compare with the height of the Antwerp *ragoût*.

"His face changed its expression immediately: 'Yours, that! that!' said he to me; 'but it is painted like an angel!' It is painted like an angel! With what sweetness that phrase fell upon the good ear of my father who, as I now, was deaf in one ear."

His father died about a year later and so did not live to see his son's successes.

At Drolling's studio were Baudry, Henner, Timbal, Bertinot, Jules Valadon, Ulmann, Emile Sintain, Feyen-Perrin, and others. The young lad was very homesick in spite of everything until his younger brother came to study chemistry in Paris and lodged with him. At one time he contemplated taking lessons with Ary Scheffer, and then with Robert-Fleury, but the revolution of 1848 was a cause of financial ruin to the family. After the death of the Duc de Duras his father speculated in forests. Everything at Courrières was sold, even the furniture. One of the sons went into military service; Jules and his younger brothers, the brewer and the painter, Emile, set to work in earnest to create a position for themselves.

Perhaps the first picture that Jules Breton painted was 'St. Piat preaching to the Gauls,' which his loyal Courrières was glad to possess; but the first picture which he exhibited at the Salon was in 1849, entitled 'Misery and Despair.' As one critic says, "It does not rise above the sentimental anecdote." This, as well as the 'Famine,' exhibited the next year, was inspired by the Revolution of 1848, of which Breton was a witness. His true début was in 1853, with 'The little Gleaner.' It was his first composition taken from life in the fields of Artois.

"I made a little gleaner pose for me one day upon a flowery bank near a field of wheat," recounts our artist. "She turned her face in the shadow, her bonnet and shoulder in the sun. I painted her with a secret joy. I will not say how enchanted I was with the harmony of that brown, vigorous profile upon the tawny straw, where the lilac-blossoms ran; of those warm reflections of the earth; of those violet tones in the blue sky; of those little flowers and tender branches; — all that enchanted me."

He had already sent his 'Encampment of Bohemians in the Ruins of the Abbey of St. Bavon' to the Exposition of Brussels when his brother Louis advised him to send 'The Little Gleaner' also, which had been laid by forgotten in a corner. It was the last day that pictures could be received. Fortunately, an old frame, somewhat soiled, which just fitted, was found in the garret. When Jules Breton attended the Exposition what was his surprise to find his 'Bohemians' badly hung, but 'The Little Gleaner' in a place of honor.

He now realized that his vocation was not historical painting, but the genre of the fields, the life of the peasants of Artois, which he loved so well. He settled definitely in his native town, and henceforth he never departed from this style of subject, excepting in 1863, when he received a commission for a picture representing the 'Consecration of the Church of Oignies,' ordered by the founders of the church, which is said to be of little interest although of good execution. 'The Little Gleaner' was followed by the 'Return of the

Harvesters,' and to the Salon of 1850 he sent three canvasses, 'The Gleaners,' 'The Day after St. Sebastian's Day,' and 'Little Peasant Girls telling their Fortunes,' which brought him a third-class medal. But his first great success was 'The Benediction of the Wheat in Artois' (see plate I), exhibited in the Salon of 1857. "Before its public exposition this picture had made a sensation in the world of artists," writes M. Vachon. "Gérôme, Corot, Billy, etc., were congratulating the young painter, as well as Troyon, who was already celebrated." "One morning," recounts the master, "a man of great size knocked at my door, having a slightly rustic aspect. 'I am Troyon,' said he to me. 'They have spoken to me of your picture and I wish to see it.' One understands my alacrity to push forward a stool for him, whereon he sat down. He looked at the canvas a long time, a very long time, without opening his mouth. This silence disquieted me, and I hazarded to ask his advice, when he arose brusquely and squeezed my hand, manifesting total satisfaction. And as I insisted that he should make some useful criticisms, he replied: 'Yes, there are some faults, but you will correct them sufficiently soon, and that will be perhaps so much the worse.'"

M. de Nieuwerke, superintendent of the Beaux-Arts, himself bought directly from the artist 'The Benediction of the Wheat' for the sum of five thousand francs, and caused it to be placed in the museum of the Luxembourg. Breton received for this a second-class medal, and in 1859, when he exhibited his next picture of importance, 'The Plantation of a Calvary,' now in the Museum of Lille, and 'The Gleaner' (see plate V), of the Luxembourg, a first-class medal. Again, both in 1861, when he exhibited 'The Fire,' 'Evening,' 'The Colza,' and 'The Weed-Gatherers,' and in 1867. The last picture is one of his most beautiful works, and was bought by Comte Duchâtel, who in 1864 ordered Jules Breton to paint a scene of the vintage from his famous estate of Château Lagrange at St. Julien, Médoc.

"This was for the artist the occasion ardently desired, to see the Midi and Provence," writes M. Vachon. "For some time — it is he himself who has made the confession — his Artois, his Courrières, his peasants, inspired him no longer. Under the pain of sterility he must go seek elsewhere new sources of emotion. In his dreams, he would have a glimpse of 'distant lands, all flooded with sun; of sublime landscapes whose inhabitants offered types of extraordinary beauty.' . . . During his sojourn in Medoc he had not ceased to think of the promised land; Provence, the country where he was, did not offer to his imagination a remembrance of art, an evocation of the past which could enchant him, in spite of its beautiful sun. He did not love it at all." He accordingly visited the old city of the Popes, Avignon, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Although he was enchanted with the first olive-tree he saw bending its boughs before the mistral, he was only too glad to return to his native village, and on seeing it again, exclaimed, "There is the country which I fled."

Again, in 1865, he made a great success at the Salon with 'The Reader,' a little picture of genre, differing from most of his pictures in giving us a cottage interior; but especially in the 'End of the Day' (see plate VIII), which was

immediately bought by Prince Napoleon. In 1867, 'The Return from the Fields' and 'A Spring near the Seashore,' besides two smaller pictures, brought him, besides a first-class medal, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

But in 1865, after he had finished his 'End of the Day' he felt a strong desire to travel again, to go to Brittany. He had married, in 1858, a daughter of his old teacher, M. Felix de Vigne. This time he took with him his wife and daughter and passed three months at Douarnenez, making excursions into the environs, visiting the various Pardons. Again, in 1873, he made a second visit there, and these two sojourns gave him a new inspiration and furnished him with subjects for at least six large canvases painted from time to time, and numerous verse.

"The first in date of these moving works, where the pious country lives again in its robust faith and savage grace, is the 'Grand Pardon in Brittany' (see plate II) of 1869," writes M. Leprieur, "so profoundly thought out and of an effect so picturesque, with the long perspective of white caps which form a row before the procession." In 1870 appeared 'The Washerwomen off the Coasts of Brittany' and 'The Spinner;' but in 1872 he sent two very beautiful pictures to the Salon, 'Young Girl guarding the Cows,' and 'The Fountain,' which brought him the medal of honor. In 1875 he painted 'The Fires of St. John,' considered by some to be his masterpiece; but two years later, in 1877, he returned to a subject from Artois, 'The Gleaner' (see plate V), of the Luxembourg. At the Universal Exposition in 1878 he was well represented by some well-known canvases and some new subjects. Again, in 1882, he exhibited a very beautiful canvas, 'Evening in the Hamlets of Finistere.' "The mysterious approach of the night, the sad sweetness of the falling day, at the same time what elegance of Breton type, are expressed with a rare good fortune." Two years later he exhibited 'The Communicants' (see plate VII), "a quite poetic work, fresh and virginal." Now appeared many of those single figures, some of Breton peasants carrying tapers ready to start for a Pardon, which have been criticised as being too academic.

Jules Breton continued to paint almost up to the beginning of the new century. Among the most beautiful and important canvases from his hand are 'The Song of the Lark' (see plate X), of 1885; 'The Sifter of Colza,' 1886 (see plate IX); 'The End of Work,' 1887; 'Young Girls forming in a Procession;' 'The Shepherd's Star,' 1888 (see plate IV), and 'The Pardon of Kergoat,' 1891.

Besides being a noted painter, Jules Breton was an equally delicate and inspired poet, and has published two volumes of verse. The first, 'Les champs et la mer,' was published in 1875, after his second visit to Brittany; the second, 'Jeanne,' in 1880.

His has been a peculiarly quiet and in some ways uneventful life, happy in his home life and successful in his chosen profession. As he continued faithful to one manner of painting and one style of subject throughout an activity of half a century, perhaps his pictures in his later years attracted less attention at the Salons than those of younger and more original artists. From 1900 his mind and memory were affected and he produced no more works. He died at his home in the Rue de Longchamps, Paris, in the spring of 1906. In addi-

tion to the honors already mentioned which came to him, he was made a member of the Institute in 1882, and of the Academy des Beaux-Arts in 1886.

M. Vachon tells us how "he made one day the traditional pilgrimage to Italy; he saw, dazzled, charmed, moved, Florence, Genoa, Rome, Venice, etc.; he admired the immortal marvels; but even as Corot, Daubigny, Puvis de Chavannes, etc., the classic land of the arts, the simultaneous spectacle of its natural beauties and its *chefs-d'œuvre* had simply given him a more lively, more profound perception of antiquity and the Renaissance; the artist returned what he was at his departure — the rustic painter of Artois. The image of his native land has always and everywhere followed him, as that of a beloved woman follows the faithful lover; constantly she is interposed before his eyes, between the dream and the reality."

The Art of Breton

MARIUS VACHON JULES BRETON'

THE painting of the master of Courrières is essentially subjective; it is an active state of his soul. Like a warm ray of sun in the spring, the soul takes from reality the poetry which it encloses and gives to it the form which suits it according to its ideal. The painter has never had other system than sentiment, other impulse than emotion, other determination than sincerity. Some one has said of him, very justly, "He listens to his heart, and he paints."

Jules Breton has received from the good fairies who surrounded his cradle the gift of enthusiasm and the passion of light. His visions are always poetic, grandiose, luminous. . . . The washerwomen, the gatherers of poppies, the weeders, the shepherdesses, the girls who sift colza, who rake the hay near-by, appear to him more than simple peasant-women, for whom the work of the fields is rude and whose ideal rises but little above an increase in wages, a compliment from the master of the farm, or a smile from the lover. . . .

The poet, with Jules Breton, as well as the romancer, sees and thinks always in painting. In all his female portraits, the poems of the 'Champs et la mer,' of 'Jeanne,' of 'The Life of an Artist,' of the 'Peintre paysan,' and of 'Savarète' there are the effects of light and shade upon the countenances, in the hair, upon the clothes; the grand lines, noble and severe, which he loves to describe. His landscapes are rainbow-colored with dawns, empurpled with sunsets, and flame with estival fires. . . .

Victor Hugo wrote to him in 1875, after the publication of 'Jeanne,' superb rustic drama: "To be twice the poet; to be as Lamartine and as Corot; to be a poet both by the strophe and by the palette; — that has been given you."

From these high spheres of imagination where the fate of Icarus awaits him, the painter brings the poet back into the fields of Artois; the poppy replaces the asphodel; Mariette, Nausicaa. But if they are lacking in aureoles, nimbi, and floating azure robes, the peasant-women of his pictures are

more beautiful in their frank rusticity. The skirts of wool let us see their vigorous limbs; their open corsages of cotton show robust chests; their sleeves of brown linen are tucked up upon beautiful arms of bronze; and the wind disorders their hair above their vigorous necks, tanned by the rays of the sun.

"Reality does not conform at all to this conception of rustic life," objects a certain school of art which is characterized by naturalism. "There are more ugly than beautiful peasant women; agricultural work inspires less poetic gaiety than it entails common fatigues." All reality has its own plastic character, sad or gay, gracious or terrible, beautiful or ugly. The artist, by instinct, chooses the reality of which the character responds the better to his temperament, and of which it becomes the reflection; the sincerity and the vivacity of his emotion make the originality and the force of the subject which he represents. . . .

Jules Breton studies rustic life from the point of view that his profound love of nature and his observations of the works of the fields has shown him the most exact and the most suggestive of artistic emotions — the beauty of beings and of things, in that sense that their normal function has conformed to the laws of their development. Ugliness and misery have appeared to him as an accident, as a loss, consequences of vice and abuse; it is not normal to be deformed, broken, crooked, sickly. If the masculine type is an exception in the work of Jules Breton, if all his preferences go to the feminine type, it is that the first has not seemed to him to unite in making decorative elements the essential conditions, requisitions, which the latter possesses and offers in consequence of its beauty, grace, and natural elegance. By this esthetic rule, Jules Breton differs completely from Millet, with whom he is often compared as a painter of peasants. Their origin, education, and existence explain why they have seen, understood, and loved nature in a manner to pass one for a realist and the other for an idealist, being equally sincere, convinced, and passionate.

We know what has been the life for the master of Courrières: sweet, calm, without sorrowful struggles against a cruel fate; where, from his début, success and honors have come to the artist. The master of Barbizon, himself, was born on the shore of the rough sea, under a constantly gray sky, in a country "desolate and terrible." . . . The paternal house is a true farm, with thatched roof, with walls of clay and black pebbles, pierced by few and narrow windows which let pass only a somber light. Oldest of the sons, he has been the aid of his father; he has mowed, labored, harvested, beat in the barn with the flails, and worked at the end of his arm the heavy sieves. "As I have never in my life seen anything but the fields," he wrote to a friend, "I endeavor to say as I think, that which I have seen and tried when I was working there." At Barbizon he has lived, sabots on his feet; upon his head a straw hat, broken open by the rains; coarsely clad; in a poor house, whose garden, cultivated by his own hands, offered only vegetables necessary for the nourishment of his own family. Under the permanent influence of remembrances so cruel, Millet has chosen in rustic life the side of strife, of suffering, and has wished to see there only the grandeur and poetry of work, misery, and sorrow.

And as solitude and meditation, like to dreams, awake remembrances and sensations, the two masters have exaggerated in their sense of the ideal, have painted a peasant almost superhuman — one in the joy of living, the other in the resignation of suffering. In the luminous twilight which increases and transfigures everything, the imagination of Jules Breton shows to him in the washerwoman and gleaners, Rebeccas and Ceres; that of Millet made him say to himself: "You see those things which move yonder, in the shade; they creep or walk; but they exist; they are the geniuses of the plain. They are, however, only some poor people. It is a woman all bent, without doubt, who carries her burden of grass; there is another who creeps along exhausted under her fagot of wood. Afar, they are superb, they balance their shoulders under fatigue, the twilight envelops their forms; it is beautiful, it is grand as a mystery. . . ."

At the distribution of awards of the Exposition of 1867 Millet and Breton were seated side by side; they talked of their art and their ideals. "We are both seeking infinite nature," said the master of Barbizon, summing up his thought. "We are free to follow the furrow which we love, preferring, you, the convolvulus in the wheat, and I the rude potatoes."

For artists, as for the public, his work must be the eloquent demonstration that the study of life is the true source of originality and grandeur; that acquaintance with the peasant gives to those who know how to see and comprehend them, because they love them, the revelation of all that there is of the beautiful, robust, sane, and generous in them; that a superficial contact permits one only to perceive in them the illusion of grossness and ugliness.

If, according to a contemporaneous definition of beauty in art, it is correct that a painting is beautiful in the measure of the intelligence which it supposes, of the intensity of emotion which it expresses, and of the power of suggestion which it contains, the author of 'The Blessing of the Wheat,' of 'The Dance of the Fires of St. John,' of the 'Return of the Gleaners,' of 'The Fountain,' of the 'Washerwomen on the Coasts of Brittany,' of the 'End of the Day's Work,' and of the 'Grand Pardon in Brittany,' etc., has produced a work of great beauty.— ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

JULES CLARÉTIE 'L'ART ET LES ARTISTES' FRANÇAIS CONTEMPORAINS

M. JULES BRETON, more than any person, has . . . known how to impress his personality upon his painting. Like an effeminate J. F. Millet he has devoted himself to paint the fields, the peasants, the peasant-women, the simple and productive pleasures of those countrysides of Artois where he was born.

"Artois with the gay slopes where the thistles abound!" He has gathered from the work of the fields, of the harvest, of the benediction of the wheat, of the work of the gleaners, a poetry truly personal. In a word, M. Jules Breton is somebody. But he has so greatly abused this same peasant-woman of his, charming, melancholy, a little tanned, a little dressed up,— and who, compared to the rude country people of Millet, resembles the "Champi" of George Sand put beside the wild animal, panting, sweating, and sublime, of whom

La Bruyère speaks,— he has, each year, presented with a jealous care the same personages to the admiration of the same people, that, this year (Salon of 1875), his better picture does not obtain the success which it merits and passes almost unperceived. There is there a striking example of that "specialization," mother of lassitude, of which we were speaking just now.

This picture, excellent, too much disdained, is 'The Saint John.' . . . There was no need that M. Jules Breton should publish his volume of verse 'The Fields and the Sea,' for every one of those who have seen his pictures knew that their author was a poet. And never has that rustic poetry, penetrating and sweet, charmed us more than in this picture of 'The Saint John.' . . .

M. Jules Breton has tempered his manner, which consists in simply indicating the features, the contours of his figures, almost as one would make them in frescoes, or, better still, in glass windows, and in filling them afterwards with these kinds of silhouettes. This process, which is not at all without affinity with Japanese art and which the greater part of our young artists employ, the imitators of M. Jules Breton have acquired, grasping it with such skill that the public distinguishes no more the work of the master from that of the pupil. M. Pierre Billet was working, and still works this year, in the manner of Jules Breton, with a rare happiness of imitation. And that is indeed why Jules Breton has reacted against himself. He has stumped in his drawing, placed his customary figures upon his customary backgrounds; he has given them a grace and I would say voluntarily an unheard-of suavity. In all the pictures which he has exhibited up till now, has he painted so adorable a figure as that of the young dancer to the right who bends her robust and supple waist and, turning towards the public, shows it a ravishing countenance, bronzed as a muscat grape, and an Athenian profile under a fichu of a Picardy peasant, with a laugh the gayest, happiest, and most charming which could come from the lips of sixteen years?

Ah well, in spite of all these qualities, the public pays no attention to 'The Saint John' of M. Jules Breton. Although a striking thing, it is the fault of the painter. He has too much abused one identical note. He has repeated himself. He has given to his pictures that something of the "already seen" of which I have spoken, and which is mortal in a public exhibition. He has not piqued its curiosity; he has been content with perfecting the special genre to which he has, in all justice, owed his great success. We must praise, without doubt, one such artistic probity, but we must, at the same time, and in the same interest, regret that his talent had not in it more of variety and the unexpected.— ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

R. G. KINGSLEY 'A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART'

WHEN, however, we come to the work of the highly popular artist, Jules Breton, we feel at once that his pictures, charming as they are, lack the truth, the force, the power, that "truth which grasps," in fine, the very qualities which make the work of the other artists of such extreme value to the art of the nineteenth century. Jules Breton is a painter of pleasant things,

of beautiful things — yet of things not as they are, but as they might be in some better world. We see that although there was a certain feeling for truth in some of his earliest pictures, such as the 'Blessing of the Grain,' this was cast aside for deliberate compositions. . . . His pictures are not pictures of real people in the joys and sorrows and hardships of their every-day life. They are not pictures of real people painted out-of-doors in the air and light of the country in which they live.

"To extract the ideal from the real, that is indeed the work of the artist, and what is that ideal in art, if it is not the essence of truth?" (*Charles Blanc*) It is the truth henceforth that we demand, not some pretty, untruthful idealism, from which we must sooner or later shake ourselves free; not a mere sordid imitation of the outside of things, but the greater truth, "the essence of truth," which gives us not only the faithful rendering of the outer semblance, but the hidden spirit, that inner radiance which is life. . . .

His whole career has been one of remarkable success; for although he has devoted himself to the painting of pictures of the French peasant, he has always known how to conciliate the taste of the public. In color and composition, M. Jules Breton's work is very beautiful and attractive. But his pictures are so evidently painted from carefully selected, well-arranged peasant models that they lack the ring of truth and conviction which the peasant pictures of Courbet, Millet, Bastien-Lepage, and Lhermitte convey.

JEROME DOUCET 'LES PEINTRES FRANÇAIS'

IN 1853 Jules Breton exhibited his first true painting, the 'Return of the Harvesters.' As they say generally, he had found his vocation, his note — rustic life — and from that time he, happily, did not abandon it.

He must, after all, only follow the fatal law, that which rules every artist's soul, every creator's brain. As a child he loved to run in the fields, to hunt for birds' nests, to lie in the grass under the trees or in the midst of the fields; he was, as so many others, impressed by the poetry which is gathered from the fêtes of the Catholic religion in the country; the communicants and the processions struck the eyes of the child, as decoratives and precious compositions; the manners of the peasants, the gambols of the cows, the silhouettes of the forests, left their impression upon his imagination, stored his memory: he saw the embroidered banners pass amidst the golden wheat; he heard the sacred music resounding in the country calling blessings from heaven upon the good things of the earth.

And all that, that is the painting of Jules Breton; his pictures are the translation of these subjects and the expression of these impressions; he has rendered with all the sincerity of life, all the truth of nature, that rustic existence, restful and comfortable. Jules Breton is a herdsman of Artois; he has remained the son of his soil, the celebrated and well-known son. . . .

All the canvases of Jules Breton class themselves in four series quite distinct and quite bound together by the same source which inspired them: Artois. It is the series of work, repose, religious fêtes and fêtes of the fields, and all rustic life is in fact condensed in the work of the artist, with its beauties, rudenesses, sadnesses, joys, its determined and invariable manifestations. . . .

One of the best works among so many superb ones is the 'Fires of St. John' (1875), which is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist.

In 1865 Jules Breton departed for Brittany; he had imagined as feeling an irresistible attraction for that country "of monastic rusticity and mystic savagery," because he had in his veins some distant Breton blood. He returned again in 1873 to Brittany; he made there many sketches; he made there also a volume of verse, 'Les champs et la mer,' for Jules Breton, at the same time that he became the master of the life of the fields, was also a poet, captivated by the liveliness of the impressions which he experienced before nature.

The Breton series is analogous to that of Artois; the same divisions are found there, for rustic life is alike in all countries.

He made another journey and another series of landscapes, from 1862 to 1864, in traveling across Medoc and Provence; he had been called by Count Duchâtel to paint a scene of vintagers at the famous wine-estate, Château Lagrange, the glory of Médoc, his property.

For a moment, Jules Breton could think that this country of sun, of richness, would intoxicate him as the generous wine had intoxicated him; no, that was a phantasy, his native soil was too dear to his heart that he should forget Artois and the rural compositions of his début. It was a something enrooted, and there, perhaps, is the secret of his force and his tenacity.....

One could make of Jules Breton, not a criticism, but a light observation: the figures of men seem, *a priori*, very rare in his pictures, and the figure of woman, which dominates, which is very well known, is always chosen and singularly pretty, pleasing.

To that, Breton himself would reply: "I have the right to choose; I know that there is ugliness and even deformity, horrible misery, in the life of the fields as elsewhere, although more seldom, for misery is near the fecundity of the earth; but I know also that I am not obliged to paint these exceptions or these chances."

He has the right, as every artist, poet, romancer, painter or sculptor, to describe the things which appear to him most beautiful. One is not obliged to choose such or such subjects; one has even the right to systematically refuse them.

Man has seemed in general to Jules Breton less decorative, I mean man in his habitual clothes, for to the contrary, he has sought for priests with their stoles and their surplices; on the other hand, woman has seemed more gracious to him, pleasanter to look at; he has painted, above all, women; and among them, as he had the choice, he has taken, above all, young and pleasant figures, agreeable to look at. It was his right, and we cannot even imagine him following another path; for we remember that he is a poet and a literary man, and a true one. . . .

And to conclude, we remember that Jules Breton is also a prudent critic of art, that he has, with a lively pen, without malice, written a volume, the 'Artistes de mon temps,' which is a precious document for the judgment of canvases of this century, and a source of precious instruction. For Jules

Breton has known all the painters of this century, he has had access to them, and as his talent has made him the equal of all others, he could visit them as a comrade, as a friend. . . .

He grew old sweetly, surrounded by pupils who are his children, proud of the glory of Demont, of Virginie Demont-Breton, of Mme. Boyer-Breton.

He has read much, seen much, worked much; he is the son of his works, and his works represent an entire school; he is a master and his position is solid; nothing, neither fashion, nor novelty, will come to dethrone Jules Breton.— ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Breton

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE BENEDICTION OF THE WHEAT IN ARTOIS' PLATE I

'THE Benediction of the Wheat in Artois,' as we have seen, was Jules Breton's first great success. It was bought for five thousand francs by the Superintendent of the Beaux-Arts before its exposition, and has hung in the Luxembourg ever since. M. Vachon has most sympathetically described it, quoting first from Breton's own words as follows:

"'There are those peasants who have smiled upon me in my childhood; they go, the head a little bent, the step lagging, murmuring psalms, the eye lost in the vague mysteries which do not trouble them at all; they go peaceful and in their Sunday clothes, upon the road where they have sweated at their labor, and which in this festal sun seems also to sing with its thousand blossoming little flowers; they go in the midst of the wheat, which holds erect its heavy blades, in the pure air, with its warm breath stirring the rose bell-flowers of the convovulus twined around its pale straw. . . .'

"The source of the charm and poetry of 'The Blessing of the Wheat' is less in the spectacle of native piety and simple faith of all the peasants who escort the priest, the bearer of the image of the Master of the world, than in the expression of the effects of the sun's rays, which gild the chasubles, the dalmatics, the surplices, capes, head-dresses, increasing the size of the figures by the contrast of light and shade, and which covers the plain with a brightness which we seem to expect, it is at the same time so profound, harmonious, and sweet, the murmur of life and of nature, upon which the psalms and the canticles send their notes dragging but shrill. The young girls who support upon their shoulders the statues of the Virgin and Saints, the singers, the choir-boys, the men who follow the Holy Sacrament, the women forming the procession or kneeling, are silhouetted in this brightness, in the manner of persons of a bas-relief, of whom there are the firm lines, accentuated and salient. The civil and religious vestments fall from their solid shoulders in sculptural folds, like the peplons, chlamys, and chitons of classic figures, on

the pediments of Greek temples, without those arrangements raising any of the conditions of ethnographical exactness and rustic simplicity demanded by the subject. They go, imploring only, for their thatched cottage, good fortune without disturbance, only daily bread in their work, health, and honor; they go thanking Providence, whose image they piously follow, that monstrance which shines in the rays of the sun.

"How could this picture of youth, which has in it the freshness, grace, power of emotion, and poetry, be better described than by these images of light, serenity, calm, and harmony?"

The canvas measures about four by eight feet, is signed and dated, "Jules Breton, à Courrières, 1857."

'THE GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY' PLATE II

"IN 1869, Jules Breton painted 'The Grand Pardon in Brittany,' and in 1891, 'The Pardon of Kergoat,'" writes M. Vachon. "These two pictures, of vast dimensions, mark in his work the period of complete development of the evolution which the 'Plantation of a Calvary' had begun. The artist was highly ambitious of making the great crowds manœuver with exactness, of expressing in a manner striking to the eyes and the imagination, by the character of the physiognomies minutely analysed, the attitudes, movements, sentiments, which animate them, the emotions which inflame them."

The criticism by M. Paul Mantz in an article on the Salon of 1869 is most interesting by way of comparison: "The fatality of alphabetical order has placed by the side of the 'Protestant Marriage' (by M. Brion) the 'Pardon' of M. Breton. An interesting comparison is thus established between two painters whose fidelity is equal and who, by different qualities, hold a good rank in the school. The mystics would have said well that sentiment is everything; it is visible here that the question of execution is not the least in the world a secondary question. In the neighborhood of M. Brion, M. Breton is a weak painter. A stronger coloration, a better combination of clear and rich tones, the wholesome pride of a more generous brush, would singularly augment the price of his picture. It is otherwise a work of rare merit. Those same people who have not an excessive taste for processions feel touched by the gathered conviction of those good Breton peasants who, taking the naïve image of a barbarous Christ for a walk through the country, advance candle in hand, and murmur litanies. On leaving the church, the women and children have ranged themselves in a row to let the procession pass, in which just now they were a part. In this group of old men with long locks, in that crowd of young girls with white caps, there are some heads of a very personal and very living character; all those brave men accomplish their pious pilgrimage with a sincere devotion, and in this respect the picture of M. Breton is the most religious picture in the Salon. The author of the 'Pardon' has already touched on this order of subjects in the 'Plantation of a Calvary.' His talent, veiled with melancholy, seems moved by a sweet piety for those things where so many wounded hearts still seek the remedy."

This picture is hung to-day in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

'THE BRETON WOMAN' PLATE III

HERE we have a half-length portrait of a Breton peasant which might have served as a study for one of the artist's great canvases of one of the 'Pardons' of that rugged picturesque corner of France. This beautiful young woman is seated apparently in church in a somewhat sentimental attitude, leaning against one of the stone-clustered columns, holding a long taper, her hands gently crossed in her lap, her lips slightly parted. Against the wall in the shadow a crucifix and lighted candle are dimly suggested. The beauty of the woman's features is enhanced by the picturesque costume. The values are excellent, the highest light falling on the bit of white at the neck of her dress and the white cap.

This picture belongs to the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

'THE SHEPHERD'S STAR' PLATE IV

WE have here still another of those decorative figures in a landscape, so often painted by Breton. This dignified peasant might be a sister to 'The Gleaner' of the Luxembourg. There is the same serious expression in the face, the same droop to the lips, and the same sturdy figure, only she holds the sac upon her head with a much firmer grasp than the gleaner her sheaf of wheat. The relative values are well kept, the white blouse and the tip of the scythe catching the last rays of the departing day, for already it is twilight and darkness is overtaking this peasant-woman as she wends her way homeward with her burden. The evening star is faintly visible in the sky above the woman's shoulder, and this furnishes the title to the picture.

What M. Vachon says of our artist in another connection might well be quoted here — that he always adhered to the principle "that the human figure must always have preëminence, his nobility forbidding him to introduce it purely and simply as a picturesque element, as a pretext for effects of the twilight or of the sun."

This canvas was painted in 1888, and is now in the Art Institute, Chicago.

'THE GLEANER' PLATE V

THIS picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Perhaps nothing will show just wherein Breton fails better than in Charles H. Caffin's[1] comparison of this 'Gleaner' with 'The Gleaners' of Jean François Millet (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. I., Part 8):

"With what a proud carriage Breton's girl strides through the field! How painfully Millet's women are stooping! Their figures are clumsy, uncouthly clad, and you cannot see their faces. This girl, however, is dressed in a manner that sets off her strong and supple form; her face is handsome and its expression haughtily independent. As the meek women stoop, each carries one of her hands behind her back. If you imitate for yourself the action of leaning down and extending one hand you will find that the other has an involun-

[1] 'How to Study Pictures,' Chas. H. Caffin. Published by the Century Co.

tary tendency to go back in order to maintain the balance. This natural tendency of the human body to secure its balance by opposing direction of its parts is a principle that the best artists rely upon to produce a perfect poise of rest or movement in their figures.

"Now study the arms in Breton's picture. The left one — with what a gesture of elegant decision it is placed upon the hip — while the right has the elbow thrown out with an action of freedom and energy. Evidently the girl is not tired, or the elbow would seek support against the chest. Her hands, too, are finely shaped, and the fingers spread themselves rather daintily. I wonder if so light a grasp as that of the right hand on a few ears of wheat would really hold the sheaf in place upon her shoulder. I wonder, also, how her bare shapely feet withstood the prickles of the stubble? Notice that Millet's women have prudently kept on their clumsy wooden shoes.

"But now turn the enquiry toward your own experience. If you went into a wheat-field where peasants were gleaning, would you expect to see a beautiful, proud girl like Breton's unfatigued by her toil, or homely women like Millet's? I fancy you would be more likely to meet the latter, and I doubt if anywhere in France you might come across such a type as Breton's, which is rather that of the women of the Roman Campagna, a noble remnant of the classic times. She is unquestionably a beautiful creature.

"But beauty does not consist only in what is pleasing to the eye; there is a beauty also which appeals to the mind. 'Truth is beauty, beauty is truth.'"

This picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Its dimensions are about six by three feet. It is signed and dated "à Courrières, 1877."

'RETURN OF THE GLEANERS' PLATE VI

AFTER the success of the 'Little Gleaner' in the Salon of 1863 Breton made many studies of gleaners, both individually and in groups. "One day he executed," says M. Vachon, "in the forest of Fontainebleau a landscape of the Gorge aux Loups. The sun was just disappearing under a cluster of willows and poplars which dominated a field of wheat . . . and here a young girl appeared, large and straight, in a tone admirably cold upon the tawny air, her contours bathed in light. He had a glimpse of the peasant women of his Artois, returning from the fields of wheat; and on his return to Courrières he made the 'Return of the Gleaners' of the museum of the Luxembourg, exhibited at the Salon of 1859. The sun is just disappearing behind the hillocks; following old usages, it is the moment when the gleanings must come to an end. A group of women, young and old, direct their steps towards the village, their sheaves upon their heads or upon their shoulders, and their separate blades of wheat in their sac or in their aprons. One gleaner fastens her bunch in a hurry; another rapidly picks up a forgotten blade. Leaning against a post, the guardian of the field calls to the late ones that they must hurry. A shepherd gently gathers his sheep and leads them towards the farm which we perceive in the background, on the edge of the wood."

M. Doucet says of it: "There is nothing more biblical than this human

troupe. . . . Before so great amplitude and simplicity I thought I was living again in the time of the patriarchs."

The picture measures about three by six feet, is signed and dated.

'THE COMMUNICANTS' PLATE VII

M. JULES BRETON has in this picture changed his usual setting of a wheat-field, with its distant horizon, to the center of a charming, picturesque little village, with its thatched cottages surrounded by graceful shade-trees. A group of young girls are forming in a procession to go to the village church for their first communion, and one little girl is first taking leave of her grandparents and receiving their blessing.

"It seems that Jules Breton must always remain young and vigorous and that each Salon is for him an occasion to signalize himself as a man of delicate tastes and a purist," writes M. Ducroz in *L'Artiste*. "In his 'First Communicants' of the Salon of 1884, the master painter, who has for so long a time taught us to observe the values, plays with all these difficulties. We feel these young girls shiver. What charm in that little girl whom her grandmother embraces and to whom her grandfather holds out his arms! How striking is that group of Communicants in so pure a white, and that peasant-woman who follows them draped in a cloak in the grandest style! It is a picture of the peasantry, seen at its best; and to add to the poetry of the subject, the scene takes place in a landscape full of sun, of the springtime, all filled with flowers."

'END OF THE DAY' [DETAIL] PLATE VIII

OUR plate gives us the central group in the principal picture, which Jules Breton sent to the Salon of 1865. M. Paul Mantz, commenting on the Exhibition of that year, writes: "I would not wish to grieve the historical painters, the religious painters, the narrators of legends and mythology, but I would almost be tempted to tell them that there is at the Salon a simple picture of genre which has more character and style than their more dramatic recitations, than their more learned inventions. This picture is the 'End of the Day,' by Breton; it is not a complicated work, and there is no need of having studied the humanities to understand it. But the humble spectacle of rural life has sometimes a serenity which resembles grandeur. M. Breton, whose talent is dear to us and who by a happy privilege has always merited his success, excels in painting these tranquil and almost august scenes of work in the open air. In mingling much poetry and much reality, he arrives at results which are a feast for the eyes and a joy to the heart; and notwithstanding that, he does not depart from the humble world of rustic workers, and the countrysides of Pas-de-Calais are his whole horizon. The hay-makers have finished their day; one of them, standing and leaning upon a rake, looks vaguely at something. She dominates by her fierce silhouette the group of her companions who are preparing to leave the field. . . . The heavens are empurpled with the last blushes of the setting sun, and the light, already less colored, is spread with sweetness upon the plain increased in size. The day has been hot; and it seems that warm floods still bathe the fields. The effect

is so just, the values hardly evident, the light and shade so delicately noted that one feels one's respiration freer before this picture, and one would expect to breathe in with the air the fresh odors of the new-mown hay. The figures, surely and largely drawn, have a sort of vigorous elegance, and a severe charm; they are made for the landscape, and the landscape is made for them. All is harmony and serenity in this picture, and the 'End of the Day' is perhaps, amongst the works which M. Breton has shown us up to the present, the most complete, and in its apparent calm, the most moving."

This canvas was bought originally by Prince Napoleon, but is now in the Gallis Collection at Epernay.

'THE SIFTER OF COLZA' PLATE IX

TWO years after 'The Song of the Lark,' in 1886, Breton sent 'The Sifter of Colza' to the Salon. Again we have a picture of work in the fields at Artois, only this time it is one of those splendid decorative pictures which the artist was so fond of painting about this time. Standing on a matting spread down over the ground, a stalwart, graceful young peasant-girl is holding a large sieve and sifting through it the seeds of colza, or colewort. By her side are two half-filled sacs. In the background some men are busy in the fields with flails.

In 1863 Breton had sent a picture of a field of colza in bloom to the Salon, and now more than twenty years later this single figure of a sifter of the golden flower. In his autobiography the artist gives us a charming picture of the delight and comfort which a field of yellow colza had for him once as a child. He had hurt himself, and his old nurse, Henriette, was trying to comfort him. To quote from M. Vachon, "This picture was born of one of those remembrances of childhood, a touching page in the 'Life of an Artist': 'suddenly I point with my finger to the end of the garden, a great mass of yellow so bright, so extraordinarily bright, that, thinking that there was nothing there, I remember it still as a dazzling splendor. Henriette understood my impulses and my extended arms, and carried me towards that marvel, that was none other than a field of colza in bloom. I have never seen again such a field of colza, but all others have rejoiced me because of that one. My nurse picked a branch of it for me, and since then all colzas have smelt good.' "

'THE SONG OF THE LARK' PLATE X

THE original of this plate, as well as 'The Communicants,' appeared at the Salon of 1885. It is likewise an ideal picture of peasant-life, only here we are transported again to the well-known fields of Artois. A beautiful young girl, her scythe in her hand, is startled from her work to listen to the song of a lark, and apparently joins him in his trill. As usual with Breton, the drawing and perspective are perfect, the figure admirably placed on the canvas.

M. Ducroz writes of this picture: "This year, Breton has as always triumphed at the Exhibition; his peasant-girl, haughtily placed, with robust form, is silhouetted upon a sky full of depth. A little lark is slowly rising,

and sings his first song, which a girl of the fields listens to and seems to repeat. This canvas, of an exquisite sentiment, is also full of force in the tone and the values; the pose of the figure is simple and grand without the least playfulness."

We understand that the picture has found its way to the Art Institute at Chicago.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF BRETON IN WELL-KNOWN COLLECTIONS

BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Portrait of the Artist — GHENT, COLLECTION OF M. TRYRIECKZ: The Return of the Harvesters — CANADA. MONTREAL, LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL: The Communicants (Plate VII) — FRANCE. ARRAS, MUSEUM: Misery and Despair — COURRIÈRES, CHURCH: St. Piat preaching to the Gauls — DOUAI, MUSEUM: Mender of Nets — EPERNAY, GALLIS COLLECTION: End of the Day (Plate VIII) — LILLE, MUSEUM: Plantation of a Calvary — PARIS, THE LUXEMBOURG: The Benediction of the Wheat (Plate I): Return of the Gleaners (Plate VI); The Gleaner (Plate V) — OWNED BY THE STATE: The Repose; Evening — M. DE CLERCO: Consecration of the Church of Oignies — MME. DEMONT BRETON: Portrait of the Artist — COUNT DUCHÂTEL: The Weed-gatherers; The Vintagers of the Medoc — M. SENARD, A Spring near the Seashore; Harvest — ST. CLOUD: Little Peasant Girls telling Fortunes (burnt in 1870 with the Château) — UNITED STATES. CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE: The Song of the Lark (Plate X); The Shepherd's Star (Plate IV) — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: The Grand Pardon in Brittany (Plate II) — WASHINGTON, CORCORAN ART GALLERY: The Breton Woman (Plate III).

A LIST OF OTHER PAINTINGS BY BRETON IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY

THE Nest — Susannah at the Bath — The Famine (destroyed) — Studio of Jules Breton — The Little Gleaner — Encampment of Bohemians in the Ruins of the Abbey of St. Bavon — The Gleaners — The Day after St. Sebastian's Day — The Grandmother's Sleep — Fire in a Rick of Wheat — The Departure for the Fields — Monday — A Seamstress — The Colza — The Fire — The Grandfather's Birthday — The Haymaker — Towing a Boat — The Guarder of Turkeys — The Reading — Woman making Rope — The Billful — Return from the Fields — A Shepherdess — The Gathering of Potatoes — Heliotrope — The Rivulet — Washerwoman on the Shores of Brittany — The Spinner — Knitter seated under a tree — Girl guarding Cows — The Fountain — The Spring in the Woods — Breton Woman carrying a Taper — The Fig-gatherer — The Cliff — The Fires of St. John — The Fishers of the Mediterranean — The Siesta — The Friends — The Villager — Portrait of Mme. Jules Breton — Woman of Artois — Portrait of Mme. G. P. — Little Peasant Girl sleeping in a Tree — The Rainbow — Evening — Evening in the Hamlets of Finistere — Morning — The Miner's Daughter — Marine — Portrait of Mlle. H. de Heredia — Portrait of Mme. A. Gentil — Portrait of his Niece — Upon the Road in Winter, Artois — The Last Ray — The Gleaner — The Sifter of Colza (Plate IX) — The End of Work — Across the Fields — Young Girls forming a Procession — The Call of the Evening — Woman of Douarnenez — Peasants running to a Fire — Portrait of Mme. A. Lemerre — Portrait of Mme. Demont-Breton — Washerwoman — The Last Flowers — Pardon of Kergoat — Summer — June — Remembrance of Douarnenez — The Road of Pardon, Brittany — The Christmas Turkey, Artois — The End of the Harvest, Setting Sun — The River Souchez at Courrières, Twilight — The Last Gleans — In the Plain — After Sunrise — The Harvest of Poppies — Courrières — A Street of the Village of Artois — The Gleaner — The Ricks — The Gleaning.

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ROUSSEAU
OUTSKIRTS OF THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, SUNSET
LOUVRE, PARIS

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THE VILLAGE BAKERY
PRIVATE COLLECTION

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THE VILLAGE OF BECQUIGNY
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OLD FOREST TREES OF BAS BREAU
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PLATE VI

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THE VILLAGE BAKERY
PRIVATE COLLECTION

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THE OAKS
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ROUSSEAU
FOOTPATH AMONG THE ROCKS OF APREMONT
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROUSSEAU
THE VILLAGE UNDER THE TREES
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mou

ROUSSEAU
THE MARSH IN THE LANDES
LOUVRE, PARIS

ROUSSEAU
THE FARM ON THE BANKS OF THE OISE
W. H. VANDERBILT COLLECTION, NEW YORK

PORTRAIT OF ROUSSEAU
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE, PARIS

M. Sensier in his life of Rousseau describes him in his prime as "of middle stature, very vigorous and made for walking; his head was Olympian and strikingly resembled Shakespeare's, his eye kind and fine, his look that of one who fears nothing because there is nothing to fear, his hair black and curly, his forehead proud in its tranquillity and strength."

Pierre-Etienne-Théodore Rousseau

BORN 1812: DIED 1867
BARBIZON SCHOOL

THEODORE ROUSSEAU (pronounced rö-so′) was in many respects the greatest of the French landscape-painters of the Barbizon school. An only child, he was born in Paris, April 15, 1812. His father was originally from the village of Salines in the Jura Mountains, and was a tailor by trade, and a man of very charitable inclinations. His mother was a woman of fine presence and superior character. His family were not without artistic antecedents. His maternal grandfather was gilder of the king's equipages; his uncle, M. Gabriel Colombet, was a portrait-painter and a pupil of David; while his mother's cousin Alexander Pau de Saint-Martin was a landscape-painter. The young Théodore used to visit this relative in his vacations, and with the palette scrapings copy the paintings in his cousin's studio, but always added the adjacent wall and neighboring objects. As his biographer, M. Alfred Sensier, says, "The ensemble always interested him, and in seeking to formulate the image of a thing, he loved to make it live in its habitual atmosphere; it was his instinct." He also as a child made pen-and-ink copies of engravings, which showed great accuracy and tenacity of purpose.

When he was twelve years old he went to Franche-Comté as secretary to a compatriot of his father's, in a business established for the exploitation of the forests. Here for the first time the boy saw the forests in their magnificent grandeur, and was greatly impressed. The venture not being a financial success, he returned home at the end of a year, and though his parents had intended making a civil engineer of him, they wisely allowed him to choose the career of an artist. Sensier relates how the young boy, unknown to anybody, bought himself colors and brushes and betook himself to the Buttes Montmarte, where he painted the tower of the telegraph. "In a few days he had finished a study, accurate, firm, and very natural in its tone."

His parents then consulted his cousin Saint-Martin, who took the young lad with him to Compiègne to make studies from nature. On their return he advised placing Théodore in the studio of Remond. This was when the boy was only fourteen, so we see that he began his art studies early. He was very soon disgusted with the classical landscape as taught here, often played truant, and on Sundays made frequent excursions into the country, to Saint-

Cloud and Sèvres. Rousseau said afterwards that it took him several years to get rid of Remond's spectres, and when the latter gave out the subject for the contest for the "Prix de Rome," 'The dead body of Zenobia in the waves of Araxes, picked up by Fisherman,' the young artist said, "What was the use in digging up Zenobia to animate a landscape?" He gave it up in despair, sketched out-of-doors when pleasant, and on rainy days copied in the Louvre the animals of Karel du Jardin and the sun-lit landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and went to the studio of Guillon-Lethière to study the human figure.

The next year, 1830, was the most eventful one of the artist's early life. He made a visit to the Cantal Mountains in the Auvergnat, "a weirdly picturesque volcanic region," writes Mollett. "From this moment, he feels free and breathes in a new element. He breaks with scholastic tradition; he understands that all art is in the play of light, in the *Fiat lux*, upon the silence and shadows of the elements," says Sensier. He made many sketches, and Ary Scheffer was much impressed by his work, and exhibited it in his own studio. The young Romanticists immediately felt in him an exponent of their ideas and recognized in him a leader, although he never took active part in the discussions between the Classicists and Romanticists, but worked quietly at his studio, and interpreted nature faithfully as he saw it. The young artists met for evening gatherings at Lorentz's, where they drank only water, but smoked a good deal. Here Sensier tells us they discussed many subjects, "picked the Institute to pieces and laid interdict on the Academy; the great volcano of 1830 had one of its little craters here." They often met at midnight in the Place de la Concorde for fifteen-league walks into the country.

In 1831 Rousseau exhibited for the first time at the Salon a 'View of Auvergne,' said to have been painted in the style of Claude Lorraine; but feeling the need of further commune and study with nature, during 1831 and 1832 he visited Normandy twice, and the French coast from La Manche to Calvados. Here he found material for his second Salon picture, for 1833, 'The Coast of Granville,' which brought him a third-class medal. It was very favorably criticized by Lenormand in his article on the Salon. "The view of the coast of Granville is one of the truest things and the warmest in tone that the French school has ever produced . . . he is still far from his goal, but I would not give his future for the entire career of twenty of our most renowned landscapists." Rousseau exchanged this picture for portraits of his father and mother, painted by Henri Scheffer, and it finally found its way to Russia.

He then started a picture for the next Salon, entitled, 'Edge of the Wood, Forest of Compiègne,' bought in advance by the Duc d'Orléans, which he finished at Chailly in the Forest of Fontainebleau, which had become known to the young artists since 1830. Now began his intimacy with the revolutionist and art-critic Théophile Thoré, who wrote later under the name of Bürger, and from this time until after the fall of Louis Philippe, in 1848, all his canvases were systematically and most unjustly refused at the Salon. Thoré became his champion, not always wisely so, and Rousseau became known as "Le Grand Refusé."

In 1834, in company with Lorentz, he made his first trip to Switzerland,

but never got farther than La Faucille, one of the mountains of the Jura. He hesitated some time between this trip and one with his new friend, Jules Dupré, to "the bank of the Bousane or the Vienne, the land of grass meadows and tall trees." But he decided on Switzerland, and studied Mont Blanc under every phase of light and atmosphere, and painted a canvas of the 'View of the Chain of Mont Blanc in a Storm,' which was most eloquently eulogized by Sensier. Rousseau also painted a picture of the Inn of La Faucille, of which he thought so much that he ever after hung it over his bed.

An amusing incident occurred one day when the under-prefect of Gex came to inquire into their business there, having suspected them of being political spies, as they stayed so late in the season. Later, with this same prefect, with whom they became good friends, they made an excursion to Mont St. Bernard to witness the descent of the cattle from the higher Alps. Rousseau made a sketch of this subject, and on his return to Paris he worked it up into a picture for the Salon of 1836. His studio not being sufficiently large for the canvas, Ary Scheffer furnished him with one in which to paint this, his first picture of importance. M. Planché has thus described its composition: "A troupe of heifers is descending alone a rugged mountain gorge; the time is evening; the vegetation is titanic and profuse, and the growth of the plants entangled like that of a virgin forest of South America." Upon its refusal at the Salon, Ary Scheffer exhibited it in his studio. It now belongs to Heer Mesdag of The Hague; but as it was painted with the use of bitumen, its surface has become almost destroyed.

In 1837 he made a trip with M. Charles Leroux to the Vendée, visited the latter at his father's Château de Soulis near Cerisaye, where he painted another of his famous pictures, the 'Avenue of Chestnuts.' This was also refused at the Salon, but through this picture even more than through his 'Descent of the Cows' he gained the esteem and admiration of artists and critics, particularly Delacroix and Mme. Georges Sand. The former persuaded M. Cavé, Director of the Department of Fine Arts, to make an offer for the picture of two thousand francs, but it was finally sold to M. Périer.

But in the spring of 1837 the beloved mother of Rousseau died, his father became embarrassed financially, and his pictures were refused at the Salon, so there began a period of severe discipline for our artist. He spent much of the time at Père Ganne's inn in the village of Barbizon. Diaz was his faithful pupil; Dupré, his faithful friend. In 1841 the latter and Rousseau were living in a little house in the village of Monsoult on the borders of the forest of Isle-Adam. Their studio doors were side by side, and Dupré's mother presided over their simple household. As John W. Mollett says, "The phases of Rousseau's life, its alternations of domestic quiet and Paris turmoil and Manfred-like communion with the wildest solitudes of the mountains and woods, should all be apportioned to the paintings that they influenced, and the work of doing this, however long, would be most interesting." Both Rousseau and Dupré made their débuts at the Salon of 1831, but Jules Dupré won popularity much more quickly than did Rousseau by his bolder compositions. In 1844 the two friends made their trip to the sandy heaths of Gascony. They were

rather baffled by the cloudless blue sky. As Dupré said, "What man touches he can become master of, but to paint that sky without clouds, that wall of light, is as hopeless a task as it would be to sound its depths." They finally gave it up and started afoot across the Basque country, going as far as Tartas and Begars, and finally returned to Paris, vowing to return each spring.

Rousseau started in this country 'The Marsh in the Landes' (Plate IX), 'The Farm,' and 'The Village Bakery' (Plate II). Amongst Rousseau's admirers was a young artist, Français, who had made illustrations of some of our artist's paintings in a publication called 'Artistes Contemporains.' He was from the Vosges Mountains, and made his compatriot, M. Frederic Hartmann, at first interested in the landscapist, Rousseau, and later acquainted. Rousseau told the young amateur that, obliged to hasten his works in order to meet the needs of existence, he always parted with them with chagrin before they were completed to his own satisfaction; he would like to be a millionaire that he might spend his life in painting and perfecting one picture. M. Hartmann ordered and paid in advance for these three pictures, allowing Rousseau all the time he wished in which to complete them. The first was executed fairly promptly, but the last two, as well as 'The Village of Becquigny' (Plate V), he worked and worked upon. As M. Sensier says, "All his life was passed upon those three canvases, upon those three inexorable Fates, for some months before his end he was still retouching them, and M. Hartmann was not definitely in possession of them until after fourteen years of waiting, when Rousseau was no more."

In 1845 Rousseau and Dupré were back at Isle-Adam. It was at this time, while the former was painting 'The Outskirts of the Forest, Sunset,' and Dupré, seeing that his friend was spoiling it, made him promise to stop painting on it for a month, that he began a new work, 'The Hoar Frost,' unanimously pronounced to be a masterpiece, and finished in eight days. It is a simple composition with a fence in the foreground straggling across some hillocks covered with melting snow, and the red sun setting in a threatening manner in a leaden sky. 'The Hoar Frost,' says Sensier, "is a modern work in its spirit, its poetry, and its suffering; man is invisible there, but his spirit breathes and suffers there."

But Dupré was convinced that they should show themselves in Paris, and they therefore hired two adjacent studios at 2 Place Pigalle. Here Rousseau made the acquaintance of Millet and Sensier. Dupré exhibited two of Rousseau's pictures in his studio, and sold them for six hundred francs apiece. In 1871 forty-two thousand francs were offered for these same two canvases. The following year, however, 1848, M. Ledru-Rollin, Minister of the Interior, at the suggestion of Charles Blanc, Director of the Beaux-Arts, came to the studios of the brother artists and bought a picture of each of them at four thousand francs apiece as a "public reparation." The Salon of 1848 was under the jurisdiction of M. Jeanron, Director of the Louvre. In accordance with the spirit of revolution rife that year, all pictures, good and bad, which were sent to the Salon were exhibited. Rousseau and Dupré were on the Hanging Committee, but the former did not exhibit.

In 1847 Rousseau became engaged to be married to a young woman who is said to have been his equal and in every way a suitable companion for him. But the engagement was broken, in all probability because of the straitened circumstances in which Rousseau found himself at this time. Inconsolable, he buried himself for awhile in the Forest of Fontainebleau, where he remained during the revolution of 1848. In the city he had made the acquaintance of a poor young woman, who, like his own family, was originally from Franche-Comté. She had come to him for pity and protection, and he had taken her in and given her shelter. When his friends, who had been considerably scattered and out of touch with one another during the exciting months in the early part of 1848, returned to Barbizon they found this young woman installed at the head of his domestic arrangements, and supposed that he had been privately married at Barbizon. Rousseau had always a very paternal affection for her, and remained most faithful and devoted to her throughout his life. Always ill, when, in later years, she became insane, all the necessary arrangements had been made by Millet for removing her to a retreat, since the care and anxiety about her seriously interfered with Rousseau's work; but he refused to be separated from her, and she remained with him until his death, and Millet tenderly looked out for her during the two years she survived Rousseau.

To the Salon of 1849 Rousseau sent three canvases, which were badly hung and received a first-class medal, while Dupré, who had not exhibited, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Rousseau, who was much hurt by what he considered a great injustice, became estranged from his old friend Dupré. The fault seems to have been wholly Rousseau's, and it was a great pity to have thrown over an old friend who had proved himself so disinterested. Rousseau's feelings are well shown by these words: "The simplest field-flower would suit my button-hole better, but I feel myself wronged, I am not understood." Heretofore, confident of the future, he had kept his pictures in his studio; now he decided to hold a public auction of them, which took place on March 2, 1850. Fifty-three pictures were sold for fifteen thousand, seven hundred francs; but when expenses were deducted they netted Rousseau only eight thousand francs. Again in 1851 his pictures were badly hung, and he received no awards. Diaz, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, at the banquet given in honor of the newly decorated rose and electrified every one by boldly proposing the toast to "Théodore Rousseau, our forgotten master." The next year, however, he was decorated, which gave him public standing at last. He had fully decided not to exhibit, the time for sending in canvases had passed, when the Director of Museums came in person to his studio and asked for some of his pictures to exhibit. Now began a short period of fame and prosperity. His thatched roof was changed to tiles, he bought bits of faience from the peasants, and etchings of Rembrandt, Van Ostade, and Claude Lorraine. At the Salon of 1855 for the second time he received a first-class medal and at the Exposition of that year he was represented by thirteen canvases, and it was acknowledged that his pictures made one of the finest groups, though his popularity even now was largely due to

the Americans. Millet was as yet poor and unappreciated. Rousseau bought his canvas of 'The Grafter' for four thousand francs, pretending that it was a commission from a wealthy American. Sensier says that these years were beautiful and happy as a honeymoon, and he painted some of his most beautiful canvases about this time, notably 'The Little Hillock of Jean de Paris,' the 'View of the Gorge of Apremont,' the 'Footpath among the Rocks of Apremont' (Plate VII), and 'The Forest Skirts of Monts Girard.'

About 1857 his affairs again took a turn for the worse. Sensier thinks his work at this time became too mechanical and oftentimes too detailed. Criticisms became again unfavorable, and finally his wife's health began to fail and interfered with excursions he had planned and which might have furnished new inspirations. He was obliged to hold another auction sale of his pictures and to sell his collection of bric-à-brac to satisfy creditors.

In 1863 he paid his second visit to La Faucille to paint a 'General View of the Chain of Mt. Blanc' for M. Hartmann. The season was late, and exposure to the rain brought on inflammation of the lungs, and he never fully recovered from the bad effects. In 1864 a friend undertook to assume his debts, but as Rousseau hesitated to disclose the full amount of his troubles, he was not much better off than before, and is said to have had "one creditor more, and one friend less."

Again in 1865 circumstances unexpectedly changed for the better. Count Demidoff ordered Corot, Dupré, Fromentin, and Rousseau each to paint two landscape panels for his new house, the price for the two to be ten thousand francs. Two young picture-dealers offered him a hundred thousand francs for some sixty studies he had made in his youth, and forty thousand more for some unfinished work. With this he was enabled at last to pay off his creditors. In 1866 he was invited to the Emperor's Court at Compiègne, and the next year, 1867, he was made President of the Jury of Fine Arts at the Universal Exposition. He received one of the eight gold medals of honor, sold two hundred thousand francs' worth of painting, and bought thirty thousand francs' worth of etchings at one sale. "But," says Charles Sprague Smith, "that same malevolent influence that had dogged his steps hitherto dropped into his brimming cup that which made its every drop bitter. His comrades of the Jury (Gérôme, Pils, Français, Corot) and his fellow medalists (Cabanel, Gérôme, Meissonier, for France; Kaulbach, Knaus, Leys, Ussi, for foreign countries) were all made officers of the Legion of Honor; he, the President of the Jury, was excepted."

Although the Cross came to him during the year, this last blow was more than he could endure, and he was struck down at once with paralysis, and although he lingered on during the autumn, he died in the presence of his faithful friend, Millet, on December 22, 1867. Two days before his death, expecting to recover, he had said to his friends, "There will be a crisis, and thereafter the grand harmony will come." Millet buried him in the cemetery in the neighboring village of Chailly, his grave being marked by a rough, unhewn stone with his name and a cross upon it. Some years later, after Millet was no more, a bas-relief in bronze of two portrait heads, by Chalu, of

the two greatest exponents of the Forest of Fontainebleau, Millet and Rousseau, was placed upon a large rock near the old cow-gate which leads from the village of Barbizon into the forest.

Sensier was made executor in his will, and a complete sale was held of his effects. Eugène Delacroix on his death-bed had requested that his unfinished as well as his finished work be put up at auction; for what the public could not understand, artists would, and the least of them could thus obtain something, though trifling, from his hand. As Théophile Silvestre, apropos of the sale, said, "Théodore Rousseau, friend, admirer, in many a way the picturesque but exact brother of Eugène Delacroix, had the same confidence in the judgment of the future, and wished that his posthumous work should be exhibited, and sold in the same manner."

The Art of Rousseau

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH 'BARBIZON DAYS'

THE artists who have supremely expressed the genius of the place (Forest of Fontainebleau) are the two whose medallions have been set in the rock near the old cow-gate, Millet and Rousseau: Millet as interpreter of human life indoors and out, and of those landscapes which Spring held up before him at his studio door when the air was moist yet clear and the gnarled apple-trees clothed themselves for a moment with surpassing glory; Rousseau as interpreter of the woods. Forestward the empire is all his. His single, steadfast purpose to be revealer of the trees to man has made each noble stem, each bosky group, his own.

Before 1830 Fontainebleau, plain and forest, was as beautiful as to-day, grander perhaps, but inarticulate; now it is voiceful everywhere, and it will not soon lapse back into silence.

We are too close to those men of Barbizon to determine whether or not they created immortal works, and yet, one thing at least we may affirm without fear of erring: some of their canvases, as the 'Sheep-Fold at Night' of Millet and the 'Hoar-Frost' of Rousseau, will long offer defiance to forgetfulness.

ALFRED SENSIER 'SOUVENIRS SUR THÉODORE ROUSSEAU'

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU was one of the most advanced men of that reform (the idealistic treatment of nature); a personal genius and an innovator, he typified, as did Eugène Delacroix, its ability, and he characterized its eagerness, its audacity, its stubbornness, and its doubts.

He was an innovator because, completely detached from the schools which prescribed conventional compositions, heroic, classic, or purely picturesque, he set himself to reproduce nature by his more simple pictures, by the sudden impression that man feels in looking away to the horizon, by that indefinable

sense which causes one to be touched by an aspect, by a country, by a place, whatever it may be, without preoccupations of art or scholastic convention; an innovator, because, strongly moved before nature, Rousseau knew how to fix the image by a new choice of subjects, unused before him, or incompletely expressed by his predecessors.

He was a personal genius because he saw nature on the side of its brilliant harmonies, with the power of its colors, with his expression nervous and precise and quite distinguished by its configurations and its drawing.

But Rousseau is not the product of revolt alone. When one sees into the intimate birth of his art one perceives what affiliation binds it to the great men of the naturalistic idea. To Ruysdael, by the aërial symphony of his plaintive harmonies, by the majesty of his skies, by the simplicity, even to humility, of his compositions, which makes of a rustic footpath, of a spare or withered thicket, of an arid heath, of a road which loses itself in the shadow of a wood, so many poems which dilate or tighten the heart-strings. He is related to Hobbema by the spontaneity, the strength, the surprise, of his harmonies, by his love of forests, of savage and unexplored places; to Rembrandt, by the mysterious and fantastic character of his apparitions, by the terror which he communicates or by the magic which he evokes, by the aim which he imposes upon himself of fixing the image which possesses him with the aid of all the technique and the study of all methods. He is related at times to Claude Lorraine in his luminous and tranquil drawings, in the brief and learned résumé of his notes upon nature.

Yes, Rousseau draws from all these great painters; and nevertheless, as a son free yet dutiful, he is bound to his masters only by an indefinite sense which is one of his charms; we admire in him the love which drew him to his valiant predecessors, just as we are pleased to see in the features of a child the reawakening of the noble traits of his ancestors.

"The preoccupation of his time, the hatred and antagonism of the schools, led him to exaggerations. He was often an *ultra;* he exceeded his aim, but that excess arose from the tenacity of his conviction and from his irrevocable antipathies" (Saint-Beuve). These are the marks of his time, doubt, agitation, lack of education in an epoch of decadence from which he suffered in his youth; but if sometimes with Rousseau the power of the painter disappears, he is and he remains always an artist, a great artist.

So, faithful to his cult of nature and to his hopes, restless from the tumult of men, we see him, an emigrant from the cities, burying himself in the depths of the forests, or crossing the bare plains; there, alone with himself, he is the most original as the most novel of artists. He draws from those places which one naturally flees or disdains the quintessence of hidden beauties; he reveals the attractions of them, he lifts the veil, he sings of their grandeur and sadness; he dares some effects which no one has tried before him; he interests us in an arid land, a village pond, the border of a meadow, a single tree, a nook in a wood; little things he has made eloquent and beautiful, *et exultavit humiles.*

And when he has felt himself moved by what the light reveals to him of sudden brightness and of treasures thus far unperceived and unsuspected he

seizes upon those places which the sun's rays have made appear as in a celestial nimbus, he studies them, analyzes them, works over them, broods over them a long time with the greatest fervor; and he attains to some brilliant harmonies, almost metallic in their intensity. At times his colors are so strong as to seem to rival the precious stones of the lapidary, and he thus leaves in his pictures some harmonies which have the play of reflections of the emerald, ruby, topaz, sapphire, and all the metals in fusion.

It is under these different aspects that Rousseau has associated his name in a striking and lasting manner with forests, plains, forsaken corners, whose beauties he has fixed in a form eminently original and rich.

Rare man, who not only astonishes some, but who subjugates others, he was the great landscape-painter of our time, the painter of air and space; always dissatisfied with his own work, always severe with himself, he has pushed sometimes his indefatigable researches as far as that end of art which touches upon preciosity; his patience overcame every difficulty of technique and execution in such a way as to make one think that that eye which knew so well how to see and so well to penetrate to the depths would end by dissecting grand spectacles instead of embracing them; but this was only a gymnastic feat of his talent, a turn of favor which he was pleased to accord to a world jealous of his piquant and spirituelle works. He returned very quickly to his forest gods, and to the *ignis fatuus* of his heaths; it is always thus that one may find the painter by genius and by affection, for that is what he loved and what he has made great.— TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

ERNEST CHESNEAU 'PEINTRES ET STATUAIRES ROMANTIQUES'

COROT and Rousseau, although contemporaries of the Romantic period, are not, properly speaking, romanticists. Rousseau has only crossed it; Corot has only touched it at times. These noble names will find a better place in a History of French Landscape. . . . No one has rendered with more firmness, with a more vigorous penetration, the expression of force in nature than Rousseau. It is that, I think, which has captivated and held Théodore Rousseau. Do not ask elegance of him, intimacy, sweetness, a beneficent influence, the consolations of nature. Nothing of that which is good and agreeable, of that which attracts man to the rustic life — nothing of all that has seduced the talent of Théodore Rousseau. He has always seen and by preference reproduced that which is immovable, hard, austere, and severe in landscape. The oak is his tree by predilection. In the French country, at the time in which we are living, it seems that he has sought the last vestiges of Celtic Gaul, of wild, uncivilized Gaul.

The pool, rocks, trees, stagnant places of long life and of immemorable duration — it is these that arrest him, that he is pleased to fix upon the canvas. He avoids the transient, the elusive, in nature: the movement of the tall grass, of the first leaves, of the young undergrowth, of rivulets, and of the gently-flowing rivers. The mobility, the transitoriness, of natural spectacles he did not put into his pictures of vegetation; he captures that in his skies. It is by his skies that he obtained his fame for use of color; the sky gives us in

his pictures the hour of the day by the light, and by the light also tells us the season. We remark that by instinct, and by the inclination of his humor, he is led to choose the rough season and hour, summer and mid-day; often also the declining day and season, sunset and autumn.

Man occupies only a very little place in the work of Rousseau; he appears in his pictures only as an accessory, an episode without importance, unnoticeable and lost in the *ensemble* of exterior phenomena. The painting of Rousseau always leaves the impression of solitude. In spite of the great variety of effects achieved by the master, his work, by that persistent tendency towards severity, towards misanthropy,— we use the word advisedly,— acquires and preserves a strong character of unity. There is no passion, consequently no variety of emotion, in his landscapes, in spite of the variety of the views; the sensation which they bring to us is always the same — grave, austere, and often sad.

To sum up, Théodore Rousseau is indeed, I believe, the painter whom Alcestes would have loved. His painting, so vigorous, is nevertheless sane; it is wholesome, strengthening, precisely because it always presents the image of force and robust health. It will be always a closed book for Célimène.—
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

C. H. CAFFIN[1] 'HOW TO STUDY PICTURES'

BUT another influence played its part in shaping the future of the new school. Romanticism was in the air; Delacroix and others were making their pictures the medium of emotional expression. Accordingly, by the time the Barbizon men had found themselves their art was distinguished not only by truth to nature but also by poetic feeling. Of the two whom we are considering, we may say that Rousseau was the epic poet of the group; Corot, the lyric. . . .

The epic quality in Rousseau's pictures may not be so immediately recognizable; we shall better appreciate it when we have examined the motives of his work more closely. Comparing the example here reproduced (Plate I) with the one by Corot (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. II, Part 28, Plate X), we note this great difference: that Rousseau's shows a solidity of form and a clear decision in the lines in closing the forms, whereas Corot's masses are by comparison dreamy and unsubstantial, the outlines blurred. Rousseau insists upon the form of objects and the character of their forms, while Corot escapes as far as possible from the actual things and renders the effect which they may produce upon the senses. He sought to represent the essences of things: the fragrance, as it were, rather than the flower. . . .

Rousseau's advice, on the contrary, to his pupils was, "Form is the first thing to observe." The point to be noted is that, whereas Corot had begun by observing form and had then escaped as far as possible from it, Rousseau, first and always, based his art upon it. Indeed, at the middle period of his life the scientific instinct asserted itself, and for a while he sank the larger feeling for the whole in too exact a representation of detail. But during his

[1]Century Co., New York.

great periods he exhibited a mastery in the delineation of the impressiveness of form that has never been surpassed. His favorite tree was the oak, with sturdy arms supporting its weight of leaves and branches, and strong roots, in between the rocks, grasping the firm earth. The strength of nature, her deep embedded force, putting itself forth in stout and lusty growth, continuously vigorous; the mighty force of clouds that replenish the earth; the vastness and grandeur of the sky in the full glory of midday, or the superb pageant of the sunset; in a word, the perennial strength of nature, as contrasted with the little lives of men — such was the theme upon which he spent his life.

This was a grander attitude toward nature than that of Corot. The latter, in modern phraseology, was a temperamental artist; that is to say, he chose from nature what suited his moods and painted her with a certain invariableness of manner, as if there were nothing in nature except what he felt about her. All that he did was lovely, but it was limited in scope; whereas Rousseau, with his broad, impersonal vision searching nature for what she had to tell him, painted in every picture a different subject. It was the phases of her inexhaustible story, a story as old as mankind and that will outlast the last of humanity, that he treated; and it is for this reason, because he suggested the continuity of her elemental forces, even while depicting a certain phase, that one may rightly describe him as the epic poet of the Barbizon school.

WILL H. LOW 'A CENTURY OF PAINTING,' MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

EIGHTEEN years before, on December 22, 1867, there had died at Barbizon, Théodore Rousseau, who, born in Paris, July 15, 1812, had been the leader of the revolution in landscape-painting, in which we to-day count Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Troyon, Diaz, Jacque, and others who, with our mania for classification, we call "the Barbizon school." The fact that these men, more than any painters before their time, had, by direct study from nature, developed strongly individual characteristics makes this title, localized as it is by the name of a village with which a number of them had slight, if any, connection, a misnomer. The French name for the group, "the men of 1830," is more correct; for it was about that time that their influence in the Salon began to be felt, as a result of the pictorial invasion of Constable. Lacking the poetic feeling of Corot, and more realistic in his aims, though not always in result, Rousseau met with instant success when he exhibited for the first time at the Salon, in 1834. His picture, 'Felled Trees, Forest of Compiègne,' received a medal and was purchased by the Duc d'Orléans. The following year the jury, presided over by Watelet, a justly forgotten painter, refused Rousseau's pictures, and from that time until 1849, when the overthrow of Louis Philippe had opened the Salon doors to all comers, no picture by Rousseau was exhibited at the Salon.

In the meantime, however, Rousseau's fame had grown, fostered by the more advanced critics of the time. He lived at Barbizon, on the border of the Forest of Fontainebleau; and, basing his work on the most uncompromising study of nature, his pictures bore an impress of simple truth, which to our latter-day vision seems so obvious and easily understood that nothing could

show more clearly the depth of error into which his opponents had fallen than the systematic rejection of his work for so many years. He was by nature a leader, and in his country home he was soon joined by Millet and Charles Jacque, while in Paris he had the hearty support of Delacroix and his followers of the Romantic school. While forced by circumstances to find allies in these men, Rousseau had, however, but little of the imaginative temperament. He was, above all, the close student of natural phenomena. He sat, an impartial recorder of the phases of nature's triumphal procession. Early and late, in the fields, among the rocks, or under the trees of the forest, his cunning hand noted an innumerable variety of facts which before him, through ignorance or disdain, the landscape-painter had never seen. It is but fair to say that, like all pioneers in the untrodden fields of art, his means of expression at times failed to keep pace with his intentions. His work is occasionally over-burdened with detail, through the embarrassment of riches which nature poured at his feet. Then, heir to the processes of painting of former generations, it seemed to him necessary to endow nature with a warmth of coloring, an abuse of the richer tones of the palette, which we may presume he would have discarded but for the fact already noted that a painter carries through his earthly pilgrimage a baggage of early formed habits difficult to throw off *en route*. The belief that color to be beautiful must of necessity be warm, rich, and deep in tone was shared by all painters of Rousseau's time, and lingers still in the minds of many, despite the fact that nature has created the tea-rose as well as the orange. When, however, Rousseau was completely successful — as, for instance, in the 'Hoar-Frost' in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore — the reward of his painstaking methods was measurably great. In such works as this the rendition of effect, the certainty of modeling, the sustained power throughout the work, lift it beyond mere transcription of fact into the realm of typical creations which appear more true than average reality.

CAMILLE MAUCLAIR 'THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTERS'

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU appears as the first worthy heir of the Dutchmen and of Poussin, and he obeys this double influence. He tries to reconcile the decorative feeling of the great trees of Poussin, Lorraine, and Ruysdael with the precision, the intimacy, and the charm of truth of Breughel and Hobbema. He is powerful, broad, and profoundly moved by the grand poetry of trees and horizon. He settles in the midst of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where he is joined successively by Daubigny, Diaz, and Millet.

Théodore Rousseau's conception of landscape is peculiar. What he sees beyond all in nature is the drawing of the trees and soil, the very structure of the objects in the landscape rather than the atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Rousseau, it is said, painted his landscapes first and finished by putting in the sky. This is probably true, and this method of proceeding was a remnant of the classic spirit. We must think of the landscape-painters of 1830 as simple men, happy in pursuing their quest of nature, full of curiosity with regard to the details of the forests and farms, loving them in their humble

truth, and no longer with the eighteenth-century intention of finding pastoral plays. What stirs Rousseau is the structure of an oak-tree, its robust knots, its roots, the powerful complication of its branches, which Eugène Isabey, the intermediary between the Empire and romanticism, had already been able to see and to love; it is furthermore the aspect of a meadow, the study of the accidents of the soil. He draws them lovingly, with admirable sincerity. He constructs a group of trees with as much care as the Academicians put into the construction of a nude figure. He is marvelously endowed with the gift of expressing the personality of a tree. He is less sensitive to color. He places his large masses of foliage, his imposing forest boundaries, against skies of a beautiful low tone, generally with the light behind, so as to give a uniform tone to the silhouettes and to assert thus their massive and sculptural character. There is also the vision of Ruysdael and Poussin; but Rousseau has a far deeper sense of poetry, a far greater feeling for distance, for the mystery of shadows. It is the impression of fecundity, of force, that makes Rousseau a poet, and for this he will count in the future not only as the reviver of landscape-painting in France, but also as a great visionary of the forms of nature. His execution is fat, rich, and fiery. He searches neither for strange effects of light nor for unexpected details; he adheres to the grand disposition of Poussin. The 'Sunset' (Plate 1) at the Louvre well supplies the synthesis of his fine, sincere talent, of his warm and concentrated coloring.

The Works of Rousseau

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'OUTSKIRTS OF THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, SUNSET' PLATE I

IN the autumn of 1845, when Rousseau was living with Dupré in the forest of Isle-Adam, he painted this celebrated picture, acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be a masterpiece. Through a magnificent arched opening in the thick wood a vista opens upon a vast plain where the setting sun enriches everything with its last rays. "In spite of the grandeur of nature," writes Sensier, this picture "gives all the forceful harmonies, the forms, the accents, of the end of the autumn day upon the border-line of a wood; the sun of gold and rubies throws its last flames in a sheaf of brilliant light."

Sensier goes on to relate how Rousseau was touching and retouching this picture when Dupré, fearing it would be ruined, advised Rousseau to stop work upon it, turn its face to the wall for a month, then examine it coolly, and if still discontented with it burn it up and start again. Rousseau promised, and a month later, in the presence of Dupré, he examined it, and after a few moments of silence said, "I am going to sign it; it is finished!" "And that is how this beautiful picture was preserved. Rousseau created it, and Dupré saved it."

Mr. C. H. Caffin also has most eloquently praised this when he says, "But in Rousseau's Sunset Scene another day of labor is finished; rest is brooding down upon the tired earth; creatures nearer to nature than beings in the shape of humanity are taking their fill of water before they too settle down upon the earth, that mighty bosom from which all things draw nourishment and on which all rest. Those same cows — or others like them — will inhabit the same scene to-morrow; those sturdy trees and branches will survive another and another day, as they have weathered many; the scene, as Rousseau painted it, is typical and elemental — not alone a spot on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, but a poem of universal import, whose theme is the ever-present one of the earth's enduring strength, and of recurring toil and rest. Rousseau reached this power of elemental expression by continually concentrating his great faculty of observation upon the fundamental qualities of nature, which as compared with man's moods and changes are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

It was exhibited at the Salon of 1849, and was bought by the French Government for four thousand francs, remained in the Luxembourg until ten years after the master's death, and is now one of the glories of the Louvre. It measures a little more than four and a half by six feet.

A picture of almost identical composition and similar dimensions by Rousseau belongs to the Wallace Collection in London, only here he has depicted in a marvelous manner the morning mist lying low upon the plains.

'THE VILLAGE BAKERY' PLATE II

'THE Village Bakery' was another of the three pictures ordered and paid for by M. Hartmann which remained in Rousseau's studio over fifteen years. He worked and worked upon them in the desire that they should be "An Eclogue devoted to Light, in three odes; without any preoccupation for the picturesque, for the anecdote, or for the artificial; to celebrate the dominion and power, always young, of the Mother Creatrix of all things."

Speaking of the three pictures, Sensier goes on to say: "'The Village Bakery' is a more simple composition; it is a group of large box and lemon trees which shade the low construction of a sort of hut, in the center of which we perceive the opening of an oven in the open air. A woman squatted upon her knees is baking her bread. Behind this group of shrubbery, quite primitive in form, we see in the distance, in the full sun, a cultivated plain and the scattered houses of a village. Rousseau proceeded as in his 'Farm,' in grisaille, and did not stop until he had formulated with a religious exactitude all that which was life, in this charming composition."

A. de Lostalot, commenting on Rousseau's pictures belonging to M. Hartmann, says, "Here is 'The Village Bakery' in the Landes, one of those pictures filled with sun, as Rousseau knew how to paint them in the happy period when his palette admitted only golden tones. Near relation to the 'Farmhouse on the Borders of the Oise' (Plate X), this canvas carried in it all the seductions which we recognize in that amiable manner of the painter. We thought it a Dutch picture of the better rank; the preciousness of the work as

well as the charm, the freshness of color, and elegance of the line, make us think of Ruysdael, at the same time that the amber tones and the heavier touch recall the savory technique of Cuyp. There is in these two pictures the same arrangement in composition; the principal motive occupies the center of the picture; on either side landscape vistas stretch into the distance. A vertical line traced in the middle of the canvas would divide it into two complete subjects, balanced according to the rules of art."

'THE OAKS' PLATE III

THE tones in this picture are clear-cut and crisp; there is a suggestion of autumn in the atmosphere. Vivid patches of blue sky show between the clouds of a mackerel sky, and the bright sun behind the oaks causes them to cast a deep shadow across the vivid green grass, so that the spectator gets a view of the side of them which is in deep shadow. There is a little stagnant water in the foreground, at which one of the cows is drinking. A white road crosses the plain, and broad brush-strokes of mixed gray suggest a thick undergrowth of bushes in the distance.

M. La Fenestre, comparing 'The Oaks' with those in 'The Village under the Trees,' says, "The five great oaks, isolated, badly grouped, their roots sunk in the soft earth, upon a marshy plateau, have had more difficulty to grow large, and they have also had more difficulty to live; branches more twisted, growth less compact, foliage less glistening, burned by the sun, disordered by the storm, these trees are less noble, with the appearance remaining of heavy and rustic roundness, but with what robust and good simplicity they spread in protecting file, their great heads erect and tufted, to shelter from the sun or rain the ruminating cattle and the tattered cow-herd."

This picture measures about two by three feet. Formerly belonging to the Edouard André Collection, it now forms a part of the Thomy-Thierry in the Louvre.

'LANDSCAPE' PLATE IV

THIS peaceful French landscape, which was bequeathed to the Boston Art Museum by Thomas G. Appleton in 1876, gives us the soft greens of early summer. Here is a fallow meadow-land bounded by wooded hills, the arrangement of several groups of trees being a marked and pleasing feature of the composition. The blue sky is covered with filmy clouds. Under the shade of some trees at the left we see a flock of sheep and the attendant shepherd. A rough cow-path leads to a pool of water in the foreground which reflects the bright blue of a woman's skirt and the forms of two cows she is bringing to water. Beyond the group of poplars in the middle distance we see the blue of another stagnant pool.

There is no striking chiaroscuro in this picture, but the tempered light is diffused through the clouds, and a streak of sunlight falls on the distant grassland. All is bathed in the warmth of a soft summer haze. As M. La Fenestre says, "One of the traits also of the genius of Rousseau is the heat, intense,

profound, intimate, with which he knows how to fill his earth and sky," which is well typified in this canvas.

The picture measures a little more than ten by fourteen inches, and is signed on the left.

'THE VILLAGE OF BECQUIGNY' PLATE V

WE have in 'The Village of Becquigny' another of the pictures upon which Rousseau worked for so many years for M. Hartmann. The plate shows a picturesque little hamlet of one street with one-story cottages with thatched roofs and white-washed walls lighted up by the first rays of the sun as it rises behind the ridge-poles on our right. Two slim young oaks stand sentinel guard at the entrance of the village, and others are scattered picturesquely about the cottage doors, their foliage treated somewhat in the exact, detailed manner characteristic of Rousseau in his later years. There is a pump half-way down the village street, and a man on horseback in the shadow of one of the cottages is coming up the road, his little white dog trotting along ahead, and a small boy is dragging along a log, for fire-wood apparently, the bright sunlight on his back; these are the only signs of human life about the place.

"'The Village,'" writes Sensier, "was one of his torments. The day before it was sent to the Salon, even, he worked upon it with a fury that disheartened us. In a single day, trebly-locked in his studio, he transformed the entire sky. He had thrown himself with abandon into Japanese art, and, dominated by those beautiful oriental auroras, which unite so well, in just balance, the softness of dawn and the ardor of the tropics, he had made for that poor hamlet of Picardy a firmament where Buddha would have chosen his throne of light. . . . Later he refashioned it again and turned back to our melancholy horizons, to our skies sad and gray."

'OLD FOREST TREES OF BAS BREAU' PLATE VI

THIS picture takes us into the heart of the forest of Bas Breau, near the village of Barbizon, where the giant oaks of the forest are to be found. Rousseau paints the trunks old and knotted, the foliage thick and dense. It would seem that the sun could scarcely penetrate if it were not high noon. As it is, however, the brilliant sunlight plays upon the gnarled and rugged tree-trunks in a most fantastic and poetic manner, and upon a few cows who are grazing and refreshing themselves at the little pool of water in the foreground, while the cow-herd rests almost unobserved under a tree at the left of a path which leads out from under the trees. This description of Sensier aptly describes it: "It is a brilliant effect of myriads of solar combustions. Some cows are grazing under three great oaks of the old resting-place of the Gorge of Apremont at high noon, when the sun pours down in Jack-o'-lantern spangles, like a shower of light upon a whole tract of land."

'FOOTPATH AMONG THE ROCKS OF APREMONT' PLATE VII

THIS picture gives us a little idea of the barrenness of nature which Rousseau was so fond of depicting. The Gorge of Apremont in the Forest of Fontainebleau furnished him with many subjects, some of much poetic grandeur. This is a simple composition of a rocky, hilly pasture, with a footpath winding among the boulders. A peasant with his staff is plodding up the path, following his faithful beast of burden, who is just about to turn out of sight at the top of the hillock into a little copse of birches and beech-trees. The sky is covered with soft clouds, and the picture gives us a feeling of poetic grace and simple, rustic beauty.

M. Sensier says of this picture that it "surpasses all that I have seen in volume of harmony, in richness of tones, in multiplicity of brilliant touches entangled one with the other, to the point of surpassing the brilliancy of the most splendid mosaics."

This was one of Rousseau's most successful pictures, painted in the happy years between 1850 and 1855. It was bought by M. Tattet, but in 1869 it belonged to M. H. Brame.

'THE VILLAGE UNDER THE TREES' PLATE VIII

THIS picture is sometimes entitled 'Oaks in the Landes.' Some thatched cottages are grouped under the deep shade of magnificent oaks. Under the trees all is a deep green or brown, except for a touch of blue on the skirt of the woman carrying the water-pails. Above the tree-tops are rifts of blue sky, and the sun is shining brightly beyond the sheltered copse, striking the sides of the houses seen through the trees, a chance ray falling on the figure of the woman.

It was not exhibited until the Salon of 1864, although painted some years before. It formerly belonged to the Bischoffsheim Collection, and now to that of the Thomy-Thierry, bequeathed to the Louvre. In a room where there are five other canvases by Rousseau it is the only one which has no pool or bit of water in it. M. La Fenestre, writing of this collection, says:

"In this beautiful ensemble, 'The Village under the Trees,' 'The Oaks' (Plate III), the 'Borders of the Loire,' give perhaps best that impression of the pacific genius of the artist powerfully penetrated by the pacific grandeur of nature. With what happy majesty, in the 'Village,' in a close group, some immense trees, superb giants, vigorous, abundant, copiously befoliaged, hold suspended their silent and opaque masses of solid verdure above some humble thatched roofs tranquilly seated under their opulent domes! The way is soft and easy in this sheltered corner, for men as for plants."

The picture measures about two feet by one and a half.

'THE MARSH IN THE LANDES' PLATE IX

WHILE Rousseau and Dupré were in the southern lands of France in 1844 the former made a sketch in half-tones of a marsh where the cows lounged in the grass, with a view of the lower Pyrenees in the distance. This

was the foundation of this beautiful little picture, ordered by M. Hartmann, finished after a comparatively short time, and bought by the Louvre, at the sale of his effects.

The picture measures about two by three feet, and represents a marshy plain with a snow-capped range of mountains on the far horizon. Under some oak-trees we see a thatched cottage and a haymow. The sky is covered with soft, hazy clouds, through which a softened sunlight falls, lighting up the distant plain, while the foreground is in deep shadow, but the half-tones are relieved by the brighter tones in the painting of the herd of cows reflected in the stagnant water and the blue jean trousers of the cow-herd.

M. Edmond About writes of it, "'The Marsh in the Landes' is a radiant little canvas, where the water mirrors, the sun gleams, the flowers blow, and the cows play joyfully. Nothing can be simpler, or more true, or more delicious, than this picture. And it is finished — note that!"

'FARM ON THE BANKS OF THE OISE' PLATE X

THIS picture is one version of the River Oise, which Rousseau painted many times. A comfortable white farmhouse with tiled roof is on the right, with the smoke lazily curling from its chimney. The farm extends down into a wooded point of land which runs out into the river; the foliage of the trees is most charmingly reflected in the water. As usual with Rousseau, there is just enough suggestion of human life to keep the landscape from seeming dead and lifeless, but never enough to detract in the least from the feeling that one is looking primarily at a picture of some mood of nature. A woman is washing clothes on the river-bank under the spreading boughs of a tree that dip down into the water, and a man in a dug-out is poling his boat out from the shoal and wooded banks of the stream. If we could see the color there would doubtless be a touch of blue or red about their clothes, in pleasing contrast to the green verdure. A summer haze softens the light of the sun and bathes the shores of the further river-bank.

It was exhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1867, and belongs now to the W. H. Vanderbilt Collection of New York.

AS was the case with Corot, the majority of Rousseau's pictures are in private collections. It is difficult to give a list that will be correct for any length of time, so we shall give only those in public collections, and the titles of the others, the most noted.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF ROUSSEAU IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, HERTFORD HOUSE: Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau — HOLLAND. THE HAGUE, HEER H. W. MESDAG: Descent of Cattle from the Higher Alps — FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ COLLECTION: Landscape — DUKE OF ORLÉANS COLLECTION: Edge of the Wood, Forest of Compiègne — HAVRE, MUSEUM: Landscape in water-colors — LILLE, MUSEUM: Interior of a Kitchen — MONTPELLIER, MUSEUM: Cows in a Meadow; Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau — PARIS, LOUVRE: Outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau, Sunset (Plate I); Marsh in the Landes (Plate IX); The Oaks (Plate III); Village under the Trees (Plate VIII); Effect of a Storm; Spring; The Banks of the Loire; The Pond; The Borders of a River; The Old Resting-place of Cattle

in Bas-Breau — NANTES, MUSEUM: Cows at Drinking-place; Water Meadows — RHEIMS: Landscape — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Landscape (Plate IV) — BALTIMORE, T. W. WALTERS COLLECTION: The Hoar-frost; Early Summer Afternoon; Landscape — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Spring; Landscape; An Autumn Day; Landscape — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM: Edge of the Woods; Landscape; River Landscape — IN THE W. H. VANDERBILT COLLECTION: Gorges d'Apremont; Farm on the Oise (Plate X); Edge of the Wood; Morning; and three others.

OTHER IMPORTANT PAINTINGS BY ROUSSEAU IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

AUTUMN at St. Jean de Paris; Autumn Evening; Avenue of Chestnut-trees; Banks of the Oise; Charcoal-burner's Hut; Coast of Granville; Cottage in Berry; The Cottage; Evening; Farm in the Landes; Farm in the Wood; Farm in Berry; Footpath among the Rocks of Apremont (Plate VII); Forest Scene; Forest Skirts of the Monts Girard; The Glade; Group of Oaks in the Forest of Fontainebleau; Hamlet in Normandy; Herd of Cattle in the Jura; Hillock, Jean de Paris; The Hunt; In the Woods; In the Forest of Clairbois; Interior of the Forest; Landscape and Forest; Landscape in Berry; Landscape in Summer; Little Fisherman; Marsh near a Paper-mill; Morass in the Landes; Morning; Old Forest Trees of Bas Breau (Plate VI); The Plain; Plain of Barbizon; Plain in the Pyrenees; A Pond; A Pool in the Landes; The Pool; Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau; Springtime; Spring at Barbizon; Spring on the Loire; The Stone Oak; A Storm; Sunset; Sunset after Storm; Twilight; Valley of the Tiffauge; View of the Chain of Mont Blanc in a Storm; View of Forest Land at Sunset; View at Bas Meudon; The Village of Becquigny (Plate V); The Village Bakery (Plate II); Washing-place at the Edge of a Pond; Watercourse at Sologne; Water Meadows; Wooded Landscape; Woods in Winter.

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MASTERS IN ART

Whistler

UNI
NOY

U of N

WHISTLER
AT THE PIANO
PROPERTY OF EDMUND DAVIS

Page

WHISTLER
SYMPHONY IN WHITE, NO. 2 'THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL'
PROPERTY OF A. H. STUDD

Mau

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN ROSE AND SILVER 'LA PRINCESSE DU PAYS DE LA PORCELAINE'
PROPERTY OF C. L. FREER

Main

U of M

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK 'PORTRAIT OF PABLO SARASATE'
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

Mail

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN BROWN AND BLACK 'PORTRAIT OF ROSE CORDER'
PROPERTY OF R. A. CANFIELD

Mau

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK 'PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER'
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

Scanned

UofM

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK 'PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CARLYLE'
MUSEUM, GLASGOW

Mau

WHISTLER
PORTRAIT OF MISS ALEXANDER
PROPERTY OF W. C. ALEXANDER

NOT MOU

WHISTLER
NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND GOLD 'THE FIRE-WHEEL'
PROPERTY OF A. H. STUDD

DRAFT

WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN FLESH-COLOR AND GREEN 'TWILIGHT, VALPARAISO'
PROPERTY OF GRAHAM ROBERTSON

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER BY HIMSELF
OWNED BY GEORGE W. VANDERBILT

This portrait belongs to the later years of Whistler, and represents him, so M. Léonce Bénedite writes, "as the greater part of those of his friends who still remain remember him: the monocle at his eye, the hair curled upon the forehead, whence emerges the famous white lock, the rosette of the Legion of Honor gleaming discreetly but haughtily in his buttonhole, the countenance open, smiling, and cunning, with an expression which remains malicious and combative. In the warm penumbra of its harmony, 'brown and gold,' he breathes the inner contentment of the satisfied artist. One feels that it is painted in a state of happiness, following the return of approval, so unjustly withheld from him in England, and painted in the years after his marriage; we can call it the portrait of the true Whistler."

James Abbott McNeill Whistler

BORN 1834: DIED 1903.

AMERICA is proud in claiming to be the birthplace of one of the greatest geniuses of our time, James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Very little of his childhood even was spent here, however, and at the age of twenty-one he left his native country to study art in Paris, residing there and in London the rest of his life, and never again revisiting his native land, though he is said to have expressed the wish to return. As George Moore writes: "Mr. Whistler has shared his life equally between America, France, and England. He is the one solitary example of cosmopolitanism in art, for there is nothing in his pictures to show that they come from the north, the south, the east, or the west."

On his father's side he was descended from the Irish branch of an old English family, his grandfather, Major John Whistler, emigrating to this country in the early part of the last century. His father was Major George Washington Whistler of the United States army, who won renown as an engineer, and after assisting at the building of railroads in this country, was called to Russia by Czar Nicholas, in 1842, to construct the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg. He was married twice. One of the three children of the first marriage became Lady Haden, the wife of the distinguished surgeon and etcher, Sir F. Seymour Haden. For his second wife Major George Whistler married Miss Anna Matilda McNeill, of an old Southern family from Wilmington, N. C. James was the oldest of five children by this marriage. It is now known for a certainty that James Abbott, as he was christened, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on July 10, 1834, although he himself gave as his birthplace at one time Baltimore, and at another St. Petersburg, whimsically claiming that a man had a right to change his civil estate and that the place of one's birth was a mere accident. When his father emigrated to St. Petersburg, in 1842, he took his family with him, and here he remained until his death, in 1849; thus part of the boyhood of the young James was passed in the Russian capital, where he learned French, which stood him in such good stead a few years later. Upon the death of Major Whistler his widow returned to America, and James entered West Point in 1851, intending to take up the career of his father, and it was prob-

ably because of his father's record that the fact of the son's small stature was overlooked. But the temperament and independence of spirit of the young man could not brook the discipline of military life, and it is as well perhaps that in 1854 he was discharged for deficiency in chemistry. He was considered the best draftsman in his class, and readily obtained a position in the Coast Survey Department at Washington. He remained here only three months and five days; for, being sent to engrave some charts showing the coast line as seen from the sea, he sketched some heads in the margin of the plate, and when it was dipped in acid in his absence, and the sketches were brought to light, he incurred the anger of the head of the department and brought about his own dismissal. The next year, 1855, as we have already noted, he left America to study art in Paris, and about this time added his mother's name, McNeill, to his own Christian name. He entered the studio of Gleyre, one of the most celebrated teachers of the time. Though not in sympathy with this romanticist, he remained here two years, which with the instruction in drawing at West Point comprised the whole of his art training. For associates and friends he had such young artists as Degas, Bracquemond, Legros, Ribot, and especially Fantin-Latour.

The first known oil-painting by Whistler is a youthful portrait of himself painted in these student days of 1857 or 1858, known as the 'Portrait with the Hat,' conceived much in the style of Rembrandt. His début was really made in etching, in the charming series known to collectors as the 'Little French Set,' which included some work done in a trip to Alsace with Legros, and some earlier plates, representing the popular life of the day in Paris, as 'The Rag-picker,' 'The Mustard-seller,' 'The Kitchen,' 'The Supper at Three Sous,' and portraits of his sister's children, Annie and Arthur Haden. These were published by Delâtre, in 1858, at fifty francs a set. In 1859 he sent his first picture to the Salon, entitled 'At the Piano' (Plate 1), which was refused, but exhibited the next year at the Royal Academy, and bought by John Phillip, R. A., the painter of Spanish subjects.

During the next few years he travelled back and forth between Paris and London, visited Holland, and got as far as Biarritz on an anticipated visit to Madrid to see the portraits there by Velasquez. He painted such pictures as the 'Coast of Brittany,' the 'Blue Wave, Biarritz,' the 'Building of Westminster Bridge,' and 'The Thames in Ice,' which show the influence of Courbet, with whom he was an intimate friend at this time and in whose company he spent two summers at Trouville. These, however, are not characteristic of Whistler's art as a whole. It was in 1863 that he sent to the Salon a truly original work, 'The White Girl,' to which later he attached the further title of 'Symphony in White, Number One.' Although refused here, it was exhibited at the 'Salon des Refusés' and created a sensation. Whistler had come into his own, had declared himself, and henceforth began his fame as an artist and his years of controversy with the French and British public. 'The White Girl' represents a beautiful young girl, dressed in a simple gown of white, her red hair falling on her shoulders, as she stands on a white fur rug, gazing earnestly at the spectator. The draperies behind her

are white, and she holds a little spray of white flowers in her hand. There are no further accessories, and the picture is painted with a simplicity and tranquillity and a feeling for atmosphere which suggest Velasquez, but which are yet Whistler's own. The model was a young Irish girl, named Joe, that he and Courbet discovered at Trouville.

As M. Léonce Bénédite says, "'The White Girl' was the first picture to be conceived in those researches for tones upon tones which led him to that system of musical transpositions whose principles henceforth ruled all his work. It opens the series to which belong two other exquisite pictures, 'The Symphony in White, Number Two,' or 'The Little White Girl' (Plate II) — the same beautiful Joe with the red locks, a fan in her hand, leaning her elbow upon the marble mantel — and 'The Symphony in White, Number Three,' where she is still reclining upon a sofa, in company with another charming model with light hair."

In 1863 Whistler definitely took up his residence in Chelsea, the first to discover its artistic possibilities, and among the English artists he made friends with Millais, Rossetti, and Albert Moore, and for a time shared a studio with Du Maurier. From time to time he made etchings of the traffic of the river, of the bridges, the old wharves and buildings, sixteen of which, known as the 'Thames Set,' were published in 1871. They are highly prized by collectors, some preferring their greater detail to the later etchings of Venice, in which the artist had learned to eliminate everything unessential. In fact, Whistler was as great an etcher as a painter, and his fame rests equally on these exquisite little bits and upon his full-length portraits in oil.

About this time Japan was discovered to be a storehouse of artistic products. Bracquemond, the most extreme realist among Whistler's friends, by chance came into possession of a book of prints by Hokusai, and the French group of artists, of whom Whistler was one of the most ardent, became very enthusiastic over Japanese and Chinese art, and began collecting the beautiful blue-and-white china and rare old prints. In 1864 Whistler exhibited at the same time 'The Little White Girl,' at the Royal Academy, and 'La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine' (Plate III) at the Salon. Though the subjects were European, both show in their scheme of coloring and decorative accessories strong Japanese influence. In fact, in this latter picture and in those of 'The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks,' 'The Golden Screen,' and 'The Balcony' Whistler somewhat literally translated the art of Japan. Later he extracted rather the essence of its feeling for decoration in line and color. Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis say, however, that "all these pictures are characterized by dainty charm of color, subtle and delicate gradations of light, grace and dignity of line, and withal by a distinction of style which defies exact definition."

In 1865–1866 Whistler made a trip to Valparaiso for his health, and two very beautiful pictures were the result, 'Twilight, Valparaiso, in Flesh-color and Green' (Plate X), and the 'Nocturne in Blue and Gold,' as well as the sea-piece, 'The Ocean.' But it was in the seventies that Whistler's art was perhaps at its high-water mark, and he painted in rapid succession those

three portraits, acknowledged by all art critics to be his masterpieces, the 'Portrait of his Mother' (Plate VI), the 'Portrait of Thomas Carlyle' (Plate VII) and the 'Portrait of Miss Alexander' (Plate VIII). The first was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872; the two latter, at a special exhibition of his work at Pall Mall in 1874.

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complimentary dinner upon his resignation, ostensibly to congratulate him upon his election to the Royal Academy of Munich.

Whistler was equally at home in all mediums, oil, water-color, pastels, etching, and lithography. He was also a brilliant and extremely witty writer. In 1885 he had delivered at both Oxford and Cambridge his famous 'Ten O'Clock Lecture,' in which he set forth his theories on art, the lecture so named from the hour at which it was delivered, the more usual one being that of five in the afternoon. This was published by itself in 1888, and again in 1890 in 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' a collection of the various controversies with art critics in which for so many years the sensitive artist, always indignant at any slight put upon his art, was involved. It included a personally annotated account of the Ruskin trial. Whistler was in a measure justified in thus perpetuating an account of his quarrels, as he discovered that a writer unknown to him had made the attempt to publish his correspondence without his permission. Though the book forms very amusing reading, it had best be forgotten, or at least not taken too seriously, lest it give a one-sided view of the artist's character.

He also published in 1899 an account of the law-suit with Sir William Eden, whose wife's portrait he had agreed to paint. This last was called 'The Baronet and the Butterfly.' This brings to mind the fact that during the sixties more especially Whistler was accustomed to sign his paintings and etchings by a dainty butterfly rather Japanese in character, in place of the usual written name. Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who was a favorite pupil of Whistler's, relates that when Whistler was making prints of some of his etchings he would ask the former where he thought the butterfly should go. After a little practice Menpes would decide exactly in accordance with what the master considered the precise spot to preserve the balance of the composition.

Among other interests Whistler turned his attention to house decoration. His own house was said to have had simple Japanese mattings on the floor and to have been furnished with blue-and-white china and beautiful old silver. One can see from the backgrounds and accessories in his portraits that he loved simple but refined surroundings; especially was he fond of black-and-white harmonies. The walls of his studio were painted gray, and he often posed his models in the half-light to get more mysterious effects of atmosphere. His great achievement in interior decoration was in that of the famous 'Peacock Room,' or the dining-room, in the house of Mr. F. R. Leyland, the wealthy ship-owner and art-lover. The room had been entirely redecorated by a London firm, the walls hung with Spanish leather, and the longest side of the room fitted with light shelves for the display of blue-and-white china. Whistler's painting of the 'Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine' hung over the mantelpiece at one end. The artist was dissatisfied with the harmony of the surroundings, began by lightening up the leather with touches of blue, and ended by transforming the whole room. The color-scheme was that of peacock blue on gold and gold on peacock blue. The window-shutters when closed presented birds done in gold upon a superb peacock-blue background, while upon the same background on the end wall opposite the 'Prin-

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WHISTLER
ARRANGEMENT IN FLESH-COLOR AND GREEN 'TWILIGHT, VALPARAISO'
PROPERTY OF GRAHAM ROBERTSON

art. A master not so much of every difficult problem of draftsmanship, as of composition in line and in mass, as of refined and broad expressive brushwork, as of color, as, above all, of tone, Whistler, in the main original, profoundly, did submit conspicuously, in the course of his life, to two influences. He submitted to the influence of Albert Moore, and to that of the art of Japan. It is important that both these influences should be recognized — the second jumps to the surface in the 'Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine' and in 'The Golden Screen'— it is important also that their limitations should be acknowledged; they did not, in truth, last very long or extend very far. The various 'Symphonies in White'— the more intricate of them especially — betray the influence of Albert Moore; as to whom I have been asked whether indeed it was Whistler who influenced him or he who influenced Whistler. It was the latter, of course; and it is shown not only in certain of the paintings, but in a good many pastels. . . . Nor is it pretended that Velasquez, nor is it conceivable that Rembrandt, passed before the eye of this alert and ever flexible practitioner and had no effect on his practice.

A last line chronicles, however, the fact that more to Whistler than to any one who has worked with brush or needle do we owe that complete acceptance of modern life, of the modern world, of all that is miscalled its ugliness, of its aspects of every day; which complete acceptance, remember, whether in pictorial art or the art that is literature, is the most salient characteristic of our time. Whistler, with a nature essentially aristocratic — knowing well, in the depths of his being, that art of any kind and the "man in the street" have nothing in common; that what is called the "plain man" and art are forever divided — yet accepted the very things that are most commonplace to commonplace people, and showed us their interest.

T. R. WAY AND G. R. DENNIS 'THE ART OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER'

THERE are but few of the great painters who have not delighted in portraiture. Many of the greatest — Holbein, Rembrandt, Velasquez — have made it their principal work in life; others equally great, such as Tintoretto, have been forced to paint portraits as a means of living, while engaged on work which they considered more important. To Mr. Whistler portrait-painting was as serious as any other branch of his art, and the general verdict is that in portraiture he reached his highest achievement as a painter. It is possible to understand, though not easy to sympathize with, people who fail to appreciate the tender beauty of his nocturnes, or who are not touched by the decorative charm of his Japanese arrangements; but his portraits — though it is true that they were received with the same ignorant conservatism which ever greets what goes beyond the conventional in art — stand now beyond criticism; and it is permissible to believe that the 'Mother's Portrait,' the 'Carlyle,' the 'Miss Alexander,' the 'Rose Corder,' and many others, will always be ranked among the greatest pictures of all time.

Mr. Whistler's portraits differ radically from those of his contemporaries. He seems first of all to have considered what may be called the decorative qualities of his sitter; in his early period especially he aimed at producing a

picture which in its color-scheme, and the arrangements of masses of light and dark, should be beautiful in itself, and equally interesting to the spectator, whether he happened to know the sitter or not. He never attempted to produce a startling realistic likeness, such as is approved by the philistine and the Academician. But after much study he gained an insight into the real character of the man or woman he was painting, and portrayed the best side of that character; the result, though it was an idealized version, as remote from all transitory expression as the Infantas of Velasquez in the Louvre or the Philip IV. in the National Gallery, remaining always a real likeness of his model. It is true that some of his sitters were disappointed in their portraits, but, as St. James pointed out long ago, no man realizes his true outward appearance; after "beholding his natural face in a glass" he "goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. . . ."

Mr. Whistler has himself laid down the principles by which he was guided in portrait-painting, knowing that a picture of this kind has to be lived with, and that transient expression will rarely please the beholder for any great length of time. "The imitator," he says, "is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this: in portrait-painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features; in arrangement of colors to treat a flower as his key, not as his model."

For many years Mr. Whistler seemed to have a great preference for painting the full-length figure in life-size. Unfortunately, the great size of the canvases required for such portraits is a disadvantage in an ordinary house, as they can only be properly seen in a gallery or in a very large room, where they can be hung so that the bottom of the frame almost rests on the floor — not, as we usually see them, with the feet on the level of our eyes. Yet the principle is right, and the result far more satisfactory than when the frame cuts off the figure at the knees or in the middle. The whole being is before us in his natural attitude, and in graceful and dignified repose. The great full-lengths of Velasquez probably taught him the value of this arrangement, which, however, he carried out in his own way, never attempting to give the great force and vigor of effect which the Spanish master delighted in, but posing his models in a much more subdued light, such as is natural to our more northern climate. It will be noticed how full of resource he was in overcoming the difficulties presented by the dress of his sitters. A woman's costume is as a rule comparatively easy for an artist to deal with; but a full-length portrait of a man standing is much more difficult to manage. The two parallel lines of the legs present a tremendous problem, especially in evening dress, graceful though it can be. Yet it will be seen how admirably the difficulties are overcome in the portrait of M. Duret. The full-length figure of Mr. Leyland is dealt with in a somewhat similar way, the dark figures in each case being relieved against light backgrounds, with few accessories of any kind.

The Works of James A. McNeill Whistler

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'AT THE PIANO' — PLATE I

THE first picture that Mr. Whistler exhibited was the original of this plate. It was hung at the Royal Academy in 1860. Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis, who have written a most sympathetic "Appreciation" of the artist without overpraising him, describe it as follows: "It represents a lady in black — Mrs. (now Lady) Seymour Haden, the painter's sister — seated at a grand piano, while her little daughter, who figures in so many of Mr. Whistler's etchings, leans against the instrument and gazes with rapt attention at her mother. Under the piano are some green violin-cases, and behind the player to the left is a table with a blue-and-green bowl on it. The pose of the child is full of grace and charm, and her white dress stands out in strong contrast against the dark brown wood of the piano and the rich red of the carpet; but the perfect tone of the white entirely overcomes any suggestion of violence or harshness, and the wall above the piano is filled in a satisfying way with the lower edges of framed pictures hanging on it. The effect of the whole picture is one of great dignity and repose."

In another connection the same critics write: "In studying Mr. Whistler's paintings, we find that in the character of the treatment his earliest exhibited works differ distinctly from those which succeeded them. In the 'Piano Picture' and 'La Mère Gérard' the canvas is loaded with paint, and there is apparent an immense vigor which is entirely absent from pictures of a later period. In their force and richness of tone they suggest the influence of a study of Tintoretto. With the growth of experience and the development of his power he discarded this earlier manner and began to paint with the thinnest of oil paint, almost as liquid as water, and always with a full brush."

SYMPHONY IN WHITE NO. TWO, 'THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL' — PLATE II

IT is interesting to note in connection with this picture that Mr. Whistler did not originally call this series of four paintings "symphonies." He thus denoted them in later years, though from the first titles, as in this of 'The Little White Girl,' it is evident that the decorative quality of the picture interested him more deeply than the subject-matter. Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis write: "'The Little White Girl' (Symphony in White, Number Two), which belongs to Mr. A. H. Studd, is still more lovely than 'The White Girl.' It represents a young girl standing in front of the fireplace, with her arm on the mantelpiece, on which are a blue-and-white porcelain vase and a bright piece of red lacquer. She is simply dressed in pure white and holds a brilliantly decorated Japanese fan in her hand. Her face and head are reflected in the looking-glass, in which are to be seen also reflections of two pictures on the walls. On the right are some sprays of delicate pink-and-white azalea. The girl herself has no claim to give additional charm to the picture. It is

impossible to look at it without feeling what a superb result has been achieved out of homely materials. The colors used are most brilliant; the red of the lacquer, the blues of the vase and the Japanese fan, the pink of the azaleas, are all of the strongest, yet so absolutely perfect are they in themselves and in their relation to one another that the whole seems like some exhilarating allegro in a major key. This picture with its haunting beauty is so full of poetic charm and mystery that one cannot wonder that it inspired Mr. Swinburne to write the poem entitled 'Before the Mirror,' which begins:

"'White rose in red rose-garden
Is not so white.
Snowdrops that plead for pardon
And pine for fright
Because the hard East blows
Over their maiden rows
Grow not as this face grows
Pale to bright.'"

ARRANGEMENT IN ROSE AND SILVER
'LA PRINCESSE DU PAYS DE LA PORCELAINE' PLATE III

TO quote again from Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis: "Mr. Whistler was an enthusiastic student and admirer of Japanese paintings and color-prints at a time when they were generally looked upon as mere eccentric curiosities, and a quarter of a century before they became sought after by collectors; and the strength of his personality is shown by the fact that he was able to assimilate the artistic principles and ideals of the East without ever for a moment losing his own individuality. He saw what was beautiful in oriental art, and developed his own art for a time on the same lines; but even in pictures such as 'The Balcony,' 'La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine,' and 'The Golden Screen,' in which he clothed his models in Japanese costumes and surrounded them with Japanese accessories, the Eastern influence, obvious as it is, is modified by European tradition and European ideals. . . .

"The beautiful full-length portrait of Miss Spartali, known as 'La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine,' of which the Peacock Room in Mr. Leyland's house was once the setting, is . . . a wonderful creation, gorgeous in color and highly decorative in treatment. The full-length figure is clothed in an elaborate Japanese costume, and holds a fan in her hand. On the floor is a brilliant rug, and, behind, a delicately painted screen. The grace and dignity of the 'Princesse,' the flowing lines of whose figure contrast, as in so many of Mr. Whistler's pictures, with the straight, simple lines of the screen in the background, and the splendor of her surroundings, combine to make up a whole of incomparable beauty."

ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK, 'PORTRAIT OF PABLO SARASATE' PLATE IV

"IN the portrait of Pablo Sarasate, painted in 1885," writes Richard Muther, "the violinist emerges out of misty grayish black darkness, holding his violin in one hand and his bow in the other. He is in evening clothes, entirely in black except for his shirt and tie, and in the dark atmosphere his expressive hands acquire a sensitive, phantom-like animation. His

figure looks as though it were floating into another world or coming from a far distant beyond."

M. Théodore Duret, the eminent critic, whose portrait by Whistler is one of the finest the artist ever painted, suggests that Whistler painted Señor Sarasate against a black background to get variety, as he never liked to repeat a motive. He had already painted M. Duret in black evening clothes against a light background, holding a rose-pink domino over his arm and a fan of the same color in his hand. Another critic remarks that the extreme elegance of the figure of the violinist recalls the appearance of Mr. Whistler when he appeared at Oxford, to give his famous 'Ten O'Clock Lecture.'

Exhibited at the Society of British Artists in 1885, this picture now belongs to the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

ARRANGEMENT IN BROWN AND BLACK
'PORTRAIT OF ROSE CORDER' PLATE V

MR. WAY and Mr. Dennis write: "The portrait of 'Miss Rose Corder,' exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879, is one of the many portraits in which Mr. Whistler painted the figure dressed in black against a background so dark as to appear black. Miss Corder was herself a painter of some distinction, and it is possible that she inspired him in a different manner from his earlier sitters. As a result the picture, as a technical achievement, ranks among his finest works. In the subtle gradation of the flesh tints and complete absence of brushwork throughout, the picture suggests a fine Holbein portrait as much as a Velasquez, though the latter master is irresistibly recalled by the pose of the figure and the swing of the arm and hat. The softness of the edge of the profile of the head seen against the great depth of the background is nothing less than marvelous."

The brushwork in the hat, says Mr. Samuel Isham, shows the influence of Manet and "might have been picked out of the heap of garments in the '*Déjeuner sur l'herbe!*'"

ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK
'PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER' PLATE VI

NO canvas of Whistler's has been so deservedly written about as this masterpiece. Mr. Whistler exhibited it at the Royal Academy, as an 'Arrangement in Gray and Black,' and in his 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies' gives as his reason for so doing: "Now that is what it is. To me, it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait." It will, nevertheless, remain for all time the most ideal representation of pure motherhood that the world possesses.

Mr. C. H. Caffin most interestingly writes of it: "None but a man of peculiar sweetness of mind could have conceived that masterpiece in the Luxembourg, 'The Portrait of my Mother.' Garbed in black, as you will remember, she sits in profile, with her feet upon a footstool and her hands laid peacefully and elegantly on her lap; the lawn and lace of her cap delicately silhouetted

against the gray wall. She gazes with tranquil intensity beyond the limit of our comprehension along the vista of memories, leading back through maternity to a beautiful youth." He then goes on to compare this picture with 'The White Girl' (Symphony in White, Number One), and sums up by saying: "In both these pictures, which come as near as anything which Whistler has done to the generally accepted idea of a subject, it is the significance, in the one case of motherhood, in the other of maidenhood, that he has dwelt upon, and in both with the fullest reliance upon the æsthetic suggestion to the sense, respectively, of black and gray, and of white, elaborated to an extreme of subtlety. It would be impossible, I mean, that the color-schemes, for example, could be reversed; each is so intentionally and conclusively the language fitted to the idea that one might as well try to put the words of Juliet into the mouth of Volumnia."

ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK
'PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CARLYLE' PLATE VII

IN the contrast between the portrait of his mother and that of Carlyle Whistler passes with the subtlest of gradations to an almost opposite type," writes Elizabeth Cary. "The differences are so subtle that even Mr. George Moore, who saw in Whistler's art much besides the obvious, considered it merely as 'an attempt to repeat a success.' Both portraits are arrangements in black and gray; in each the figure is seated in profile among surroundings indicating that the room is the same in both pictures. But the arabesque made by the outline of the old philosopher silhouetted against the wall is forcible where that of the mother is calm and flowing. The large hat perched on the knee, the right hand resting on a cane, the coat bulging violently at the breast, and the more erect carriage of the head contribute to an angular effect quite at variance with the long, easy sweep of line in the earlier portrait. Even the angles of the chair are more sharply defined, and this ruggeder outline is in harmony with the more furrowed face, the more anxious expression, the querulous brow and obstinate mouth. There is a suggestion of pose in the arrangement that does not appear in the portrait of the mother. It is not quite simple and frank, and fits thereby its subject, whose own absorption in the 'picturesque' has been noted as a mark of his mind's perversity. Yet the effect in general is of dignity. The head especially has an element of grandeur in its craggy contours. 'What the canvas under consideration tells most plainly is that Mr. Whistler never forgot his own personality in that of the ancient philosopher,' says Mr. Moore; but that is hardly a fair charge. In one sense there could be nothing more impersonal than a critical vision unconcerned with the great reputation before it, concerned only with the essence of the man. That the man was one who could sympathetically quote the objurgation 'May the devil fly away with the fine arts' has inspired no malice in the presentation. And the presentation is purely within Whistler's definition of art as something that should 'stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like.'"

'PORTRAIT OF MISS ALEXANDER' PLATE VIII

MR. GEORGE MOORE has most eloquently described this picture. He writes: "Truly, this picture seems to me the most beautiful in the world. I know very well that it has not the profound beauty of the Infantes by Velasquez in the Louvre; but for pure magic of inspiration is it not more delightful? Just as Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant' thrills the innermost sense like no other poem in the language, the portrait of Miss Alexander enchants with the harmony of color, with the melody of composition.

"Strangely original, a rare and unique thing, is this picture, yet we know whence it came, and may easily appreciate the influences that brought it into being. Exquisite and happy combination of the art of an entire nation and the genius of one man — the soul of Japan incarnate in the body of the immortal Spaniard. It was Japan that counselled the strange grace of silhouette, and it was that country, too, that inspired in a dim, far-off way those subtly sweet and magical passages from gray to green, from green again to changing, evanescent gray. . . .

"The picture represents a girl of ten or eleven. She is dressed according to the fashion of twenty years ago — a starched muslin frock, a small overskirt pale brown, white stockings, square-toed black shoes. She stands, her left foot advanced, holding in her left hand a gray felt hat adorned with a long plume reaching nearly to the ground. The wall behind her is gray, with a black wainscot. On the left, far back in the picture, on a low stool, some gray-green drapery strikes the highest note of color in the picture. On the right, in the foreground, some tall daisies come into the picture, and two butterflies flutter over the girl's blonde head. . . .

"It was Velasquez who taught Mr. Whistler that flowing, limpid execution — in the painting of that blonde hair of the Infanta in the Salle Carrée in the Louvre. There is also something of Velasquez in the black notes of the shoes. Those blacks — are they not perfectly observed? How light and dry the color is! How heavy and slimy it would have become in other hands! Notice, too, that in the frock nowhere is there a single touch of pure white, and yet it is all white — a rich, luminous white that makes every other white in the gallery seem either chalky or dirty. What an enchantment and a delight the handling is! How flowing, how supple, infinitely and beautifully rare, the music of perfect accomplishment! In the portrait of the mother the execution seems slower, hardly so spontaneous. For this, no doubt, the subject is accountable. But this little girl is the very finest flower, and the culminating point of Mr. Whistler's art. The eye travels over the canvas seeking a fault. In vain; nothing has been included that might have been omitted. There is much in Velasquez that is stronger, but nothing in this world ever seemed to me so perfect as this picture."

NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND GOLD, 'THE FIRE-WHEEL' PLATE IX

"IT was with the night that Mr. Whistler set his seal and sign-manual upon art," writes George Moore; "above all others he is surely the interpreter of the night. Until he came the night of the painter was as ugly

and insignificant as any pitch barrel; it was he who first transferred to canvas the blue transparent darkness which folds the world from sunset to sunrise. The purple hollow, and all the illusive distances of the gas-lit river, are Mr. Whistler's own. It was not the unhabited night of lonely plain and desolate tarn that he chose to interpret, but the difficult, populous city night — the night of tall bridges and vast water rained through with lights of red and gray, the shores lined with the lamps of the watching city. Mr. Whistler's night is the vast blue and golden caravansary where the jaded and the hungry and the heavy-hearted lay down their burdens, and the contemplative, freed from the deceptive reality of the day, understand humbly and pathetically the casualness of our habitation, and the limitless reality of a plan, the intention of which we shall never know. Mr. Whistler's nights are the blue transparent darknesses which are half of the world's life. Sometimes he foregoes even the aid of earthly light, and his picture is but luminous blue shadow, delicately graduated, as in the nocturne in M. Duret's collection — purple above and below, a shadow in the middle of the picture — a little less and there would be nothing."

'The Fire-Wheel' was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1883. It now belongs to Mr. Studd, and is a typical example of one of Mr. Whistler's nocturnes. Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis have described it thus: "It represents a scene in Cremorne Gardens at night, with groups of people watching a display of fireworks. The circle of spectators in shadow is broken in the center of the picture, and through the gap is seen the inner ring, with figures illumined by the light of the great Catherine wheel on the right. Lights twinkle among the trees, which rise upon the left, while the spent sparks of an expiring rocket fall slowly through the darkness."

ARRANGEMENT IN FLESH-COLOR AND GREEN
'TWILIGHT, VALPARAISO' PLATE X

THIS exquisite marine, a view of the harbor of Valparaiso, and the result of Mr. Whistler's trip there for his health in 1865, might rank as the first of his nocturnes. This picture "represents the harbor as seen from a height, full of shipping and lit by the afterglow of the sunset." Nothing could be more lovely than the mellow atmosphere which surrounds all objects. The water is painted inimitably, as Mr. Way and Mr. Dennis have said, as well as "in the river scenes, where by a turn of the brush in the middle of a long, sweeping stroke he is able to give a perfect rendering of the luminous, oily patches so frequent on tidal waters." The delicacy of drawing of the rigging recalls his etchings of the Thames subjects, and the composition is slightly Japanese in its arrangement, for it was at this time that this influence was the strongest on his art.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF WHISTLER
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ELIZABETH LUTHER CARY, in her recent work on Whistler, has given "a tentative list of the artist's work." She catalogues 528 oils, water-colors, and pastels, 161 lithographs, 426 etchings. We append a list of the more important oils.

IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

FRANCE. PARIS, LUXEMBOURG: Arrangement in Gray. and Black, 'Portrait of the Artist's Mother' (Plate VI) — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, MUSEUM: Arrangement in Yellow and Gray — SCOTLAND. GLASGOW, GALLERY: Arrangement in Gray and Black, 'Portrait of Thomas Carlyle' (Plate VII) — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: The Little Rose of Lyme Regis; The Master Smith of Lyme Regis — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Nocturne, 'Southampton Water' — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Nocturne in Green and Gold — PHILADELPHIA, WILSTACH COLLECTION: Portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell — PITTSBURGH, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE: Arrangement in Black, 'Portrait of Pablo Sarasate' (Plate IV).

IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

W. C. ALEXANDER: Portrait of Miss (Cicely Henrietta) Alexander (Plate VIII); Portrait of Miss Agnes Mary Alexander; Nocturne in Blue and Silver, 'Chelsea;' Nocturne, Blue and Green — S. P. AVERY: Head of the Artist in Slouch Hat — W. BURRELL: The Fur Jacket — R. A. CANFIELD: Arrangement in Black and Brown, 'Portrait of Rose Corder' (Plate V); Arrangement in Black and Gold, 'Portrait of Count Robert de Montesquiou Fezansac;' Portrait of R. A. Canfield; Symphony in Gray and Green, 'The Ocean;' Nocturne in Blue and Silver, 'The Lagoon, Venice;' Blue and Silver, 'Afternoon, The Channel' — J. J. COWAN: Brown and Gold, 'Lilly in Our Alley;' Nocturne in Blue and Gold, 'St. Mark's;' Nocturne, 'Chelsea Rags;' Brown and Gold, 'The Curé's Little Class' — T. DURET: Portrait of M. Théodore Duret — C. L. FREER: Rose and Silver, 'La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine' (Plate III); Variations in Flesh-Color and Green, 'The Balcony;' Caprice in Purple and Gold, 'The Golden Screen;' Rose and Gold, 'The Little Lady Sophie of Soho;' The Thames in Ice; Nocturne in Blue and Silver, 'Battersea Reach;' Nocturne in Gray and Silver, 'Chelsea Embankment;' Nocturne in Blue and Silver, 'Bognor;' Variations in Rose and Gray, 'Chelsea;' Blue and Silver, 'Trouville;' Nocturne in Opal and Silver; and many others — E. DAVIS: At the Piano (Plate I); Symphony in White, No. 3; Old Battersea Bridge — MRS. J. L. GARDNER: Symphony in Blue; Trouville — R. H. C. HARRISON: Nocturne in Blue and Gold, 'Old Battersea Bridge' — COL. F. J. HECKER: Harmony in Green and Rose, 'The Music Room' — L. HUTH: Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth — ESTATE OF SIR H. IRVING: Portrait of Sir H. Irving as Philip II. of Spain — J. G. JOHNSON: The Lange Leizen, of the Six Marks — MRS. F. R. LEYLAND: Portrait of Mrs. F. R. Leyland; Nocturne in Blue and Silver, No. 1, 'Battersea Reach' — G. MCCULLOCH: Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; Nocturne in Blue and Gold, 'Valparaiso' — LADY MEUX: Harmony in Pink and Gray, 'Portrait of Lady Meux;' Arrangement in Black and White, 'Portrait of Lady Meux' — MISS R. BIRNIE PHILLIP: Harmony in Red, 'Lamplight, Portrait of Mrs. J. McNeill Whistler;' Rose and Gold, 'The Tulip;' Brown and Gold, 'De Race;' Lilly — A. A POPE: The Last of Old Westminster; The Blue Wave, Biarritz — MRS. V. PRINSEP: Portrait of Mr. F. R. Leyland — G. ROBERTSON: Variations in Flesh-Color and Green, 'Twilight, Valparaiso' (Plate X) — A. H. STUDD: Symphony in White, No. 2, 'The Little White Girl' (Plate II); Nocturne in Blue and Silver, 'Cremorne Lights;' Nocturne in Black and Gold, 'The Fire-Wheel' (Plate IX); A. C. SWINBURNE: La Mère Gérard — MRS. S. UNTERMEYER: Nocturne in Black and Gold, 'The Falling Rocket' — G. W. VANDERBILT: Gold and Brown, 'Portrait of the Artist;' Portrait of G. W. Vanderbilt; Nocturne, 'Battersea' — T. R. WAY: Cremorne Gardens — J. H. WHITTEMORE, Symphony in White, No. 1, 'The White Girl;' L'Andalusienne — MRS. W. MCN. WHISTLER: Portrait of Dr. McN. Whistler.

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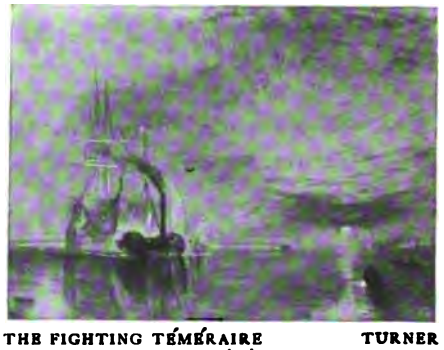

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